MOROCCO AS IT IS

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With an Account of

SIR CHARLES EUAN SMITH'S
RECENT MISSION TO FEZ

BY

STEPHEN BONSAL, Jr.

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

DECLINE OF THE SHEREEFIAN EMPIRE 1

CHAPTER II.

THE WESTERN QUESTION 14

CHAPTER III.

THE SULTAN MULAI HASSAN 36

CHAPTER IV.

THE SHEREEFIAN COURT 55

CHAPTER V.

THE BRITISH MISSION TO FEZ 73

CHAPTER VI.

THE BRITISH MISSION TO FEZ—(*Continued*) . . . 95

CHAPTER VII.

THE BRITISH MISSION TO FEZ—(*Continued*) . . . 110

CHAPTER VIII.

A WHITE SLAVE IN MOROCCO 133

CHAPTER IX.

A ROW WITH BUSHTA-EL-BAGDADI 142

CHAPTER X.

PAGE

THE SHEREEFS OF WAZZAN 162

CHAPTER XI.

THE SAINTS AND STUDENTS OF THE KAIROUIN UNIVERSITY 175

CHAPTER XII

FROM FEZ TO FLEET STREET 204

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM FEZ TO FLEET STREET—(*Continued*) . . . 222

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM FEZ TO FLEET STREET—(*Continued*) . . . 236

CHAPTER XV.

OUR JOURNEY TO TETUAN 258

CHAPTER XVI.

OUR JOURNEY TO TETUAN—(*Continued*) . . . 282

CHAPTER XVII.

THE JEWS IN MOROCCO 313

CHAPTER XVIII.

SLAVERY AND PROTECTION 328

APPENDIX 339

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Map of Morocco.

The Sultan . . . . . *To face page* 1

PAGE

The Sultan's Palace at Fez 15

Sir Charles Euan-Smith 29

The Sultan's Ministry or Divan 37

Sid Gharnet 43

Mulai Hassan going through his Correspondence . . 49

The Sultan at the head of his army 57

The Sultan's son returning from his bath 69

Lady Euan-Smith and daughter 75

A Moorish soldier (Swani man) 81

The Reception of the Mission by the Sultan . . . 89

The Riot before the Mission 97

Bushta closes the Gates 101

The interview between Sir Charles and the Sultan . . 107

Sir Charles tears up the bogus Treaty 111

Beggars at entrance of British Mission 119

Taking leave of the Sultan 129

A Moorish Café 135

A Tafilet Merchant on his Mehari (camel) . . . 139

The Sultan's sword and Shereefian belt 147

The Sultan's letter 157

The Sultan's visit to Tetuan 163

View of Fez 165

The Shereef of Wazzan 167

Interior of Sultan's Palace at Fez 169

Bringing in dishes at Sid Gharnet's dinner . . . 171

PAGE
Woman's Day in the Mosque of Moulai Edriss . . 173
A typical Student 179
A Minaret of the Kairouin 187
Facsimile of map of the world as used by the University of Fez 194
Court-yards of Kairouin 201
Visit to our Bankers 205
The ghastly view of the City gate 211
To make the Blind see 217
Powder play of Beni-Hassan 225
Moorish Massage 231
Storming a sleeping City 237
At H'mam Slawi's house 241
Crossing the Straits in a Falucca 251
Starting for the Interior 261
Interior of Sid Bricho's Palace 267
Tomb of Sidi Boazza in the Sahel Wood 271
Tetuan Woman 277
A Moorish Lawyer 283
Tetuan Women in Market-place 285
The Susi Snake-charmer 289
The Bride in the Wedding Box 294
Street Performance in Tetuan 303

THE SULTAN

MOROCCO AS IT IS.

CHAPTER I.

DECLINE OF THE SHEREEFIAN EMPIRE.

Geographical description—The Aboriginal Maurii—Barbary a Roman Province—The conquest by the Moslem Sulhama—The inhabitants and population at the present day—Tangier as an English Crown-Colony—The Caliphate of Cordova—Death of King Roderic—Christian captives released by an English Embassy—The King of the Algarves—Mulai Ismael—Mulai Hassan—The Pirates of the Herculean Straits—French and Spanish Wars—The efforts of England to avert a catastrophe in Morocco.

WESTERN BARBARY, the Empire of Morocco, or, as it called by its inhabitants, Al Moghreb-al-Aksa, "the extreme West," lies between 27 deg. and 36 deg. north lat. and between 1 deg. and 11 deg. west long. It is about half again as large as Spain and Portugal taken together. The surface of the country is diversified by high mountain ranges. The Atlas traverses the country in three distinct sierras or ridges. The valleys and plains between the mountain ranges are of great extent and of extraordinary fertility. The country is well watered by large rivers, and

though the irrigation works, constructed by the Romans, have fallen entirely into disuse. Where agriculture is practised it is with the most primitive implements and in the crudest fashion imaginable. Yet such is the richness of the soil, the crops are often enormous. It is only the fanaticism and the folly of its present rulers that prevents Morocco from becoming once again as it was for five or six centuries the granary of Europe.

The coast line along the Mediterranean from the mouth of the Muluya to Cape Spartel is bold and rocky. From Ras-ashacar, as the natives call Cape Spartel, down the Atlantic coast to Laraiche the rock-bound coast continues, several high promontories rising out of the sea to a height of nearly 2500 feet. From Laraiche south the coast is sandy, with many shifting shoals, and navigation is very dangerous. Mauritania, as it was called by the ancients, came into our history in the year B.C. 45, as a Roman province, with Sallust, the historian, as its pro-consul. A hundred years later Barbary was divided by the Emperor Claudius into two provinces, separated by the river now known as the Muluya. The western province was known as Mauritania Tingitana, which corresponds roughly with the Morocco of to-day. The other province lying east of the Muluya was called Mauritania Cæsariensis, which covers about the same territory as Algeria and Tunis of to-day. The western province was inhabited by the Mauri, a fierce and warlike race of men, who were never thoroughly subdued by the Romans. The Mazirghis or Berbers of the present day are their descendants, and still retain their haughty and independent spirit. The

Vandals entered Africa from Spain, and conquered the whole country as far eastwards as Carthage, until defeated by Belisarius, who recovered the whole of Northern Africa for the Roman Empire, A.D. 534. The Saracens made a dash through the country in 672, but it was only towards the middle of the eighth century that Mahommedan rule was anything like firmly established in the country. In fact it was only towards the middle of the eleventh century that Abdallah-ben-Yasim founded the Empire of the Almorvarides, which signifies men consecrated to the service of God. There have since been many civil and dynastic wars, but a descendant or a reputed descendant of the Prophet has from that day always held the sceptre.

At the present day Morocco is very thinly settled, the population not exceeding, if reaching, eight millions, of whom only three millions are Moors, five hundred thousand Arabs of pure descent, two million Berbers, a million and a half Shelluhs, three hundred thousand Jews, and about half a million negroes, slaves brought from the Soudan, or descendants of slaves. There are only about five thousand Europeans in the country, almost all of whom are Spaniards living in the coast towns. The prevailing religion is Mahommedanism, and nowhere are its tenets and observances more rigidly enforced. The chief articles of belief of Mahommedans are that there is but one God, by whose divine providence and absolute predestination the destinies of mankind have from eternity been decreed. Abraham is the chief example of the true believer, and to him as well as to

Adam, Noah, Moses, and Christ, the will of God and His divine laws were often and fully declared. But Mahomet, of course, is the last and far most illustrious prophet. With him the divine missions have ceased, and the Koran must be revered as the only genuine revelation by which former religions are to be corroborated and verified.

England had at one time a great material interest in Morocco. Tangier and the undefined Hinterland, though that delightfully diplomatic expression was not in common use then, came to England as part of the dowry of Catherine, Infanta of Portugal, who married Charles II. It was an unlucky wedding present, and brought with it more trouble than in the eyes of our seventeenth-century forefathers Morocco was considered to be worth. Strangely enough the Island of Bombay formed another part of the dowry of the Infanta, and had the same pluck, tenacity, and enterprise shown by the English on the Indian Ocean been exhibited on the Mediterranean, it is not very difficult to say what would be the political complexion of North Africa to-day. The swampy, insignificant Island of Bombay grew to be the Indian Empire of to-day, but Tangier, after a chequered career of twenty years under the British ensign, was dismantled and deserted, and, together with the surrounding country, fell back into the hands of the Moors. Possibly the good King of Portugal presented it to his son-in-law because he himself could hold it no longer against the impetuous and unremitting attacks of the Moors. Certainly the fleet under Lord Sandwich, that was despatched to take possession of Tangier, arrived only in time to save

the Portuguese garrison from being totally annihilated by a besieging force. The government of the day had great expectations of the commercial and colonial advantages that would accrue from the new appanage to the crown, and it is impossible to say at this late date why they were not realized. The unremitting hostility of the Moors, and their sturdy opposition to all overtures of peace, probably had something to do with the manner in which the enterprise was relinquished. Large sums of money were voted by Parliament for strengthening the fortifications of the town; a magnificent mole, the ruins of which are still visible above the water, was constructed, extending nearly 2000 feet out into the sea. A secure harbour was formed capable of containing the largest ships, and preparations were even made for "floating" companies to exploit the new colonies.

Had England been in possession of Gibraltar at the time, it is more than probable that Tangier would never have been relinquished. Certainly a century later Nelson said that the step was a grievous error, and that Gibraltar could never be considered impregnable until Tangier was in the hands of the English. The interest at first taken in England in the new possession waned very rapidly. The holding of Tangier proved an enormous expense. Hardly a day passed but what there was an encounter between the garrison of the place and the Moors. The garrison lived in a state of perpetual warfare, and were constantly harassed by their wily enemies. The Earl of Teviott, the governor of the garrison, lost his life, together with a score of officers and a large

number of men, in June, 1664. The event is quaintly described by Pepys as follows:—

"It seems my Lord Teviott's design was to go a mile and a half out of the town to cut down a wood in which the enemy did use to lie in ambush. He had sent several spyes; but all brought word that the way was clear, and so might be for anybody's discovery of an enemy before you are upon them. There they were all snapt, he and all his officers, and about 200 men, as they say; there being now left in the garrison but four captains. This happened the third of May last, being not before that day twelvemonth of his entering into his government there; but at his going out in the morning he said to some of his officers, 'Gentlemen, let us look to ourselves, for it was this day three years that so many brave Englishmen were knocked on the head by the Moors, when Fines made his sally out.'"

It is not my intention here to enter into the history of the Moors in Spain, or the rise and fall of the Caliphate of Cordova. During the reign of King Wamba, however, the Saracens made many piratical descents upon the coast of Spain. This was towards the end of the seventh century. It is curious to relate that it was at the invitation of a Christian thirsting for revenge that the Moslems first entered Andalusia, from which it took so many years and such expenditure of blood and treasure to expel them. It was in the year 710, shortly after the Moslems were firmly established in Tangier, that a Gothic nobleman named Count Julian, Governor of Andalusia, whose daughter had suffered a great

wrong at the hands of King Roderic, entered into a conspiracy with the Mahommedans to admit their troops into the southern part of Spain. At his invitation Prince Tarik landed at Calpe Rock, now called after him Gibraltar, and in the same year, after having received strong reinforcements, Tarik fought a great battle near Jarez, in which King Roderic was killed and the Gothic Empire in Spain overthrown.

Owing to the expense and the great loss of life entailed by the defence of the place, and the impression which prevailed in the House of Commons that the garrison of Tangier was fast becoming the nucleus of a Popish army, Lord Dartmouth was sent out to Morocco in January, 1683, to destroy the fortifications and evacuate the place, which was done after an occupation of twenty years. It is interesting to recall that it was in Morocco that "handsome John Churchill," afterwards the Duke of Marlboro', first saw service. He was an ensign in the King's Guard, and served in the Tangier garrison for two years; but there are, I believe, no records extant of his life and exploits there.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the Barbary coast was noted as the home of the Salee pirates. Thousands and thousands of English sailors during those years were captured by the pirates off the Moorish coast, and carried in chains into the interior towns, whence very few of them ever returned. In the year 1721 the Sultan, Muley Ismael, noted for his cruelty, the number of his wives and his five thousand children, held in captivity in the capital of

Mequinez alone about a thousand Christians. The story of their cruel treatment at the hands of their taskmasters aroused public feeling in England, and a special embassy was despatched by the Government of the day to endeavour to obtain their release. The envoy chosen was Commodore Stewart, of the navy, who was accompanied by Master John Windus, to whom we are indebted for an exceedingly quaint description of the conditions of life in Morocco at the time of which he writes. Unfortunately, the embassy found, on its arrival in Mequinez, that a very large number of the captives, in the hope of bettering their condition, had apostatized, and had been received in the mosques as Mahommedans. They had also married Moorish women. In spite of the entreaties of these men, who seem to have wanted to be relieved at once from their new religious and matrimonial ties, the Sultan absolutely refused to liberate them. Those of the captives, however, who had dwelt in single blessedness and remained true to their Church were liberated, and Commodore Stewart escorted them back to the coast. There were about 300 Europeans in all, of whom about 120 were English. The original number of these captives in Mequinez had been very great, but disease, the climate, and the severity of their treatment had more than decimated their numbers. As to how they were decimated, Windus gives the following interesting description :—

"When the Sultan was angry with the Moors, then the Christian slaves were in favour, and he would sometimes talk to them, calling them *Bon Christiano*,

and wishing God would give them their liberty! His wrath is terrible, which the Christians have sometimes felt, for one day, passing by a high wall on which they were at work, and being affronted that they did not keep time in their stroke as he expected them to, he made his guards go up and throw them all off the wall, breaking their legs and arms, and knocking them on the head in a miserable manner."

Another time he had one of the Christians buried alive, and beaten down along with the mortar in the wall.

Portugal for several hundred years was in possession of most of the Moorish towns on the Atlantic coast, and the second title of the Kings of Portugal to-day is that of King of the Algarves, referring to their Moorish possessions which have disappeared like their Indian dependencies. At one time also Portugal was in possession of the northern coast as far inland as Al-Kesar, and in 1578 Dom Sebastian, King of Portugal, equipped an army with which he hoped to overrun the whole country. He was, however, defeated and killed near Al-Kesar. From this time the Portuguese power in North-West Africa began to wane, until with the cession of Tangier to the English in 1660 it almost disappeared.

In 1675 a British Envoy arrived at the Shereefian court for the purpose of negotiating a peace, as Tangier was at that time held by England, although constantly in a state of siege owing to the hostility of the Moors. Muley Ismael favoured the proposal, but a fanatical marabout having told him that the Prophet had

appeared to him and said that he would assist the Emperor to conquer all his enemies, provided he refused to make peace with the English, Ismael kissed the dirty face of the saint, and then excused himself to the British Envoy on the plea of not daring to incur the Prophet's displeasure—a specious pretext such as is never wanting when the Shereefian Court, to cover its duplicity and hypocrisy, wishes to back out of its engagements, or to break off any negotiation.

Strangely enough, over two hundred years later the same line of argument was followed by the present Sultan; and the same reasons, the fear of offending his fanatical subjects, advanced as good and sufficient for not signing the commercial treaty proposed by Sir Charles Euan-Smith.

Owing to the depredations of the Barbary pirates the diplomatic relations of Morocco with the European powers have during the last two hundred years been at various times very strained, and with the possible exception of Salee and its holy mosque, perhaps every port town of the country has been at one time or another bombarded by the Christians. Finally, however, an arrangement rather discreditable to us was reached, by which all the commercial nations whose ships frequented the Herculean Straits consented to pay the Sultan an annual tribute proportioned to the value of their commerce in the Barbary Seas, in return for which the Sultan promised his good offices to restrain the piratical proclivities of the Salee and Saffi sailors. This discreditable tribute was paid annually by the representatives of

the European powers in the form of a free gift to the Sultan for nearly 200 years. It was only discontinued after the bombardment of Mogador and Tangier (1844) by the French under the Prince de Joinville. The Spanish war of 1860 rather added to than detracted from the very high estimate the Moors have always had of their own military prowess. While the Spaniards fought with great bravery and succeeded in bringing about a peace a stipulation of which was that the Sultan should pay a war indemnity and cede several unimportant patches of his territory, the fact still remains that it took them almost two years to advance twenty miles into the interior of Morocco, and that in so doing they lost by disease and death in battle 20,000 men, and expended as many millions of pounds in munitions of war.

The policy of the rulers of Morocco during the past half century has been one of complete isolation from the rest of the world, Mahommedan as well as Christian. In this policy they have thought to find safety from the openly designed encroachments of Christian neighbours. In the execution of this policy the Moorish Government was strongly supported by Sir John Drummond Hay, for over thirty years, I believe, her Majesty's representative at the Shereefian Court. Sir John Drummond Hay discouraged Europeans from settling in the country. He was averse to the removal of the restrictions the Sultan, with fanatical purpose, had placed on commerce. It seemed to the spectators of the game that he regarded Moorish affairs from the standpoint of

Moulai Edriss, rather than from the point of view of the Foreign Office. Certainly this policy resulted in certain political and strategic advantages. Since the days of Nelson it would seem to have been an unwritten instrument of the British Constitution that no Christian power should be allowed to set foot on the mainland of Northern Morocco, from which they could command the entrance to the Mediterranean and menace Gibraltar. While thousands of valuable lives and millions of money were being spent by England and Englishmen in the violent laying of hands on various undesirable African swamps, Morocco, one of the garden spots of the earth, was left severely alone, with only Sir John Hay placed over it as a watch-dog to see that no other European power should annex it.

As far as the strategic position of England at the entrance to the Mediterranean was concerned, this policy was the next best thing to formally taking possession of the country. During the past decade, however, there have been visible on the political horizon signs and symbols which would seem to indicate that the days of the dynasty of the Fileli Shereefs are nearing an end. The Shereefian authority is growing visibly weaker, and the designs of Spain and of France upon the country daily more manifest. In the belief that if the Sultan could be persuaded to sign a commercial treaty that would give the world of commerce a desire to still further support the present *regime* in Morocco, and an interest in its continuance, the present situation so advantageous to the interests of the British Empire,

at the mouth of Herculean Straits, might still be maintained for a score of years, Sir Charles Euan-Smith was sent to Fez. His mission was a failure, and England is now confronted with the Western Question, a delicate puny child of the last decade that promises to give Europe more serious trouble than even the "Sick man" who hangs on to political existence at the other end of the Midland Sea. Lord Salisbury has said that the present condition of Morocco may at any moment become a menace to the peace of Europe. Last January M. Ribot was cheered to the echo when he spoke of an armed intervention of France in Morocco. I should not then be accused of alarmist tendencies when I add that the present situation in Morocco is fraught with many grave perils, and that it demands the closest attention in the interests of peace.

CHAPTER II.

THE WESTERN QUESTION.

Prince Bismarck's prophecy—All Christendom apparently united—The disillusion of the "Bashador" on reaching the Shereefian Court—The granary of the world—The Sultan's power—The Embassy of the Shereefs to His Holiness—French dreams of Empire—Another "Scientific" frontier—The Missionary work of the "Roumis"—The diplomatic antecedents of the French Minister—The present French Mission to Fez—Bou-Amena and his Touregs—Annoying saints—England's policy—The diplomacy of Sir John Hay—The security of Gibraltar—Tangier necessary to England—The attitude of Germany—Her commercial and diplomatic interests—Spain's cry for "poetic justice"—The success of H'mam's rebellion.

WHILE the red flag of the Barbary Corsairs has long since disappeared from the seas, the political future of the Empire which they founded and made infamous throughout Christendom still causes the statesmen of the Mediterranean powers many a sleepless night. For, despite the many well-meant attempts to keep it in the background, the Western question looms up darkly on the political horizon, ominous of serious diplomatic complications, if of nothing worse, in the immediate future.

It is but another proof of the fact that Prince

The Sultan's Palace at Fez.

Bismarck possesses the gift of political foresight and discernment, to recall that now some ten years ago, when the coming danger was apparent to but few of us, he saw the lowering war-clouds that are gathering over the western entrance of the Mediterranean, and was the first statesman in authority to perceive how dangerous they were to the peace of Europe. It is a matter of history that long before the Western question had come within the range of other short-sighted mortals, the German Chancellor hazarded the prophecy that towards the close of our century the Western question would cause as great a stir and pother in diplomatic circles, and eventually occasion as much shedding of blood, as did the Eastern question in the fifties. Let us trust that for once the Sage of Varzin will come a cropper in exercising the functions of a political prophet, which, while not without honour, are not without danger.

But the signs of the trouble that is brewing become daily more manifest, and the indications which multiply unfortunately all point in the same disquieting direction. No disinterested observer can escape the conclusion that there is more going on here behind the shifting scenes of diplomacy than we poor occupants of the stalls are permitted to see. Another not altogether novel feature of the imbroglio is, that whenever the wishes and desires of the interested Mediterranean powers are authoritatively set forth the claims of all seem to combine and coincide in the most charming manner. There is no clashing of interest, and such a thing as a hitch in the execution of the expressed will of the powers seems quite

impossible. It is quite clear that all the nations of Christendom have combined in the spirit of the Crusaders to bring about a new order of things in this truly benighted country. They would seem to have combined in the most Christian spirit to convert the Sultan and his viziers from their heathen ways, to manumit the black slave, to shield the cringing Jew from his taskmaster and oppressor, and, in other words, to make commercial intercourse with one of the richest countries of the world possible and profitable.

But the moment one of these good "Bashadors" goes to the Shereefian Court *en mission*, and endeavours to obtain from the Sultan the concessions which his colleagues have encouraged him to ask for, he finds to his astonishment that the Christian ambassadors who gave him the escort of courtesy for several miles out of Tangier, and who wished him God-speed on his errand, are the most formidable adversaries he has to cope with at the Shereefian Court. Further, should the misguided Moor, seeing how divided are the councils of the Christian nations, think fit to insult, or even maltreat, the innovator, he will learn with surprise, if, after a stay at the Shereefian Court, he be capable of such an emotion, that the treatment he has met with at the hands of the Moor is viewed by his colleagues with ill-concealed approval, or, at best, fraternally shared in a spirit of Christian fortitude and resignation truly beautiful to view. The Eastern question can be described as a never-ending serial of twice-told tales. We know to a cipher the hands the interested powers hold, their trumps, and

their weak suites ; but when we come to fathom *les au dessous* of the Western question, our investigations are handicapped at the outset by the fact that in this diplomatic game the cards as yet have not been shown, nor shall I in this chapter give my readers the benefit of any telepathic skill I may possess. I shall not even offer a solution to the question, or propose a panacea in the interests of peace. In appreciation of this self-denial I hope that what I say in regard to the actions of the various interested powers will be received as the result of observations made by one who, though not claiming to be, or deserving to be, accepted as an exceptional authority on the question, still occupies the somewhat unusual position of not having any patriotic bias or commercial interest at stake. Indeed I am a citizen of that great power which may suffer in her commerce for a time should Morocco, under a protectorate or in other form, be induced to enter upon the comity of nations. For the moment the Barbary ports are thrown open to commerce, and the corn lands of the country cultivated in a somewhat less primitive fashion, I am sure that not a bushel of grain will be brought from America to Europe. Morocco will have become again, as she was for so many centuries, the granary of Europe.

But there are one or two facts in the great tangle of surmise and conjecture which tend to obscure the subject that it is well to remember. First among these is the fact that the only basis of the Sultan's authority is the ignorance and the fanaticism of his people, and that being well aware of this, the Sultan spares no effort to encourage them in their brutish backward

tendencies. Again, it should be borne in mind that so weak is the Imperial or federal power, that only by playing the unneighbourly tribesmen against one another does the Sultan succeed in remaining master of the situation.

The combined intellectual force of the Sultan's religious and diplomatic advisers, his fukies, notables, and oolemas, is engaged in devising some way in which the present system of protection to the native-born agents and servants of Europeans may be abolished. This system, which the Powers have found necessary for the protection of those enlightened natives, who by entering into commercial relations with Europeans have kept Morocco in touch with the outside world, and prevented its relapse into barbarism. In so diminishing the taxable basis of the Empire, and in other ways limiting and restricting the power of the Sultan, the protection system certainly has its drawback. Both in theory and in its workings the protection system is resented by the Shereefs. Still, before abrogating present treaty rights Christian diplomats should be very careful to see that the recently proposed system of mixed tribunals, not only in theory but in practice, offers as effective a check to the cruelty of the Moors as does the present custom of protection without possessing any of its disadvantages.

This very strong desire of the Sultan for the abolishment of the present system of protection we have to thank for the most picturesque scene that the kaleidoscope of European politics has revealed to us in the last few years. Without a word of

warning, even unheralded by rumour, an embassy of Shereefs, all reputed descendants of the Prophet, left Tangier in 1888 on a frigate of Her Catholic Majesty the Queen Regent of Spain, disembarked at Civita Vecchia, and, entering the Eternal City as pilgrims, besought an audience of His Holiness the Pope. Their request was graciously granted, and on the following day the Vicar of Christ on earth and the children of Mahomet discussed the *protégé* system. The Shereefs requested His Holiness to intercede with the Christian powers in their behalf, and to exert his great influence in favour of the abolition of the obnoxious system. His Holiness promised his good offices, and the Shereefs returned from the City of Seven Hills to Fez on the vine-clad slopes of Giebel Salah. Nothing ever came of this embassy, but it was a magnificent theatrical *coup*, and seemed to indicate that the Moors possess rather a fine political sense. For before this embassy the representatives of European powers seemed quite decided on an identical plan of action at the Shereefian Court to put an end to grievances which present treaty rights seem powerless to remedy. Since this embassy, and as a result of it, their bickerings and disunion have been more apparent than ever. So the embassy should not be remembered simply as an interesting and picturesque pageant, though as such it was certainly unique.

France, with her dream of a great Empire in North Africa but partially realized, naturally wishes to obtain strong diplomatic if not territorial position on the Straits of Gibraltar. The demands, however, that France makes upon Morocco openly before all

the world are so just and so insignificant that as they are not granted we are almost forced to the conclusion that the Shereefian Court is better informed as to the real designs of France on the country than outside observers. Through her accredited diplomatic agents France only demands a new western frontier for Algeria along the banks of the Mulaya, and the cession of that portion of the Touat country, which is undoubtedly the connecting and indispensable link between her Lake Tchad and Senegal possessions and her colonies in Northern Africa. But in addition to these demands France certainly does desire a railway from Tlemcen to Fez, and the French Embassy at present journeying to the Moorish capital is empowered by their Government to demand a concession for such a railway. This statement will be authoritatively denied from the Quai d'Orsai, especially if the mission is a failure; but the fact is none the less true. French statesmen in their genial moods admit that years ago they did harbour territorial designs upon Morocco, say fifteen, twenty years ago, but they have long since given up such dreams of conquest. With these frank statements it is hard to coincide the presence of French agents and emissaries throughout the country, or to comprehend the great outlay and the great pains which are being taken by the French War Office in drawing up maps of Morocco—and very excellent maps they are. The way in which French agents seem to take a hand in any local uprising or rebellion against the Sultan very naturally excites suspicions.

In making a study of the Western question which

is looming up before us, it should not be forgotten that France is the country most feared by the Moors. Of French power they have a very appreciative estimate. England and Germany and Italy seem far away, and their power is intangible, evanescent. Every now and then a ship of war is seen in Tangier harbour bearing their flags, supporting some claim, but the bombardments that are so often threatened never come off, and the ships sail away. But the red-trousered "roumis" are there, right on the Moorish frontier at El-Goleah and Insuffra, only 200 miles away from the sacred mosque of Western Barbary. They never draw back. They are always advancing. They have conquered Algeria, Tunis is in their power, and the fear that they may some day undertake the conquest of Morocco is the absorbing thought of the Sultan and of his viziers. In view of the negotiations now progressing in Fez, it will prove interesting to look into the antecedents of Count D'Aubigny, the present French minister-plenipotentiary to Morocco. It will be remembered by close observers of the political board, that Count D'Aubigny was the Consul-General in Cairo when Alexandria was bombarded. It will also be remembered that he was made responsible for the failure of the French Government of the day to intervene, an abstention which has never ceased to be regretted by our neighbours across the Channel. The crime charged against Count d'Aubigny was his failure to foresee the easy collapse of Arabi's rebellion and his so-called national party. The nomination of Count D'Aubigny by M. Ribot to the

Moorish Mission some eighteen months ago was the signal for a howl of indignation from the French press, and even those papers in Paris which are least likely to err on the side of hasty judgment gave vent to loud cries of disappointment. Count D'Aubigny had been allowed to lead the life of a country gentleman for several years after the Egyptian campaign, and, as the Radical papers remarked, after giving their unflattering version of the Egyptian incident, should be allowed to cultivate his cabbages in peace. So great was this outcry, that it was perhaps only owing to the influence of M. de Freycinet, the present War Minister, for whom Count D'Aubigny in the Egyptian fiasco would seem to have served as scapegoat, that he was enabled to assume his present post. But even with such a powerful supporter it was not deemed advisable for him to go to Tangier until after a delay of nearly a year, when the newspaper outcry had abated somewhat, and a new *Question du Jour* engrossed the attention of the volatile Parisians. If he ever in the past was guilty of too much consideration for English claims, and a too conciliatory attitude towards *la perfide* Albion, he never will, in my opinion, after this experience, err in the same direction again. The demands of French diplomacy in the Touat question, and the loudly expressed wish of the Algerian Government to have the River Muluya as a western frontier, are, as I have said, very small concessions indeed, and if the Sultan thereby could obtain the frank firm friendship of his eastern neighbour, I am quite certain he would grant these concessions and greater ones. But while it is true that the Muluya

where it empties into the Mediterranean is hardly twenty miles west of Nemours, the last coast town of Algeria, inland it will be noticed that the course of the river is distinctly south-west towards its source. The new frontier which the French propose along its banks to the source of the river on the north side of Djebel-el-abart would certainly bring the French frontier within six days' easy journey through fertile well-watered valleys to the Holy City itself. This frontier-line proposed by the French is certainly very scientific and clean cut, geographically speaking, but it should always be remembered that when we hear of the reluctance of the Moors to make the concession that it would certainly place them at a great strategical disadvantage, as the strip of sand and the waterless desert, that is now their eastern border, proved in the days of Marshal Bugeaud, and is now a very strong first line of defence. Up to the present at least, the Sultan has made no concession to French demands in the Touat question ; whether he will be able to resist the importunity of the French Embassy now in Fez, I do not care to express an opinion. It is very generally believed that the main object of Count D'Aubigny's Mission is to reconsider and go over the question of the possession of the Touat oasis again, though the subject would seem to have dropped out of sight almost entirely during the past eighteen months. The Sultan, as is well known, claims that the desert chiefs of this neighbourhood, the Amhari and the Gourarah tribesmen, have from time immemorial been in the custom of paying him and his predecessors tribute. The French, on the

contrary, claim that the territory in question is a "No man's land," and that they have rather more right to it than anybody else. To strengthen their pretensions and to inspire the Touregs with feelings of friendship, the late Shereef of Wazzan and the Governor-General of Algeria, M. Cambon, visited the country in great state last spring. They conferred with Bou-Amena and the other great chieftains of the country, and I think it will be found if hostilities should ever break out in this quarter, that the untutored Touregs have been induced to take a business-like view of the situation, and are keenly alive to the fact that it is with France that the preponderance of power lies. They have grasped the meaning of the Sud-Oranais railway and its many branches, which, during the last few months have been so hurriedly constructed, and when next it suits the French Foreign Office to make an advance in this quarter to secure their caravan connection with Lake Tchad and Timbuctoo, or for any other purpose, I feel confident that the opposition to annexation by the local chiefs will, in a great measure, have disappeared. If Bou-Amena ever sent the Sultan Mulai Hassan dates from his oasis in token of submission after his recent pow-wow with M. Cambon, he will send them no more. That there are good and cogent reasons to justify the desire of the French to annex the Touat I have already stated. It should also not be forgotten that the Moorish tribes on the Algerian border are a great annoyance and a certain danger to the security of Algeria. Indeed the whole country is one nest of fanatical sects, the home of saints who never weary of

inciting the Algerians to rebellion against the authority of the French. Hardly a year passes but what these holy men either go themselves or send emissaries into Algeria, and by their preaching bring about those little rebellions and insurrections which help to make the war budget of the colony so large and French tenure of the colony insecure. After these rebellions have been suppressed generally at a great expenditure of money and of life, these saints generally make good their retreat back into Morocco, where they are sure of a warm welcome, and where, safe from any interruption, they plan new campaigns and new troubles for the French. It is on these grounds that the French demand a better frontier line.

England's policy towards Morocco has undergone a complete change since the days when Sir John Drummond Hay was the British pro-consul in Western Barbary, and a great power behind the Shereefian umbrella. England, or perhaps it would be more correct to say Sir John Hay, then seemed only desirous of keeping Morocco hermetically sealed against all comers, not excepting his countrymen. Indeed, he made no secret of his opinion that El-Moghreb was not a proper place for Christians to live in except those who were compelled to reside there officially. This policy, though short-sighted, was certainly very successful in keeping all Europeans out of the country, and so preventing the incidents that their presence would give rise to. As long as he, through his knowledge of Moorish character, customs, and language, was able to hold the com-

manding position he did at the Shereefian Court, the Foreign Office never complained. When the late Sir William Kirby Green was appointed Minister Resident in Morocco, the sign of the times could no longer be disregarded. The last market of the world was about to be opened up. Morocco was not to be allowed to remain any longer a stagnant morass outside the pale of human progress and advancement. This new policy Lord Salisbury inaugurated with a mission he sent to the Shereefian Court in 1887, which, owing to the unfortunate death of Sir William Kirby Green, while in the city of Morocco, resulted in nothing. But this new departure was openly avowed in the speech which the then Prime Minister made in Glasgow, in May, 1891. Having at last, it appears, given heed to the oft repeated petitions and memorials of commercial bodies all over Great Britain, Lord Salisbury left us all under the impression after this speech, which at the time created great excitement among the Mediterranean powers, that England was about to assume a more energetic attitude in dealing with the Western question. He warned the rulers of Morocco in polite language, it is true, but his meaning was none the less unmistakable, that their country could not continue indefinitely to bid defiance to international law, or place itself in opposition to the civilized world. The speech was hailed with delight by the manufacturers of Great Britain, who have always regarded Morocco as a suitable market for their goods. It was all the more lamentable after this trumpet blast, or speech that sounded so very much like one, that Sir Charles Euan-

Smith's Mission to the Shereefian Court undertaken and executed in the sense of the words spoken by the Prime Minister in Glasgow, should have been allowed to collapse as it did, and even become ridiculous, solely from the want of support of any kind from the Foreign Office. Of course, England's vital interest in Morocco is its bearing upon Gibraltar and the free navigation of the straits. Gibraltar has always been considered the key to the western Mediterranean. In this connection it has been well said by an officer of the English army that Tangier is the key guard. The question whether or not Gibraltar, in view of the improvements in armament and in cannon that have taken place in the last hundred years, is still capable of being defended and consequently a place of great strategic value, has been answered in the affirmative by all military experts. But the same military critics are always unanimously of the opinion that Gibraltar could not be defended successfully if Tangier were in possession of a power hostile to English interests. Let us suppose for a moment that Spain occupied Tangier, and that Her Catholic Majesty the Queen Regent should seize an opportunity when the foreign complications of England and the state of Europe were such as to admit of a possibility of regaining possession of Gibraltar, an event which the inhabitants of Andalusia at least seem to have regarded as imminent every month for the past two hundred years. For do not the Royal decrees of Spain still assert that Gibraltar is only temporarily in the hands of the English, and is not the Royal Governor of Algeciras also Governor of the

Sir Charles Euan-Smith, K.C.B.

From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

Rock? Backed up, as they then would be by the guns of Ceuta and of Tangier, the fleet of Spain and her allies, even if less powerful than the English fleet, would require a great many more English vessels than England at such a junction perhaps could afford to spare, to secure the provisioning of the rock garrison, even if it did not prove impossible to raise the siege. But with Tangier in the hands of the English, or unfortified and in the possession of the indolent Moors, Gibraltar would become once again well-nigh impregnable, and with Tangier as its base of food supply and Gibraltar for munitions of war and refitting, a smaller English fleet could hold the mouth of the Mediterranean against all comers, than under the circumstances that I have outlined above would be necessary to convoy a cargo of grain under the guns of the mighty rock fortress. If Tangier falls into the hands of the French it could not be defended, and it might as well be returned to Spain.

I think if people had it brought home to them, the absolute necessity of Tangier to the security of Gibraltar, and consequently to the integrity of the Empire, they would cease from regarding Morocco as an out-of-the-way place, in which England has no right to meddle, and that steps would be taken to provide that Morocco the "feeder" of Gibraltar and the Mediterranean fleet in time of peace, be still open to the fleet as a necessary base of supplies in time of war. What England wants now in Morocco is to obtain for her merchandise an open market for her ships, the unrestricted navigation of the straits, and from the valley of the Sebou, which was the granary

of the world in centuries past, corn for her hungry millions. To obtain these things England must regain the supremacy of influence at the Shereefian Court. The Moors have fallen into the hands of crafty advisers of late years, and they have been induced to believe that so necessary is their friendship to England's position at the entrance of the Mediterranean, that come what may she is prepared to defend their independence and maintain the integrity of the Shereefian Empire. The Sultan and his advisers should be given to understand in unambiguous terms what an insignificant pawn the power they represent really is in the political game that is being played between the Herculean Pillars. They should be forced to recall the intervention of England after the naval demonstration of the French in 1844, and the bombardment of Tangier by the Prince de Joinville in 1844, and the manner in which Sir John Hay saved the integrity of their Empire in 1860. They should also be given to understand that when next they are in need of a strong protector, a need which, as is well known, may make itself felt any day, England may be found lukewarm or more inclined to exact a substantial return for friendly offices than on former occasions.

The position assumed by German diplomacy in Morocco is most interesting. Ten years ago I believe the interests of the great central European Empire were represented in Morocco by a simple consul. Two years ago His Excellency Count Tattenbach went on a mission to Fez, with the largest and most brilliant suite that has ever accompanied a

Christian envoy to the capital of the Mogrebbin Moslems. I believe his military staff alone numbered twenty-two officers. Of course this sudden growth of German interest in a country lying so well outside of its political sphere was not purely academic. The mission occasioned much comment and gave rise to many conjectures. The possibility of a German protectorate over the country has again and again been mentioned, and should not, in my opinion, be sneered at as impossible or as out of the realm of practical politics as has been the case. The Colonial-Menschen of Hamburg and Bremen, who induced the Empire to spend so many millions of marks in obtaining possession of the swamps about Bagamoyo, might succeed in inducing the German Government to endeavour to gain control of the most fertile country in the Dark Continent. By subterfuge and all manner of chicanery the Moors during the last fifty years have succeeded very well in holding their own, and in keeping their Empire impermeable to all European ideas and civilizing influences. But if driven to a corner they are quite capable of placing their country under the political tutelage of the German Emperor. They might adopt this course in the first place merely to spite those powers whose designs on their country are more open and undisguised, and in the second place because they may be of opinion that Germany does not care for any more African colonies, and that the relations thus entered on would never become those of master and man. That such a course of action is not entirely improbable is shown by the fact that fifteen years ago the

Sultan of Morocco sent an embassy to the President of the United States, with a request that he should take them under his protection. This embassy was stopped by the Minister of the United States in Morocco in Tangier as soon as they made known to him the object of their mission. But perhaps after all the sudden interest that Germany has taken in Morocco is due to commercial reasons only. Certainly as a result of it the exports from Germany to Morocco have increased five hundredfold. German goods are to be met with throughout the whole country, and they are, in my opinion, displacing English wares and manufactures in almost every market. The gross value of English imports is still considerably superior to the German; but unless English merchants bestir themselves in two or three years the balance of trade will be in favour of their new commercial rival. It is thought by not a few that the unexpected activity of the Germans in Morocco is due to a desire to watch and hinder French aspirations for empire in Northern Africa, and it has struck many as a plausible explanation of it, that after having attained a position of importance in Morocco, by gracefully yielding to the French on the banks of the Muluya, an improvement in the relations of the two powers might be brought about on the banks of the Vosges.

Spain, of course, pants for the rich and fertile river lands of Morocco as does the hart for cooling brooks. I mean, of course, new Spain, the enthusiastic and sentimental youth of the universities and of the great cities, not the long-headed business men who manage

with difficulty the affairs of the nation that has seen better days, who find their time fully occupied in skating round the craters that indicate the volcanic substrata over which they live. The conquest of Morocco by Spanish troops appeals to anyone with a sense of poetic justice. It seems only right that the Spaniards should lord it over the Moors who for so many centuries ruled Spain. But one requires very little knowledge of the two countries as they are to-day to see that this dream for the present is not likely to be realized. This is a practical age, and poetic justice is not often considered in practical politics. Spain will always be against England in any dispute in which the supremacy or the possession of the western entrance to the Mediterranean is involved; first, because of Gibraltar, and secondly, because it is generally believed in Spain, and rightly believed, that it was England who robbed her of the hardly won fruits of the Moorish campaigns in 1859 and 1860; but except as an ally of some greater power I do not believe that Spain will play a very prominent part in the settlement of the Western question. In the present state of her finances and of her army, she has not the *taille* to satisfy aspirations which are certainly quite natural. The policy of Italy is to be found in the word "Anti-French." And the Consulta will go to any length rather than witness a repetition here of the Tunisian Protectorate. Incidentally Italy hopes to play her cards in Morocco in such a way as to enter upon the possession of Tripoli without the firing of a gun.

The success of El H'mam and the Andjerite Highlanders in holding their own against the very numerous force the Sultan sent against him, is but another indication of the general disintegration of the Shereefian Empire. Instead of being drawn and quartered, or shaken in the spiked Ghelabir, the Andjerite notables who supported H'mam have been rewarded, in the prosaic language of a Fez correspondent, with a "new suit of clothes all around." Though according to the legend that ran through the Andjera hills last winter, when the bold brigand escaped from his prison in Fez, H'mam bears a charmed life, I am afraid a way will soon be found to terminate his successful career, possibly by the traditional method of arsenical poisoning. Still I may be in error. H'mam has to-day more powerful protectors than Sid Absalom and Sidi Boazza, in whose sanctuary in the beautiful Sahel wood he has so often taken refuge in the days before he had gathered about him the large following that is his to-day.

CHAPTER III.

THE SULTAN MULAI HASSAN.

Absolute Ruler of all True Believers—His personal appearance—His fear of assassination—"To dole unequal laws unto a savage race"—Three Cabinet Councils a day—How the Empire is subdivided and governed—The functions of Bashaws and Caids—The Sultan at his correspondence—His unpopularity in Fez—His fear of the approach of the French from the East—The Algerian frontier—The Sultan's new Palace at Tafilet—Anecdotes told about the Sultan—The Sultan at the head of his army.

THE present dweller in the pleasant shade of the scarlet umbrella, the emblem of Shereefian sovereignty, is Mulai-al-Hassan, the fifteenth or sixteenth monarch of the Filali dynasty, officially known as the Emir-al-Mumemin, or absolute ruler of all true believers.

He is better known, however, through the length and breadth of his Empire as "Seedna," "the great lord." The Sultan is every inch of him a king and a ruler of men. As to his age authorities differ. Some say he is forty, and others say he is sixty. It is a question, however, in which the Moor takes little interest, and certainly it would never occur to any of the courtiers to ask of their lord his age, nor is it

Sid Tazi, Interior. Sid Mohamed El Arbi, War. Sid Mesfimi, Commerce. Mulai Ismael (Brother to Sultan), Justice. Sid Gharnet, Foreign Affairs, Grand Vizier. Sid Guarufui, Vizier. El Caid Meshwar, Household Minister.

The Sultan's Ministry or Divan.

anywhere set down. There are locusts in Morocco but no birthday-books.

But Mulai Hassan does not appear to be more than fifty. He is evidently in the enjoyment of vigorous health; in fact the surgeon who accompanied the British Mission to Fez, at the request of the Sultan made a careful medical examination, tapped him all over, and pronounced him "a very good life." Personally he is very handsome; his forehead is high, and *bombé*, not receding like those of so many of the Moors. His expression is commanding; his eyes are fearless, and his gaze searching. The brave, hardy life he led in his youth, when there seemed no probability of his coming to the throne, has left him with a magnificent physique and an iron constitution which have helped him to bear up under the heavy cares of his office.

Twenty years ago, Edmond de Amicis, the Italian traveller and writer, described him as a demi-god, a centaur on horseback, on foot a dusky Apollo; but, when I saw him last summer, it was quite apparent that he had been a demi-god too long —by twenty years. His under lip protruded, and wore a very sensual expression, and his eyes were dull, and at times expressionless. Every now and then a suspicious, fearful look flashes across his face, even though he is engaged in performing some public function, and you see that the monarch of Mauritania is subject to the same fears, the same *obsession*, that torture the minds of kings in colder climes—he, too, lives in daily fear of assassination. While his features are indicative of

the self-indulgence that has characterized his later life, it should be said that the Sultan is admittedly a stranger to many of the unspeakable vices of his court and of his chief capital, which is so notoriously vicious, that at least in one widely-read Encyclopædia the statement is made that Fez is the most corrupt and immoral city on the face of the earth. However, let no zealous seeker after human documents set out with this information for Fez to gather *fin-de-siècle* details of decadent manners. The hated kaffir may spend months and years in the Moorish capital without coming in contact with the social movement, and after staying as long as you like, on coming away, you could only say truthfully of your own knowledge that the Fazzi are addicted to lying and to prayer, and to passing their days in industriously going to mosque, or indolently lolling in the sun. On his face, however, the Sultan bears unmistakable marks of the hard life he has led these twenty years. The following lines are written in the hope of conveying some idea of his daily life, his activity as a soldier and as a statesman, in a word to give an idea of what manner of man the supreme Sultan of Morocco is. Of one thing there could be no two opinions, the Sultan does play his *rôle* well. At the head of his motley army, in his audience chamber, at the religious fêtes, prostrating himself before the tomb of Mulai Edriss, he is always peerless, always Sultan.

His dignified bearing is the same whether it be to a naked muleteer, who comes before him to beseech

a boon, or a haughty desert chief, who sues for pardon or threatens war; the mystic, mummy figure, all enveloped in white, whose smile commands the hoarse, wild applause of the multitudes, who imposes upon them silent awe and obsequious fear by a nod, a wink or a glance, who is always the same—the undisputed master of the situation. Every European who has come in contact with him loudly sings his praises. The grace and thoughtful dignity of his speech, his noble carriage and bearing, are always observed and have never failed to impress.

His decrees are executed with the bloodthirsty cruelty of a monster. He lives in a world that is almost incredible to us. Some indeed who have noticed the antithesis to be found between the Sultan's grave, thoughtful conversation and the laws which he imposes, and the blood-curdling punishments for trivial offences which he permits, have come to the conclusion that, like many another monarch for whom omnipotence is claimed, he is merely the creature of circumstances, or perhaps that after all he knows best how to perform the destiny that is his—"to dole unequal laws unto a savage race."

But, above everything else, the Sultan is a hard worker. I hear the sarcastic laughter that this statement will, I am sure, not fail to provoke. It has become rather the fashion during the last decade to picture the monarchs of the earth as slaves to duty, as burning the midnight oil far into the night, and jumping into the saddle for but half an hour's recreation in the morning long before the day has dawned and we work-a-day people are awake. But, be this as

it may, the Sultan of Morocco is a hard worker; and, if the reader were inclined to scepticism before, I am sure it will be dispelled when he hears that the Sultan holds cabinet meetings three times a day. It is absolutely impossible to fairly state exactly what the Sultan does do every day; his days are different. One day he proclaims a war; the next day he concludes a peace. He is judge, priest, soldier, tax-gatherer, and justice of the peace, and yet, while performing all these more or less important functions, not a mule can leave the Imperial stables that are scattered all over the Empire without his written consent having been obtained first.

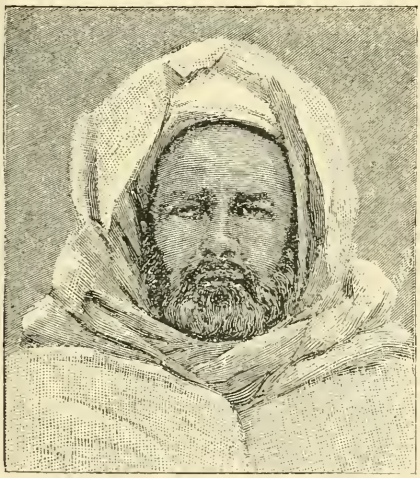
As I say, in ordinary times, that is when he is residing in one of his capitals, Fez, Mekinez, or Morocco, he holds three cabinet councils a day, at which his officers are bound to attend. Once or twice a week, or oftener if circumstances demand it, he convokes the grand council of the Empire, an assembly of men appointed by himself to functions similar to those of the German Wirkliche Geheimeräthe, which assembly is formed of the notable men in the capital cities, and is convened when he wishes to share his responsibility in the deciding of some important question, or to place upon their shoulders the responsibility for some course of action which he has decided upon without consulting them. He gives public audiences twice a week, and private audiences daily.

The Empire is divided into three kingdoms, Fez, Tafilet and Morocco, each of which is ruled by a Viceroy whom the Sultan appoints. The outlying

province of the Suss is governed by an Imperial Commissioner, almost always a general. The Empire is divided very unequally (in a territorial sense) into departments, over which the Bashaw in times of peace reigns supreme. In case of rebellion, or of war, he is often superseded in his functions by an Imperial Commissioner or political officer. These Bashaws or Governors are never prominent local men. They are always nominees of the "gang" that rules in court circles for the time being. The Bashaw in his turn appoints the Caids for the districts into which his department is divided. These Caids are always local men, popular or powerful in the neighbourhood, and are never the creatures of the court. When a Caid dies, or is removed for a cause, the Bashaw calls upon the head man of the district to send him in names from which to select a new Caid. This office has many patriarchal functions; the chief duty, however, is to arrange with the imperial tax-gatherers how much taxes are expected from the community by the Treasury, and how little the tax-gatherer will let them off with.

As was the case with El'mam in the Anghera Highlands, the Bashaw is often compelled to appoint a successful brigand to the post. When the Sultan finds he can make no headway against the local opposition, he very often appoints the head of the rebellion as his Caid, a policy on a par with that of Henry II., who, if I remember rightly, when he could not rule Ireland without Richard Strongbow, determined to rule it with his aid. Every official document issued by the Viziers passes through the Sultan's own hands,

and is not issued until approved by him, even, as I say, documents relating to the hire of mules. The Sultan never writes himself, for the same reason, I believe, as that told me by Professor Vambery as the reason why the Sultan of Turkey does not speak French, that is, he might make a mistake, which would never do. But for several hours every



Sid Gharnet, Grand Vizier.

morning the Sultan sits cross-legged on his divan, and with a pencil ticks off the documents that come up from his Ministers to him for his approval. I received a letter from Sid Gharnet that had passed through the Sultan's hands, and at the end of the letter, in the right hand corner, was a sharp, nervous dash of the lead. Sid Gharnet told me that it was

the Sultan's sign manual for private correspondence, and that it showed that he had read and approved the contents. Of course, however, official documents bear the Shereefian seal.

His every act, even the most insignificant, is jealously watched by a suspicious people. There is no newspaper press in Morocco to cavil and take exception, but there are cafés, and with that all is said. The particular shortcoming which is charged against the present Sultan by the inhabitants of the capitals, who should know better, as well as by the wild horsemen of the desert, who naturally enough are not very well informed, must be exasperating reading for the diplomats who have come in contact with the Caliph of the Lord. The fanatical populace of Fez charge their Sultan, Mulai Hassan, with having entirely too much commerce, that is, of a diplomatic character, with the Christians. They accuse him of having helped to breach the wall of fanaticism and isolation which the Moors of Morocco for 300 years have been erecting around the Empire, and the emissaries of the Senussi Mahdi, for reasons that it is here unnecessary to enter into, whisper at the street corners that the Sultan is an unworthy Caliph, that his heart has wandered from the faith of his fathers, and that in secret he too is a Kaffir (Christian). These murmurers should listen to the complaints of the Christian diplomats in Tangier, who, though they disagree with each other on every other subject under the sun, do agree in admitting that the Sultan has kept the heritage that came to him from his father intact, and that no favour or even show of justice has been granted

a Christian except under the strongest compulsion ; that, throughout the score of years he has reigned, only very few and very insignificant claims have been paid for injuries done to Christians and Christian powers, and of the English claims at least it can be said that a very great number of them that are just and legitimate he has even refused to consider.

His present tantalizing policy of hesitation and irresolution which characterizes everything he undertakes (and also what he leaves undone), is inspired by his ever-increasing fear of the French, whose position and attitude on his eastern frontier he considers menacing.

In this connection I should say that he has perhaps better means of knowing *les au dessous* of the Touat question than, perhaps, anyone else, not excepting the wise ones of the English and Continental Foreign Offices. French diplomacy for the last five years in Morocco at least has assumed a distinctly positive tone, and the profuse pretensions that are made at the Quai d'Orsai that their active diplomacy in Morocco has solely for its object the delimitation of the more scientific frontier between Algeria and Morocco, is not believed by the Sultan, nor has it struck me as very plausible.

Every evening as he wanders beneath the mandragora and pomegranate trees of his magnificent garden in Fez the Sultan finds no rest or peace from thinking of the "red-trousered Roumi," only 200 miles away, at El Goleah and Insufra. This feeling of dread anticipation, strengthened by the consciousness which he has that the reins of power are slipping

from his grasp, has found more substantial expression than in anxious and querulous inquiries of the British Minister. Since last year the Sultan has been building a magnificent palace in Tafilet, a southern inland city, famous for its dates. There, where the Atlas slopes begin to rise, far from the seas which the Christians now command, he is preparing a suitable residence and a home for the day when Northern Morocco will no longer be his, when the palaces of Fez and Mekinez will be closed to him. To Tafilet, too, all the treasures of the Empire have been removed.

The Sultan possesses palaces also in Mekinez, Fez, and in the city of Morocco, also, I believe, in Rabbat, while the palaces of the Bashaws in the various Governments in his Empire are nominally his property. They are not very interesting edifices, though the Fez palace is certainly large. The palace and its courtyards cover certainly forty acres of ground, but the Sultan's *installation* is surprisingly poor and faulty. His apartments are scantily furnished, if furnished at all; a low cushion on the floor, a tattered *haytie* on the wall, and the end of Imperial adornment, as understood in Morocco, has been reached. The gardens of the Sultan in Fez, so far as the bird's-eye views I was able to obtain justify me in forming an opinion, are very beautiful indeed. Sid Abdurrahman, the father of the present ruler, was a great lover of plants, and to him, perhaps, the beauty of the gardens is due. They have run very much to seed now, but the flowers and the trees are magnificent. In the garden at Fez are

kept falcons, with which, in his younger days, the Sultan hunted the gazelles. He was a passionate sportsman, and still occasionally takes the field after the Abou Snau (the father of tusks), i.e. boar. The Sultan hunts the boar with *slogies*, a hybrid Turkish greyhound, and several years ago, when he visited the Beni-M'Ghil, he killed several lions. As the years go by he remains more and more shut up in his harem, and marches less than formerly at the head of his troops. He is popular with the soldiers, and reputed to be a hardy and intrepid soldier. He carries wounds received in close combat with the arch enemies of the Shereefian *régime*, the Zair and the Zimoor nomads. As he is always on the march, the camp is his true capital, and his army his true court. Though he has learnt to love his ease, and fear the hazard of battle, he still spends six months of the year under canvas, either on the war-path or merely journeying from one of his capitals to the other. Sidi Mahommed proudly said, "The throne of the Emperor of Morocco is his horse, and his canopy the sky." We will have a look at the Sultan on his throne then, surrounded by his court. The camp is roused generally at four o'clock in the morning. The tents are sent ahead to be ready for their tenants on their arrival at the next encampment. Then the troops spread out over the country, forming an immense straggling line, in the centre of which is the Sultan, followed by a picked body of the *élite* of his soldiers, and by a few of the women of his harem on mule-back and carefully veiled. At a little distance in front of the Sultan rides the Kaid-

el-Meshwar, or Grand Master of the Ceremonies, followed by a group of favoured attendants, each of whom carries some object necessary for the Sultan's progress, or likely to add to his comfort. Thus there is the Mul-el-Fas, or Master of the Hatchet, whose duty it is to clear away brushwood that might inconvenience the Sultan; the Mul Mahamaz, or Master of the Spurs, who carries the Sultan's spurs, which his Majesty only requires when he performs feats of horsemanship; the Mul Zarbia, or Master of the Carpet, which is spread on the ground when the Sultan desires to sit down; the Mul Strombia, or Master of the Cushions, on which the Sultan reclines; the Mul Belghah, or Master of the Slippers, ready to provide the Sultan with a fresh pair if he desires a change from those he has on; the Mul-el-Ma, who gives the Sultan water from a gazelle-skin when he is thirsty; the Mul Ataï, who prepares tea for his use; and then, after an interval, come two mounted spearmen, behind whom, at a little distance, rides the Sultan, having on either side a Mul Zif, or fly-flicker, and behind his right stirrup the Mul M'dul, bearer of the Shereefian umbrella.

The camp is pitched again at eight o'clock, and for the day, the Sultan never marching more than four hours daily, except when in retreat before a pursuing enemy. Everything is ready on the Sultan's arrival at the halting place. His tent is a vast structure placed in the middle of the camp, separated by a very large open space from every other tent. It is surrounded by a sort of spiral wall of canvas, which bounds a circular path leading to the principal en-

Mulai Hassan going through his Correspondence.

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trance. Without this wall is a smaller tent, which the Sultan uses as a mosque, and a pavilion, with one side open to the sky, where his Majesty gives audience each morning. A quaint sight truly is a Moorish encampment—full of strange contrasts and extravagant discords. The sedate and dignified calm and splendour of the tents of the great men is thrown into high relief by the hideous squalor of hordes of ragged soldiers, armed with impossible weapons. It is a camp where tethered horses and mules, cannons, baggage, loot, gunpowder, ammunition, clothing, provisions, are all to be seen scattered *pêle-mele* in utter disorder and confusion. A cannon lies on a heap of manure, a bale of clothing in the dust, cook-pots and cartridges, guns of antique form, strange musical instruments are piled in indiscriminate mounds. There are a certain number of tents for the whole army, not a certain number of men to each tent. And the numerous prisoners have no tents at all, and little or no food. They march, sleep, live, die, strung together, thirty or forty in a gang. In the midst of the tents of the soldiers are others—multiform—made of rags or shreds of clothing, of branches, of bundles of fern and brushwood. In these dwell the camp followers, among them thousands of wild women, bedecked with extravagant ornaments, daubed with paint, tattooed in fantastic designs on face and limbs and breast, clothed in extraordinary garments made from rags of strange materials, once rich and brightly coloured. These wretched women follow the army year after year, sharing its fortunes and repulses—loathsome even in

youth, faded, stricken with disease, without tribe or family or home, or even possessions beyond their ragged finery and barbaric jewellery, a khol-pot, a cook-pot, a cloak maybe, and a guitar.

The Sultan pays his viziers sixpence a day, but they pay themselves very liberally out of the Imperial treasury. I have it on very good authority that the frescoes of the audience chamber in the house of Sid Mouktar, the late Minister of Foreign Affairs, cost 4000*l*. They were painted in Tetuan (where the arts are still cultivated) and brought on muleback to the capital.

The traveller who keeps his ear open comes away from Morocco with a large number of very amusing anecdotes about the Sultan and his manner of life. I was not an exception to the rule. However, I have taken the precaution to read hastily most of the books that have been written on Morocco during the past fifty years, and I regret to find that all my anecdotes have already received the honours of print. The anecdotes, I should say, in Morocco attain a green old age. I was related at least one story as having occurred during the reign of the present Sultan, which I find was printed in London in the year 1792.

In 1884 the Sultan was very seriously ill and did not appear before the people for a period of two months. There was great excitement in the bazaars and through the country, and European statesmen, if they were observant, had the opportunity of judging what will take place when, in the course of nature or by one of those accidents which occur so frequently

at the Shereefian Court, the Sultan passes away. Spain certainly made extensive preparations for an invasion of Northern Morocco, and the garrisons at Ceuta and Melilla were more than doubled, and pretenders to the throne made their appearance in almost every province of the country. Finally, however, the Sultan was once again seen in the mosques and the political ferment quieted down.

The Sultan, perhaps, is the only sovereign who has shown no interest in the Chicago Exhibition. I regret to say, in fact, that he has shown a great dislike to it. My friend, Captain Cobb, United States consular agent at Casablanca, who is a great favourite at court, wrote to the Sultan some months ago, asking him to have Morocco represented officially at the great fair of nations on the shores of Lake Michigan. The Sultan, however, returned the letter, saying that though he very much regretted to hurt the feelings of his valued friend, the American consular agent at Casablanca, but really the subject that he broached was one too unpleasant for him to even enter upon. The unpleasantness, I believe, lies in the fact that the Moorish pavilion at the Paris Exposition in 1889 showed a deficit of some 25,000*l.*, which the Caliph of the Prophet had to make good out of his privy purse.

That the Sultan has his mental limitations is shown by the following story, that I have on excellent authority. When forced by some unusually persistent European minister to pay a claim, the Sultan finally gives an order on one of the custom-houses on the sea-coast. He can never understand that this is

the same thing as paying a claim in cash, as the minister always gets his money out of the custom-house. He laughs gaily at the joy of the minister at having succeeded, and says to his Oolemas and viziers: "I am paying the Christians with their own money;" referring to the fact that an import duty of ten per cent. is charged by the collector of the ports on all European merchandise, an impost which the Moor certainly never pays. He smuggles.

That the Sultan is not without a certain streak of what we call in the States "low cunning" is shown by the following anecdote. A European officer in his service for many years was very anxious to have the pay of his brother, who was also an officer in the Shereefian army, raised; and one day, when he was fortunate enough to find the great Seedna in a jovial mood, he spoke to him about it. "A hundred dollars a month is not nearly enough pay for so talented an officer, so experienced a strategist, as my brother," he said to the Sultan reproachfully. The Sultan smiled approval.

"I am very glad to hear you say that. It has been my constant thought now for three years that your brother's pay was insufficient. On three separate occasions I have endeavoured to augment it, but have always been prevented. I have now been forced to the conclusion that 'it is written' that your brother should only have a hundred dollars a month. Deep and inscrutable are the decrees of the Prophet, and we must submit to them."

That the Sultan is not very enlightened and modern would appear from the following story. An English

steamship company has been for some years very anxious to remove a dangerous reef of some protruding rocks in the harbour of Rabat. On several occasions their vessels have touched on these dangerous obstacles to commerce, and only been floated at considerable cost. So a special envoy was sent to Fez by the management of the company to request of the Sultan that they might be allowed to remove the rocks at their own expense. This the Sultan positively refused to consent to. "The rocks were put there by God," he said, "for some good purpose. Let no man remove them."

CHAPTER IV.

THE SHEREEFIAN COURT.

The wane of the Sultan's power—Viziers who were spies of Foreign Powers—Sid Gharnet the Sultan's playfellow—The beautiful Ayesha—Harem gossip—How the Sultan raises money—The disaffection of the Fazzi—Reward of Caid Mennoo—Senussi emissaries—Abdul Aziz, son of the Georgian woman, appointed Viceroy—Sultan retreats into Rabat—The Imperial herald—The heads of the vanquished—The elephant presented by the Queen—Trick of the Zimmoor—How "Stoke" lost his howdah—The coming of the Franks—The Roumi General at the Tomb of Mulai Edriss—How all Christians are to be converted.

THE ill-success of the Imperial forces in suppressing the annual rebellions in his Empire, which, this year, 1892, numbered five, though it is only of the Andjera rebellion that we hear in Europe, has undoubtedly filled the mind of the Sultan with gloomy forebodings.

The rebellions are symptomatic of the disintegration of the Empire, and especially galling to a Sultan who attained the throne by military prowess, and who has only succeeded in holding it for the twenty turbulent years of his reign by that force of arms which would now seem to be on the wane.

After twenty years of fighting, however, the Sultan finds himself confronted with five flourishing rebellions without his capitals, and by treason even within his divan, or cabinet, and, for reasons for which he is not entirely responsible, all the religious notables of the Empire arrayed against him. Five years ago an instance occurred which must have caused his saintly Majesty a very bad quarter of an hour indeed, and given him an insight into the trustworthiness of those whom he had honoured with the largest degree of confidence.

For several years no tribute money had reached him from some of the most loyal of his tribes that live on the slopes of the southern Atlas range. Time and again he sent his tax-gatherers, and the reply always was that they had paid the taxes. Finally, several of the Caids came to Fez, convinced the Sultan that the taxes had been paid, and proved that they had been delivered to certain of his viziers, whom I will not name here.

The Sultan was naturally very angry at this malfeasance, and called the viziers to him for an explanation. They were forced to admit that the taxes had been received, and that they had neglected to report the matter to the Government.

The Sultan dismissed them from their offices, and was on the point of confiscating all their property in payment of the moneys they had squandered, when one of the viziers showed protection papers from the Portuguese Government, and the other from the Spanish Government. So the Sultan found himself powerless even to punish members of his own cabinet,

The Sultan at the head of his Army.

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who thus stood revealed as the citizens of foreign powers, and who, of course, in return for this protection, undoubtedly were the agents and spies of these Governments.

The whole cabinet was immediately dismissed, and Sid Gharnet, by far the most influential and powerful personage at the Shereefian Court, was called upon to form a new Government. Wiser than his colleagues, Sid Gharnet places his trust not in the power of foreign princes, but in the brown eyes and shapely limbs of a beautiful woman whom years ago he succeeded in installing as favourite in the Imperial harem.

Sid Gharnet was the Sultan's playfellow; they went to school and grew up together. The relations between them were very much the same as those that existed between the Emperor of Austria and Count Taafe, the Prime Minister of the dual Empire. They were school friends, and lived together like brothers.

The Sultan, a younger son of the late Emperor, in his early days was not expected to ascend the throne, as was the case with the Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph, and at times he was exceedingly hard up. Sid Gharnet, his playfellow, was commissioned to sell the produce and other presents that the loyal country people sent to the young prince, and I have seen many Moors who remember and delight to narrate how, five and twenty years ago, the present Prime Minister sold eggs in the market-place for his account and for that of the indigent prince who is now a Caliph and all-powerful Sultan. When Mulai Hassan as-

cended the throne he made his faithful boyhood friend a vizier, or privy councillor, and he gave him the position under the Grand Vizier, Sid Mouktar. Since 1876, when Sid Mouktar was paralyzed, Sid Gharnet has been the Grand Vizier, though, I believe, he will not assume the title until the death of his predecessor, who now is in his dotage.

Some sixteen years ago, so runs the story, Sid Gharnet, on his return from a pilgrimage to Mecca, stopped a few days in Constantinople, and was well received by the Sultan, although the Governments of Stamboul and Fez have not very close and intimate relations. On his departure from Stamboul the Sultan presented him with, or he purchased, as a *souvenir de voyage*, for here the narrators vary, a beautiful Georgian slave, in whose company the pious pilgrim journeyed westward to Al-Moghreb-al-Aska, the land of the setting sun. Beautiful as are the women of Fez, the arrival of the fair stranger was not unnoticed in the city where all are fair. The rumour of her beauty, the unfathomable depth of her eyes, and the symmetrical contour of her limbs, soon reached the Sultan's ears, and Sid Gharnet very cleverly made a present to his master of the terrestrial houri, rather than run the risk of being despatched to join the company of colder celestial houris—a danger to which he would have undoubtedly been exposed had he clung to his prize.

The new favourite was christened Ayesha, and from that day to this she has succeeded in "queening" it over the harem, and indeed, to a great extent,

over the Empire. She is admitted on all sides to be exceedingly attractive, and a woman of great intelligence, and this I can readily believe of a woman who for sixteen years has reigned supreme in the at once fiery and lethargic heart of the African Sultan, and who has held her position despite the conspiracies of the four legitimate Shereefas, or legal wives of the Sultan, and notwithstanding the sixteen hundred *mauvaises longues* of her less fortunate sisters in concubinage. Not seldom the most influential and powerful men in the Empire have conspired to replace her with their daughters, their sisters, and even their wives, but, as I have said, with only very temporary success. I shall avail myself of this mention of the harem to speak on the subject of eunuchs. Very vivid details of him fill so many chapters of so many books on Morocco. There is not a single eunuch employed to guard the Imperial harem, nor are these gentry more common in Morocco than in any other country, and the often published statement that there exist regular establishments for the emasculation of slaves, at Messfouee, is undoubtedly false.

After twenty years of uninterrupted fighting the Sultan finds that his authority is disobeyed and denied by at least two-thirds of the dwellers in the Empire over which he pretends to rule supreme; that the Berbers, the Zimoors, the Zair, and the Beni-Hassan, and scores of other nomadic tribes kill his tax-gatherers and rob his caravans. The situation has gone on from bad to worse, until now the Sultan finds that only the inhabitants of the most exposed valleys whose homes are most accessible to

his army ever think of paying taxes. The result has been that the revenues decrease yearly, and the Sultan often finds himself without the money absolutely necessary to carry on the government and to pay his soldiers the very small amounts they need to keep body and soul together. It is perhaps this drying up of his resources that forced the Sultan to be very firm in his refusal to grant exequaturs to the Vice-Consuls of foreign countries that have been appointed to Fez and to the city of Morocco. In opposing this paragraph of the treaty that Sir Charles Euan-Smith presented to him, Sid Gharnet stated some very unpalatable truths for Europeans to listen to; but at the same time, I think it only right that they should be repeated here, as they indicate better than volumes the precarious conditions of the Imperial authority in Morocco.

Sid Gharnet stated that if a British Vice-Consul were appointed in Fez within a year there would be some twenty other Vice-Consuls in the holy city; that such being the case, the Sultan would find his revenue, which even at the present time is not more than equal to the demands made upon it, very much diminished. With much frankness Sid Gharnet explained how this diminution of revenue would be brought about. He stated that, owing to the unsettled position of a great portion of the country for the last two or three years, the revenue from the country kaids and governors of far-off provinces had grown steadily less, and that the Sultan was often compelled to make a list of the rich and wealthy men of Fez and Morocco, and have them assessed in

proportion to their fortune to supply the money urgently needed by the Imperial purse.

"Now, as you know," said the Grand Vizier, "there are Consuls and Vice-Consuls on the coast who are willing, and who every day sell the protection of their country to Moors and Jews for a thousand dollars and for less. While we are quite certain that the nominees of the English Foreign Office for these posts would be as incorruptible as their colleagues on the coast, we have just the same reason for knowing that the Vice-Consuls of other powers would be as venal as their representatives on the coast are now known to be. Suppose, then, that these twenty Vice-Consuls had gathered in Fez, and the Sultan should need half a million dollars, as he very often does need it, and should adopt the method of taxation which I have already outlined, he would send out an agent of the Treasury and say to one man, 'Of your riches the Sultan desires ten thousand dollars,' and to another, 'Of your fortune the Sultan desires eight thousand dollars,' and to another, 'From your means his Imperial and saintly Majesty borrows five thousand dollars,' what would these rich and wealthy Moors do?" "Why," said Sid Gharnet, "they would call upon one of these Vice-Consuls and would purchase the protection of the Power which he represented, and on the following day when the agent of the Treasury called upon him for the sum he had been assessed to pay, he would simply snap his fingers at the agent of the Sultan, and the Power by which he was protected would see that his fortune was not confiscated."

"We do not oppose the appointment of Mr. McLeod as Consul in Fez," said the Vizier, in conclusion, "but we do oppose the admission of a principle which would bring upon us this horde of Vice-Consuls, and it would in the method I have pointed out very seriously reduce his Majesty's power for the raising of the necessary funds for carrying on the government."

The disaffection of the people of Fez becomes more and more marked, and the enmity of the religious notables of the Kairouin fills the Sultan with still more gloomy trepidations. The Fazzi, it should be remembered, were never prepossessed in his favour. It will be remembered that, when the Sultan was proclaimed "Caliph of the Lord and Throne," from the Mosque of Sid-el-Abbas in the city of Morocco, he had to fight his way to Fez, the northern capital, and only succeeded in obtaining his consecration in the venerable Mosque of Mulai Edriss after a liberal shedding of blood. His army was led by the celebrated Sid Mennoo, to whose affection the Sultan was mainly indebted for his nomination by the people of the city to the throne. The city was bombarded by Sid Mennoo, and, three months later, when the young Sultan felt himself secure, he sent his benefactor in chains to Tetuan, and kept him there under lock and key until his death, two years ago. The people of Fez have never forgotten the cruelty with which their opposition to the young Sultan was suppressed, and he has never succeeded in ingratiating himself into their favour. The day which now seems to be not very

far distant, the day when his power will no longer inspire them to a fearful obedience, will undoubtedly be the signal for the uprising of the Fazzi, and the substitution of some other member of the Shereefian family upon the throne, which will perhaps result in the general disintegration of the Empire into its three natural divisions—the kingdoms of Fez, Morocco, and Tafilet. The religious notables of the Empire are all arrayed in opposition to the Sultan—why, it would be difficult to say. The missionaries of the Sennussi Mahdi are preaching treason and disloyalty through the Empire ; and even in the Kairouin itself it is announced by fanatical preachers that the Sultan is a "Kaffir," or Christian, and should be deposed from the throne of the Caliph which he desecrates. It is quite certain that the priests of the Kairouin and the priests of all the great mosques and shrines throughout the Empire tacitly wink at this anti-dynastic propaganda. When it was hinted about in Fez that Sir Charles Euan-Smith intended to raise the royal ensign over the British Vice-Consulate, these notables sent the Sultan a message to the effect that his life, as well as the life of the Foreign Ambassador, would be worth very little in case this threat was carried out, and it was possibly in the hope of ingratiating himself with the populace and of currying favour with the religious notables, that the Sultan treated the British Mission with such insulting want of consideration.

Still, by his other acts, the Sultan would seem to be quite reckless of consequences. He has succeeded in still further alienating the people of Fez

by enforcing injudicious and unpopular measures. Prominent among these was the removal, some six months ago, of his very amiable brother, Mulai Ismael, from the post of Chief Cadi, or Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Empire, while the soldiery are greatly displeased by the appointment of his son, Abdul Aziz, a boy of thirteen years, by a Georgian slave, Ayesha, to the post of Viceroy of the Kingdom of Fez, with a magnificent vice-regal court and separate maintenance, an appointment which is greatly to the prejudice of the Sultan's eldest boy by a legitimate Shereefa, Mulai Mohammed, who for ten years has been one of the chief generals of the army, and is greatly beloved by the soldiers. The appointment of Abdul Aziz would also indicate that the Sultan regards him as his successor, which would certainly be a signal triumph of love and the nomadic Georgian woman over the law of the land and the wishes of the people.

The military prestige of the Sultan is also distinctly on the wane. As his years increase he takes the field more reluctantly, and does not lead his soldiers into the battle-field himself as he formerly did. Two years ago the old Imperial Army was put to flight by the Zimoors and Zair tribesmen, and the Sultan only succeeded in escaping capture by riding for Rabbat, and remaining eighteen hours in the saddle without halting. He has grown more cautious, and his excursions into the provinces of the many insurgent tribes are neither so bold nor so frequent as they formerly were. Of course, at well-defined intervals the Imperial crier, or herald of

victory, marches proudly through the interior towns, and proclaims to the people the mighty victories which have been achieved by the great Caliph, pointing out as proof positive of them the heads of the fallen nailed up, hideous in their putrefaction, to the portals of the mosques and to the city gates. But not seldom these heads are recognized as those of ordinary malefactors, or of "unattached" Moors who have "mysteriously disappeared." And even in Morocco, where men from their cradle learn to be silent and secretive, the news of the Sultan's disasters and discomfitures in some mysterious way gets into circulation and travels through the country, undermining his power and diminishing the respect in which his authority is held. An amusing instance of the decay of the Imperial power was told me by a vizier in Fez last summer. Some three years ago Sir William Kirby Green sent the Sultan, as a present from the Queen, a magnificent elephant, the largest and most intelligent that could be found in the Indian jungles. This imposing beast, which was only known to the Moors by history and from hearsay, was surmounted with a gorgeous howdah studded with golden nails, and covered with parti-coloured silken scarves. The Sultan was greatly delighted with the Royal gift, and the people of Fez got together in such masses to watch the new monster, that on several occasions many women and children were knocked down and trodden to death, not by the docile beast, but by the insensate mob hastening to behold the animal in the narrow streets that lead to Mulai Edriss. On every Friday, at the hour of prayer, it was then the Sultan's

custom to proceed to the holy Mosque, followed by the elephant, flanked on either side by the officers and the chief dignitaries of the Empire, whose feelings of awe and admiration for their master's monstrous pet were not untinged with fear. The Sultan has quite given up going to the public Mosque now, and his prayers are said in the private Mosque within the palace grounds. Why this change of practice was made I will not venture to express an opinion, but, at any rate, the elephant is no longer surmounted with the magnificent howdah studded with golden nails and gorgeous with the many-coloured scarves, and the cortêge would not present the handsome appearance that once charmed and delighted the people of Fez. The howdah was lost for ever in this wise. Last September, a year ago, the Sultan was surprised and somewhat alarmed by the temerity of three Zimoor chieftains, who came to Fez and begged an audience of the Seedna. After some parleying it was granted them. Admitted to the presence of the Caliph, the three sheiks prostrated themselves, and stated that they had been sent to offer the submission of their tribes, and to request the Sultan to send his Imperial tax-gatherers among them. They pleaded that during three years of rebellion they had grown very rich, but they now repented them of their unfilial conduct, and were anxious to render unto their lord the tribute that was his right. To these surprising offers they added a request. They had seen, they said, the magnificent animal that walked before the Seedna on his way to the Mosque, and obeyed the lord's slightest behest. They would speak—they must

speak, they said—of this animal, this wonderful being, on their return to the Zimoor country; but they were afraid—nay, they were sure—that their brethren would brand them as liars did they dare to pretend that the Sultan was followed by a dog greater in size than ten mules melted together. Surely their brethren would cut their tongues off for telling so transparent, so monstrous a lie. To prevent this, would the Seedna request the "Sacred Beast" to accompany the Imperial tax-gatherers into their country, where a great store of gold was awaiting them? Strong as was the "Sacred Beast," they said they were confident that he would stagger under the load of tribute under which he would return. The Sultan at first acceded to their request, which they advanced with such a show of plausibility, but, on reconsideration, he informed them that the "Sacred Beast" was in delicate health; that in the following spring, however, he would be delighted to send him among his faithful Zimoors. In the meantime, to save the sheiks from the terrible accusations they suggested might be brought against them, he would entrust to his tax-gatherer the priceless howdah which the "Sacred Beast" bore, and by its monstrous breadth their brothers would be able to compute the girth of the beast that bore it, and would know that their sheiks were telling the truth. So a luckless Caid was appointed to undertake the perilous journey, and entrusted with the keeping of the sacred howdah. Accompanied by the sheiks and an escort of Imperial soldiery, he set forth on his perilous mission, and has never been seen or heard of since. The

The Sultan's son returning from his bath.

howdah, however, is installed in the tent mosques of the Zimoors, and enjoys great renown for its healing qualities, but the promised tribute under which the elephant was to stagger has not reached the Court of Fez.

But some Moors at least have read the signs and symbols of the century, and by some at least the shadows of the events that are to come have been observed. As illustrative at once of the decadence of the warlike spirit, and their unreasoning and egotistical fanaticism, which has withstood the decadence of their power during the last fifty years, I will here relate a legend which has run through the country, and which has been told to me many times by influential Moors. In the next decade there will come from the north-east—so runs the story—a most victorious general, a roumi, a Frank, and his soldiers will be no more numerous than the sands on the shore of Ras-el-din. The Christian hosts will spread ruin over the country like an army of locusts coming from the south, and, after exhibiting prodigies of valour, the army of the Caliph will be completely annihilated. Yes, the last of the true believers will die with Paradise in sight. The narrators generally interpolate, "Of course, we will succumb owing to the superior weapons of the Kaffirs and the subtle strategy of the devil, who will send them his aid." Finally, the Frank general will besiege Fez, and, after the last supreme resistance has been overcome, he will enter the Holy City, and march over the dead bodies of the true believers. He will approach the Holy of Holies, the thrice sacred Mosque over the tomb of Mulai

Edriss. Though he will come as a conqueror, the Frank general will be greatly troubled in spirit at the bravery and valour of the true believers, and he will say to his chief commanders, "See how these men die with a smile upon their lips. Surely their faith must be greater and more comforting than ours." Then the Frank general will enter the sacred Mosque, immediately followed by his chief officers. As he walks, still greatly troubled in spirit, he will come to the shrine under the great central Kouba or tomb, which is the canopy of the tomb of the most saintly Mulai Edriss. Upon this tomb he will see a golden sword in a golden scabbard, encrusted with emeralds, and glittering with many other precious stones. With trembling hand he will draw this sword, and read upon its bright surface in letters of fire, "La Ilah-illa Allah Mahommed-ressul Allah—There is no God but God, and Mahommed is God's messenger." Then he will immediately prostrate himself, and bow his proud forehead, with the garlands of victory still encircling it, until he touches the dust that lies on the sacred tomb, and he will fall down to worship the only true God. He will then leave the temple, and find that his horsemen, one and all, each and every one of the many thousands, will be found wearing the turban, and they will greet him with cries of "Allah Akbar, God is great," and the Frankish hosts will join with the true soldiers of Moghreb, who will arise from the heroic graves on the bloody battle-fields where they have fallen, and will join in the prayer of the fatha, "Praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures, the most merciful, the

King of the Day of the Judgment, to Thee do we bow down, and of Thee do we implore protection ;" and with this prayer they will go forth, the Moors who have arisen, and the Franks who have seen the error of their way, and they will go forth and overrun the earth until there remains not a people upon it who do not worship the true God, and revere Mahommed, His Prophet and Messenger.

CHAPTER V.

THE BRITISH MISSION TO FEZ.

Diplomatic amenities in the days of Mulai Yazeed—Humiliating reception of Foreign Envoys by his Shereefian Majesty—A painful spectacle—"The Champion land-grabber of a Jingo Government"—What the Sultan knew of Sir Charles' exploits at Zanzibar—The chair incident—Consternation of his Majesty's "Eyebrow"—Refusal to commence negotiations—Finally a Commission appointed to consider commercial proposals—The triumph of Sid Bargash—Conversations with the Sultan—The fête of the Ait-el-Kebir—The riot before the Mission.

ON my journey to Fez I stopped several days in Wazzan, the most holy of all the holy cities in Morocco. In a beautiful garden on the outskirts of this mountain shrine, under the shade of an umbrageous mandragora tree, I was accustomed to hold ghostly converse every evening after dinner with a literary sheik who was something of an antiquarian in his way. He was a great gossip and with all manner of historical flotsam and jetsam on the point of his tongue. "O! son of America," he said, "when you reach the shrine of Mulai Edriss, remember my words, you will then see that there is a great difference in the treatment of Bashadors by our present Lord and Caliph Mulai Hassan, may the

Lord protect him, and that which was the custom of his predecessors in the good old days. Yes, *he* was a caliph—I mean Mulai Yazeed. Yes! when he sat in the shade of the Shereefian umbrella, court etiquette was indeed different. Then, when the British Bashador came to Mekinez, suing for peace at the hands of the Sultan, he was made to take off his shoes, shave his scalp, and go barefooted, and as a suppliant enter the audience Meshwa, soon to be hallowed by the presence of the Caliph. But now I would not be surprised if the Seedna should invite the English Bashador to kous-cous-o at his table."

The sequel will show that the Caliph at present shaded by the Shereefian umbrella possesses many of the unamiable characteristics of Mulai Yazeed; and certainly he has not the manners and customs of the eighteenth century to serve as his excuse.

It was at one time planned at the Foreign Office to signalize the Mission of Sir Charles Euan-Smith, by demanding of the Grand Vizier that more suitable arrangements for the reception of the Bashador should be made by the Shereefian Court, and that the consideration be shown him which, as the representative of her Majesty the Queen, was his due. At the last moment, however, I believe it was concluded that the question of etiquette should yield to more pressing commercial questions, and not be broached until the treaty was negotiated.

Of course the representative of her Majesty is now no longer compelled by the ceremonial of the Shereefian Court to kneel and bow his forehead to the ground

Lady Euan-Smith and daughter.

From a Photograph by Walery.

in the awful presence of the Negroid Monarch; but at the same time the ceremony is humiliating enough, and, what is worse, it is arranged with that design.

The British Mission, after fourteen days' travelling, reached Fez on May 12th. The Bashador and his family and suite were lodged in the palatial house of Sidi Ben Niss, an affluent merchant, who was summarily dislodged by the Sultan to make room for this important guest. The members of the military staff were suitably lodged in a large house in the Medinah. After keeping the Mission in quarantine for four days, as is prescribed by the etiquette of the Shereefian Court, the Sultan condescended to receive the British Envoy in the Meshwa.

It must have been a repugnant sight—the British ambassador, an envoy plenipotentiary of her gracious Majesty, surrounded by his suite, standing bare-headed in the midday sun, awaiting the coming of the Black-a-Moor Sultan in the cool shade of an umbrella upon a prancing steed! Punctuality is not the practice of the Mauritanian princes, at least, and in this humiliating situation, with the eyes of all Fez upon them, the Bashador and his suite were kept waiting for his Shereefian Majesty for fully half an hour. This ceremony, so humiliating and undignified for the representative of a great Christian power to be compelled to submit to—is a reminiscence and a reminder of the time, only forty years ago, when every nation of Christendom paid, and right cheerfully too, the Sultan a tribute that he might undertake to police the Straits of Gibraltar, and prevent the Salee and Riff pirates

from preying on merchantmen. I for one am delighted that, not having reached Fez, I was spared the painful sight.

I was in Morocco, and had travelled through the country several months before the departure of Sir Charles Euan-Smith and the British Mission from Tangier on the hot and unlovely road which leads to Fez. I found that rumour had taken great liberties with the personality of the new British "Bashador." French and Spanish emissaries had poured into the ears of the credulous Moors some very incorrect accounts of his diplomatic success in India and Zanzibar. It was stated that the appointment of Sir Charles portended a change from the traditional policy of Great Britain towards Morocco. It was stated and believed that Sir Charles was the "Champion Landgrabber" of the English Foreign Office; that he had been sent out with the secret mission of getting complete control of the affairs of the country, and for the purpose of at some opportune moment, the coming of which he was to hasten as far as it lay in his power, proclaiming a British protectorate. When the Moors asked for some proof of these startling assurances, they were politely requested by these French and Spanish emissaries to look at Zanzibar. There, ran their narrative, this dreadful "Bashador" had gone simply as a consul, and in less than four years the sovereignty of the Muscat Sultan was gone, and the island of Zanzibar under British control. What could have been more interesting and convincing? So the Sultan Muley Hassan was indeed very much troubled in spirit when one fine

morning in June, Sid Hamet Ben Moussa, familiarly termed his Majesty's "Eyebrow," announced that the new Basha, the famous subduer of Sultans, was within the precincts of the sacred city.

The first attempt of the Sultan to show to the British Envoy that he was not "afraid" of her gracious Majesty's "Champion Landgrabber" is so ludicrous that I cannot forbear from relating it here. Though trivial, it is indeed typical of the petty annoyances to which are exposed those unhappy diplomatists whose careers are cast in El Moghreb, and at the same time it reveals better than volumes the mental calibre of his Shereefian Majesty. At his first interview with the Sultan, Sir Charles Euan-Smith found that, although Mulei Hassan was very snugly seated on a throne-chair, with any number of embroidered cushions to render it still more comfortable for him, the only accommodation forthcoming for the British Envoy was a camp stool without a back, and of alarmingly fragile proportions, upon which Sir Charles was compelled to sit the five long hours that were spent in the hollow exchange of compliments at this first audience. At the conclusion the British Minister informed the "Eyebrow," through one of his secretaries, that if his Shereefian Majesty could not find in his palace a more suitable and substantial resting-place for the British Envoy than the camp-stool in the future he would bring with him to the audience chamber his own chair.

When this communication was interpreted to him the worthy "Eyebrow" almost went into a fit; but nevertheless, before the next interview, a large though

sorry array of chairs was submitted to the British Minister for his choice, and as the collection included a suitable fauteuil the "chair incident" was closed; but now Sir Charles stood convicted as a "Land-grabber," or how else would he have had the audacity to criticize the Shereefian chair, in which had sat, as Sid Gharnet maintained (and it was quite apparent the Grand Vizier for once told the truth), every foreign Bashador that had come to the Court of Morocco for the last fifty years.

Audience after audience was accorded the British Minister, but for the first month of his residence in Fez absolutely no progress was made in the negotiations for a commercial treaty. Proceedings hung fire at the complimentary stage.

After the usual interminable visits of ceremony for the exchange of compliments had been paid, Sir Charles Euan-Smith formally told the Sultan that the purpose of his presence in Fez was to improve the commercial relations between the two countries, and thus cement by new ties the friendship of the two great empires. The Sultan feigned surprise at these words, and showed some irritation at the British Minister's request. He stated that he had regarded the visit of the Mission as purely one of courtesy, and intimated that he had made to Count Tattenbach, the German Minister in the preceding year, all the concessions that Christendom might expect from him for many years to come. In reply to the British Minister's inquiry as to how he should act, Lord Salisbury charged him to tell the Sultan that this attitude would not be put up with at all.

Finally, with a bad will that was quite evident, the Sultan consented to enter upon the negotiations, which he seemed quite determined should never come to a satisfactory conclusion. He appointed a Commission of thirty Oolema and viziers to wait upon the British Minister in his house every afternoon, and discuss with him the provisions of the proposed treaty. Naturally enough, a Commission of such size was a very unwieldy instrument indeed, and, after an experiment of ten days, when the British Minister called upon the thirty to report progress, he found they had made none whatever; had not, in fact, read over the propositions for the treaty drafted in the Foreign Office which the British Minister had submitted to them.

Day after day one of the Committeemen would be sick, or begged to be excused, or absented himself without excuse, and those who were so poor-spirited as to come into the court-yard of the Christian Mission immediately and almost invariably fell asleep. After making serious representations at Court, Sir Charles Euan-Smith succeeded in inducing the Sultan to reduce the number of Committeemen, and Sid Gharnet, the Grand Vizier, the chief Cadi of the empire, and another gentleman, of great age and great distinction, who was known to the members of the Mission as the "sleeping partner," owing to the fact that during business hours his eyes were never seen open, foregathered in the desecrated house of Sidi Ben' Niss, discussing from early morn until midnight fanegas of wheat and mueds of barley, and

A Moorish Soldier (Swani man).

other questions interesting only to the commercial men of the two countries.

Word after word, sentence after sentence, and paragraph after paragraph the treaty was fought over, and I cannot refrain from here giving some expression of the admiration I feel for the diplomatic prowess of Emfadil Sid Gharnet, the Grand Vizier, seeing him fight for twelve hours at a stretch over the punctuation of a paragraph or the turn of a sentence, one could well imagine, as I confess I did, that he regarded the treaty as a matter of great and vital importance to the empire, and that if it were loosely drafted great evils would result from it; but, as a matter of fact, he had, all the time, not the slightest intention of signing it. Moorish diplomacy is one of the few things in Morocco that you can admire. If you really want diplomacy, this is the genuine article.

According to their lights, in using words to conceal their thoughts they are the most successful people in the world. Sid Gharnet is an intellectual wonder. How he remembers all the intrigues with which his whole life has been hopelessly bound up is a mystery to me, and yet, as a vizier remarked to me in admiration of his chief, "You know, Sid Gharnet has never been caught in a lie yet."

The signal triumph of Moorish diplomacy at the Madrid Conference of 1880 is the cause of all the expensive Missions that have been sent by European Powers to Fez in the last twelve years. It will be remembered that the course of this Conference was particularly smooth, and the proceedings were charac-

terized by great amiability on the part of all concerned, and the propositions of the European Powers were met in a delightfully polite way.

Sid Bargash smiled and bowed most suavely, as each and every concession demanded by the representatives of Europe was propounded to him, and he smilingly gave his assent. When the many Instruments and the many paragraphs of the treaty had all been read over and accepted by the Moors without any discussion, Sid Bargash—may his tribe decrease!—arose, and in an apologetic tone as became a barbarian daring to speak before so many great and learned taleebs of Europe, said that he was commissioned by the Sultan to accept each and every provision of the proposed treaty under one condition. "You ask," said he, "that the Christians shall be allowed to build houses in Moorish towns. We shall be delighted to have them come and dwell with us. You ask that the Christians shall be allowed to give testimony in the Shraa, and so obtain a legal status before the law of the land. We shall be delighted to have them in our Courts; but, at the same time, this can only be granted under the condition that no Christian can have any of these rights without the approval of the Bashaw of the province in which he lives. Of course," said Sid Bargash, "we who are men of the world understand fully that this Veto power vested in the Bashaw will never be used; but, at the same time, there are, as you know, a small number—a very small number—of Christians in Morocco, outcasts from their own country, who make a great deal of trouble; and these, it seems to

me, the Bashaw of any province should be entitled to have a certain control over." The Christian diplomats unanimously applauded their Moorish colleague. For a black man they thought him remarkable—quite a gentleman in fact.

Since then their opinion of Sid Bargeesh has changed, and they now all see how they were hoodwinked by the astute Moor. Owing to the conditional clause, "with the consent of the Bashaw" not a single paragraph of the Madrid treaty has become operative. Not a single Bashaw in the whole empire has ever given his consent to any of the concessions which in a large and generous spirit Sid Bargeesh showered so plentifully on his Christian colleagues at the Conference.

Finally, when the honour of sitting in juxtaposition to the Sultan in his private kouba in the Palace Garden, and of being surrounded by his advisers morning after morning, and night after night, seemed only to be appreciated by the British Envoy at its proper value, the Sultan informed him that he made it a rule never to commence business with a foreign envoy until he had known him for six weeks. So the Mission took a well-earned vacation of six weeks, and all hands endeavoured to repair the ice machine, which most inopportunely had fallen out of working order. Fez in the month of Ansera without an ice machine, and without the appliances universal in India for keeping down the temperature, is probably as near an approach to Purgatory as this earth can furnish.

Should any doubt be thrown on the accuracy of

the following conversation, as the despatches of the Foreign Office are not very accessible, the curious minded to find confirmation, will have to go to Fez, where they will find this conversation and every other that took place between Sir Charles Euan-Smith and the Sultan beautifully written out with illuminated text and filed away between red leather covers in the library of Kairouin. These archives are the particular care of ten learned historians whom the Sultan pays to hand down to posterity a laudatory history of his reign. This incomplete series of volumes now amounts to 600, each bulky and of very portly proportions.

"Morocco," said the Sultan one day to Sir Charles, "is like a beautiful girl. She has many ardent suitors. She finds her safety from their number." Then abruptly, "What portion of this Empire does England desire." "We do not covet a single rood of your country," was the English Bashador's reply. "But what," said the Sultan with insistence, "will be the attitude of England when the dismemberment of my Empire comes, as the wise men of Europe say it is coming. When the Powers divide up Morocco what will England do?" "Should," said Sir Charles, "through any fault of your own, the dismemberment of your Empire enter into practical politics, England I believe, will never permit any other power to take Tangier or occupy any other portion of the surrounding country on the coast or the "Hinterland" in such a manner as in any way to affect the strategic importance of Gibraltar and Tangier, or to affect or straiten their avenues of supply and sustenance." "This, of course," Sir Charles added, "is merely a

personal opinion as to what may happen under circumstances which, as I have said, I think are very remote." "But," continued the English Envoy, "there is a way in which your Majesty can prevent the subject of the dismemberment of your Empire being even mooted, and that is by throwing open your doors. Morocco is a mediæval morass, as you know. Let your people retain their religion and the customs of their fathers, but join in the progress of the world, negotiate treaties with England and with other European Powers. It will enrich you, and will, I believe, prove the salvation of your country and the strengthening and support of your dynasty. The day that the commercial relations of Morocco are satisfactory and profitable, as they would soon become to the civilized Powers, they will all be united in assisting you to maintain the *status quo* should any Power set covetous eyes upon any portion of your territory."

The Sultan, I have reason to believe, was very much impressed with this language; but, as will be seen, his fatalistic temperament and the force of the bigoted and ignorant men who surround him prevailed. He inquired of Sir Charles many times as to what advice England gave him in regard to the Touat question. Again and again Sir Charles advised him to maintain good relations with France, which was a great North-African Power. He advanced for argument that even supposing the French Minister could do nothing to strengthen the French pretensions to Touat, yet he (Sir Charles) thought, in view of the blood and treasure France had spent

in the conquest of Algeria, even if her territorial claims to Touat were not substantial, that for reasons of State she would be perfectly justified in seizing the land of Bou Amena. "This province," said Sir Charles, "directly borders, if it does not offer to France the best connecting link between her North African and West African possessions, and besides the most important caravan routes from Lake Chad and from Timbuctoo pass through this country. Should, owing to the vicinity of such autocratic chiefs as Amena, the routes be threatened or become unsafe, I for my part (of course this is also only a personal opinion) would think France quite justified in seizing the whole country, and I cannot but advise you, unofficially, to avoid by every means in your power getting into an entanglement with your Western neighbours about this question, and to make every concession compatible with the integrity of your Empire."

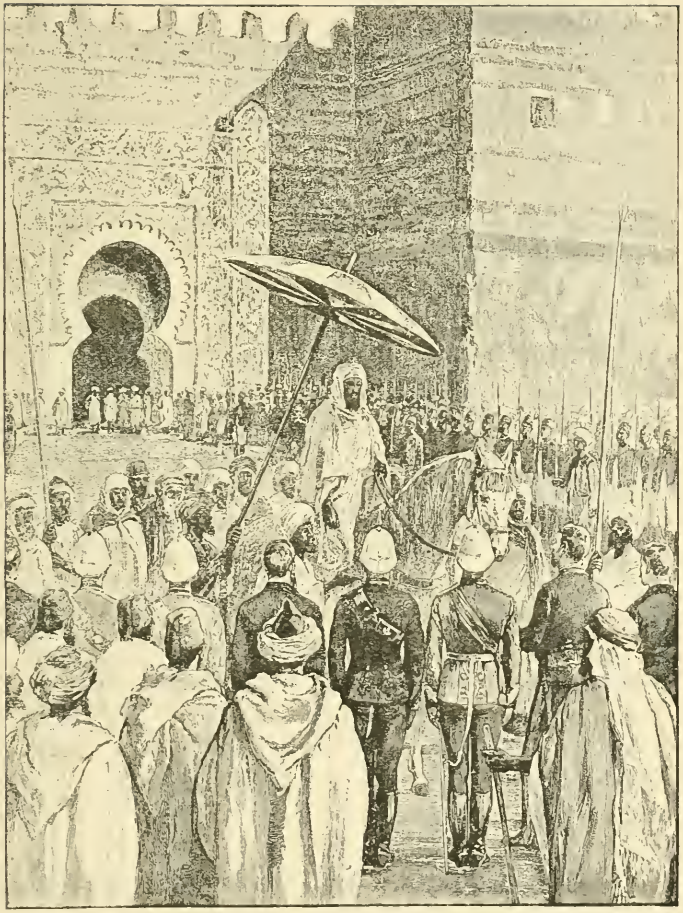
"Why should I grant you this treaty," said the Sultan one day, petulantly, to the British Minister, "when there are half-a-dozen ministers in Tangier who have asked it of me for twenty years past? you a new Minister, and they old friends! Why should I give it you?" "Because," replied Sir Charles, "Mektub Illa" (it is written)—a convincing answer to the Moorish mind, which brought tears of admiration to Sid Gharnet's eyes, who admires aplomb, even when exhibited by an adversary.

The relations between the Envoy, the Sultan and Sid Gharnet became so strained, that at one time, I believe, Sir Charles Euan-Smith proposed to leave

the capital without the usual formal leave-taking. It had now become quite apparent that the Sultan was most anxious to avoid signing a treaty at all, and it was quite certain that he would not sign a treaty in any way adequate to the demands of the British commercial world. The Sultan, during the week that preceded the great feast, or, as we called it, the great feed, which commenced on July the 5th, played a very double-dealing *rôle* indeed. When the British Envoy demanded an audience, he would ask, "And how are the negotiations for the treaty getting on? Well, I hope?" and evinced the greatest surprise when Sir Charles Euan-Smith informed him that neither Sid Gharnet nor any of the viziers had been to the Mission for three days, and, when sent for, had absolutely refused to come. Believing now that the Sultan had not connived at this want of respect to himself, the British Envoy brought Sid Gharnet and the Oolema to book; but Sid Gharnet protested with tears in his eyes, and produced proof positive of the truth of what he was saying, that the Sultan had ordered him under no account to go near the British Mission, and had expressed to him his greatest displeasure at the frequency of the visits he had already paid there.

On the morning of the 5th of July, the Ait-el-Kebir, the Moorish new year began.

Long before daybreak we were awakened by the continuous fire of musketry outside the walls, and, as the sun rose over the city, the streets were alive with throngs of Berbers and other wild barbaric chieftains, who frightened the quiet Fazzi out of their



The Reception of the Mission by the Sultan.

From "The Graphic," by permission.

propriety by powder play and all manner of wild antics. By six o'clock we were all in the saddle, and on our way towards the Place of Sacrifice, beyond the city walls and near the Palace Gate. We had only waited a few minutes in the immense silent throng that covered the hill side, when the Palace Gates were thrown open, and the Sultan with his escort appeared. This was my first view of the great mystic, that fearful tyrant who dwells secluded from the world, solitary in his palace, solitary in his tent, and solitary in the midst of armies, where no one may approach him. He was, as always, dressed in very finely spun white silk clothing, haik, Jelab and caftan, all apparently of the same hue. He was riding a magnificent white stallion of the Abda breed, the colour of his mount indicating that he was in a genial mood and at peace with all the world. His high peaked saddle was covered with green and purple silk, and the animal he rode proudly carried magnificent trappings of the same imperial hue. The Sultan was closely followed by the men of his bedchamber on foot, and was surrounded by his trusted body-guard of Harrabas, or infantry instructors, under the command of Caid Harry McLean, formerly an officer in the English Army. Then came a brass band of Sussi negroes, who were taught—or rather mis-taught—to play the brasses by two renegade Spanish musicians. It is said that, as a reward for their services in teaching the negroes harmony, the Sultan had them bastinadoed to death—a punishment which, after hearing the music made by their scholars, one can only say was quite inadequate to their

offence. Then came four light field guns in charge of the French military mission to Morocco, and four mountain guns on mules. Then with majestic stride came the elephant "Stoke," with his forehead painted green and purple, the colours of the festal day. "Stoke" was followed by his personal suite, two Indian coolies on horseback, and ten servants attached exclusively to his person, all wearing green jackets. Then came six led horses from the Sultan's private stable. I was very much disappointed in them.

The Sultan rode, of course, under the holy umbrella lined with green and purple, and was immediately preceded by two fine-looking Soudanese carrying the long spears of their office. Then came the fly-catchers and the other personal attendants of the Sultan, with Malem-Sha, the Master of Ceremonies, and Sid Mahomed Ben Moussa, the "Eyebrow," or confidential Pooh-Bah of the Shereefian Court. His cortêge concluded with a large body of mounted men, or irregular cavalry, I should say; some of them were the ordinary emhazni, or Imperial cavalry, but the greater part were deputations from the neighbouring tribes who had come from afar to wish the great Seigneur many happy returns of the day. Slowly the cortêge, headed by the mystic figure in white, proceeds up the hill to the Place of Sacrifice, and the 40,000 people that watched the scene would seem, in respectful awe, even to hold their breath, so silent are they. Facing the east, with head bent over his horse's proud arching neck, the Sultan recites the Fatha, or first verse of

the Koran; then turning about he faces the multitude, and one by one, in the order of their seniority, the chiefs of his household, the Aghas, or Army Colonels, pass before him, and with low obeisance salute their lord, wishing him many happy returns of the day.

A salute is then fired from the old bastion, from which the Sultan, twenty years ago, shelled Fez that refused to accept him as Caliph. Slowly the cortège now descends the hill, and re-enters the Palace Gate. Here the Sultan's household are assembled in the first courtyard. He blesses them, and with his own Shereefian hand cuts the throat of a sheep. Bleeding and dying, the animal is hoisted on the shoulders of a stout negro, who, covered with blood, races out of the Palace through Bab Sigma into the city, followed by an immense crowd exhorting him to greater speed. The man runs like a deer, despite his heavy burden, through the intricate streets of the town towards the shrine of Mulai Edriss. Hundreds, and I may thousands, follow him, regarding the proceedings with superstitious awe. Covered with blood and sweat, he runs into the sacred Koubba and deposits his burden on the tomb of the saint. Then the people crowd around to see if the sheep be yet alive, as they attach great importance to this fact, and from it presage a good year for the country. I believe the sheep always does reach the shrine while yet living. Should he die, another of the many that are being carried about the city with throats cut is, I have heard, cleverly substituted.

This year the sheep was still alive, and a great cry of joy rang out from the multitudes gathered about the temple, as the faithful Emins came out and notified the people to this effect. The strange barbaric ceremony reminded me very much of one I saw many years ago in Florence on Easter Sunday, when, as I remember it, pigeons are let loose by the priest at the altar of the Duomo; and, while thousands and thousands of peasants in the Piazza round about fall on their knees in prayer, watching the direction the liberated birds take in their flight, upon which they suppose depends the success or failure of the year's harvest.

At midday Mr. Fernau, British Vice-Consul at Casa-Blanca, acting under instructions from Sir Charles Euan-Smith, proceeded from the Embassy into the Medinah, or city where the British Vice-Consul in Fez, Mr. McLeod, resides. Mr. Fernau was accompanied by a servant carrying a flagstaff (not a flag), on which it was intended on some early date to hoist the British ensign over the Vice-Consulate, as by the treaty of 1856 Great Britain and any other power has a perfect right to do. One of the Moorish soldiers on guard at the Legation, seeing Mr. Fernau going down towards the Medinah Gate, ran immediately to the Basha, Busha-el-Bagdadi, and informed him that the British Vice-Consul was about to hoist the ensign over the Consulate. The Basha instantly closed the gate into the Medinah, and, though Mr. Fernau repeatedly called upon him to open it, he refused to do so. On his way back to the Mission Mr. Fernau, Mr. Vismes de Ponthieu,

the first Dragoman of the British Legation, and Mr. McLeod, were repeatedly struck by stones, and indeed had a very narrow escape from the bands of vagabonds and ruffians who had at the word of the Basha been sent to attack them. The absence of the British Envoy and every member of his staff from the ceremony in the forenoon had given great offence to the Sultan. The beginning of the unfriendly relations, however, goes back to a trivial incident enough of the preceding week. Sir Charles asked of Sid Gharnet permission to visit the sulphur springs of Moulai Yakoub, a famous shrine. The Grand Vizier answered that he would have to ask the Sultan's consent. No answer having been received from Court, two days later Sir Charles and his staff rode out of the city and visited the shrine, thereby giving great offence to the religious notables. It was on the day following this excursion that the Sultan forbad Sid Gharnet to continue negotiations with the British Envoy. The visit to the shrine necessitated a ride of thirty miles. The Sultan would not believe that Sir Charles would have undertaken it unless urged on by the strong motive of having wished to affront him.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BRITISH MISSION TO FEZ—(*Continued*).

The instigators of the *emeute*—The Sultan, the Bashaw, or both—The Sultan removes the animals lent to the Mission without asking leave—Sultan angry with Sir Charles because he was not present at the New Year's reception—"Many happy returns of the day" in Moorish—The flagstaff incident—The Mission besieged—The historic interview between the English Envoy and the Sultan—The Sultan fines Bushta and sends his Kalifa to prison—A dinner without our host—Lady Euan-Smith—"What soldiers these Englishwomen make!"

It is very difficult to speak with precision as to the causes of the riotous demonstrations before the Mission. They may have been simply spontaneous outbursts of the anti-Christian feeling for which, even in fanatical Morocco, the Fazzi are well known. Undoubtedly the stories that had been circulated widely among the people as to the real purposes of the Mission had given great offence, and the attitude of the people one met in the street and in the bazaars had certainly undergone a great change in the ten days preceding the New Year feast. The Sultan deeply resented the visit of Sir Charles to the waters of Mulai Yakoub, and I am strongly inclined to believe that the rioters received their orders and their pay either from Busta-el-Bagdadi, or from the Sultan him-

self. And I am still further strengthened in this belief from the fact that before the *emeute* commenced the master of the Sultan's horse removed all the animals belonging to the Imperial stables from the Mission-house and from the mess. These animals had been placed at the disposal of the Bashador by the Sultan, and in removing them without a word of explanation a direct affront was put upon the Mission, and certainly this could only have been done either at the command of the Sultan or with his consent. The purpose of removing all the horses and the mules was to bring home to the members of the Mission how completely they were in the power of the Sultan, how great their isolation and helplessness really was, and it succeeded. But at the same time this move could not have been made without there was some anticipatory knowledge in the Palace of the riot that was to come. The Sultan's participation is susceptible of further proof, but I will not go deeper into the matter, as I think from the foregoing incident it will appear quite clearly proven.

The Sultan was undoubtedly very angry with the British Envoy for neither appearing in person, nor allowing any of the Mission to appear officially at the Ait feast in the morning. The feast is a social as well as a religious function. In absenting himself, and in forbidding the members of the Mission from even witnessing the ceremony, the British Envoy created a sensation which we in Europe can better understand by asking what would be thought in the Wilhelm Strasse if the Russian Ambassador and his staff

should fail to appear at the Emperor's *defilir-cour* on New Year's Day? and not think it worth his while to make excuses.

It should also be taken into consideration that the

The Riot before the Mission.

From "The Daily Graphic," by permission.

Fazzi are not intellectual giants, or versed to any extent in the devious ways of a certain kind of diplomacy. They seem to be a simple folk given rather to jumping at conclusions than to deep reflection, and on seeing Mr. Fernau, the 2nd Drago-

man of the Mission, and Mr. Macleod, the Vice-Consul, marching with dignified mien through the town from the Mission to the Consulate, accompanied by two of the Swani servants of the Mission dressed out in full regalia and proudly bearing the flag pole, the Fazzi, and, as I think, not unnaturally, came to the conclusion that an attempt was about to be made to hoist the flag over the Consulate. We know, however, that appearances often deceive, that Vice-Consul Macleod could have used the flagstaff either as a tent pole or a tooth-pick, as kindling wood, or as a golf stick, but the Fazzi only connected the appearance of the flag-pole in their streets with the purpose for which it was originally intended, and I do not blame them. And it must be added, more's the pity, that when the rioters were dispersed by the Sultan's soldiers and no attempt was made then to hoist the flag, the Fazzi carried the flattering unction to their souls that their little riot had prevented the British Bashador from persevering in his original intention of hoisting the flag over the Consulate. And they are quite convinced of it to this day. The next Christian Bashador who goes to Fez should steel his heart against the "suggestion treatment by riotous demonstrations, and endeavour to avoid even the appearance of being susceptible to its influences."

As one looks back upon it the riot before the Mission House in Fez was really a very mild affair indeed. It was, however, the story of Manipur repeated with the massacre left out.

About six o'clock in the afternoon the Mission was

really in a state of siege. Windows were smashed by stones, and it was unsafe to venture out into the gardens. The members of the Mission and two American gentlemen travelling in Morocco gathered in the inner courtyard, and serious measures were concerted for standing the siege, should it assume a more serious form, which at that juncture seemed imminent. The senior military officer of the Mission was placed in charge of the defence by Sir Charles Euan-Smith. At this moment the Moorish Minister for War—Sid Gharnet—ten other viziers, and about twenty of the most prominent members of the Shereefian Court, rode up to the Mission escorted by an armed detachment of the Sultan's personal body-guard, and besought in the humblest tones that the British Minister would come with them to the Palace and have one last interview with the Sultan. Sir Charles mounted his horse, and, accompanied by his four secretaries, dressed in full regalia, rode to the Palace attended by an escort of viziers such as has never before been accorded to a minister of a foreign Power in the annals of the Shereefian Court. On their arrival at the Palace, Sir Charles was received in a coubba, or summer house, in the garden.

As Sir Charles Euan-Smith, accompanied by the viziers and an armed escort, was on his way to the meeting with the Sultan, there met him at every hundred yards or so a personal attendant of the Sultan—" men of the bedchamber " as they are called—who came galloping with breathless haste with haik and burnous and many-coloured kaftans

floating behind them like streamers in the wind. They were mounted on magnificent Barb horses that had been fretted into white foam by the speed to which they had been driven. As these "men of the bedchamber" came abreast the cavalcade with one cruel twist of the inhuman Moorish bit they brought their barbs to a standstill, and, leaving them quivering where they stood, with bended knee kissed his Excellency's feet, or sometimes but touched with their hand his feet, and then kissing their hand thus made happy by touching him, declaimed in this wise: "My Lord, we pray you to hasten. Our Lord (Seedna) beseeches that you come to him. He will neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep, nor have any peace until you come to him. My Lord, we beseech you to hasten. Our Lord languishes for the light of your countenance." It was, indeed, a picturesque sight to see these horsemen. I counted no fewer than twenty of them who met Sir Charles on his short ride of one mile to the Palace, and each one delivered the same beseeching message.

The Sultan advanced towards him in a state of the greatest agitation, and said, "Your life is in danger. You, your wife, and all your people must come immediately to the Palace, and spend the night here."

"My people," he said, "are greatly excited against you. False rumours have been spread abroad as to your purpose in coming here, and I can no longer protect you. You *must* sleep here to-night in the Palace—you, and your wife and your daughter, and every member of the Mission, and in the morning I shall send Caid Maclean with one thousand

Askari (foot soldiers) to escort you to the coast. Believe me, I speak as a friend when I advise you to adopt this course. Until I know that you and your family and the members of your Mission are in Tangier, I will neither sleep, nor eat, nor drink."

Bushta closes the Gates.

From "The Daily Graphic," by permission.

Sir Charles replied, "Your Majesty is mistaken. My life is not in danger, for I am in your Majesty's safe keeping." The Sultan answered, "I am powerless to protect you. The direction of events has

escaped from my hands. Again I say your life is in danger. If you return to the Mission you will be killed, I am sure."

Sir Charles Euan-Smith retorted, "Perhaps I am to be killed. Perhaps Mr. McLeod, the British Vice-Consul, may be killed. Perhaps, as you say, the whole Mission may be massacred, if you permit it; but one thing I can assure you of is, that if this happens, there will be another British Minister in Fez within a month. He will be accompanied by a Vice-Consul and a staff as well equipped as mine, and better; but," the Minister added in deliberate tones, "then there will not be a Sultan at Fez." Sir Charles, after telling the story of the murder of Major Cavagnari in Cabul, and the consequent deposition of the Ameer, stated that under no circumstances would he sleep in the Palace, nor allow Lady Euan-Smith or any member of the Mission to take refuge anywhere. "Lady Euan," said Sir Charles, when the Sultan again endeavoured to weaken his resolution by pointing at the dangers the lady members of the Mission ran, "is a soldier's wife. She has seen service in every corner of the globe, and she has never needed any protection but that which the broad folds of the British flag have always afforded her."

"I shall then write," said the Sultan petulantly, "to her Majesty's Government and insist that your Mission be withdrawn. I am no longer master of the situation, and I can no longer be responsible for your safety here or for your safe return to the coast. I shall despatch a special courier to London and ask that you be ordered to return immediately." "You

are at perfect liberty to do so," said the British Minister. "If you give me the letter I will forward it to London with the greatest despatch, and when the wishes of her gracious Majesty have been expressed they will be obeyed instantly; but in the meantime I remain at my post in Fez, and should your Majesty permit these riotous demonstrations against the Mission to continue, we shall know how to protect ourselves and the dignity of the flag." At the conclusion of this interview the Sultan nearly fainted. His nervous system seemed completely exhausted, either from the strain of anxiety under which he was labouring, or from his discomfiture at being unable to weaken the firm resolution of the soldier diplomatist. Sir Charles requested the Sultan to put in writing the Sultan's statement that he no longer considered himself master of the situation, but without success.

The Sultan appeared astounded at the words and demeanour of the British Minister. He was to all appearance firmly persuaded that the Mission was in imminent peril, and he repeatedly endeavoured to induce Sir Charles to remain in the Palace, and to send for the other members of his party, but to no purpose.

After one of these appeals, which sounded strangely from the mouth of the Sovereign whose word was law, even in the fanatical city, Sir Charles adroitly turned the conversation to the subject of the treaty. The Sultan at once said, with apparent frankness and show of emotion, "I will sign the treaty as you write it. I had intended to sign the treaty at all

hazards just as you presented it to me, which is, I know, as advantageous to Morocco as it is to the interests of your country. After the affronts which my unhappy people have heaped upon your Mission this afternoon, what can I do to atone for it?" Sir Charles then demanded the punishment of Bushta-el-Bagdadi, the Bashaw of Fez, the imprisonment of the second Governor, and the flogging of the various soldiers who had made themselves particularly obnoxious in their threats to members of the Mission. The Sultan fined the Governor, Bushta-el-Bagdadi, 2000*l.* for his aiding and abetting of the riotous demonstration, and ordered this sum of money to be delivered at the British Mission on the next morning, to be disposed of as Sir Charles saw fit.

At the conclusion of the interview the Sultan again endeavoured to detain the British Minister in the Palace, and even went so far as to commit a great breach of Moorish etiquette by accompanying him almost to the door of the Palace. The last words exchanged between the Sultan and the British Minister were in regard to the treaty. "I have told you," said the Sultan, "that I will sign the treaty as you have presented it to me. You have behaved in such a magnanimous manner in setting this local and unhappy demonstration against your Mission that I feel inclined to place myself under still another obligation to you. As you know, I only conceded in principle the exportation of wheat in my treaty with Count Tattenbach, the German Minister, last year. Since making this great concession we have not had time to see what a drain the exportation of wheat on

the Empire really is, and I ask you, in the name of my people, that you will waive the demand you have made for a reduction of the export duty on wheat. Should a great demand on our wheat be made by foreign countries, favoured by a small duty, Morocco would be exposed to famine, which, owing to the primitive and slow methods of communication between my different states, would be a terrible calamity."

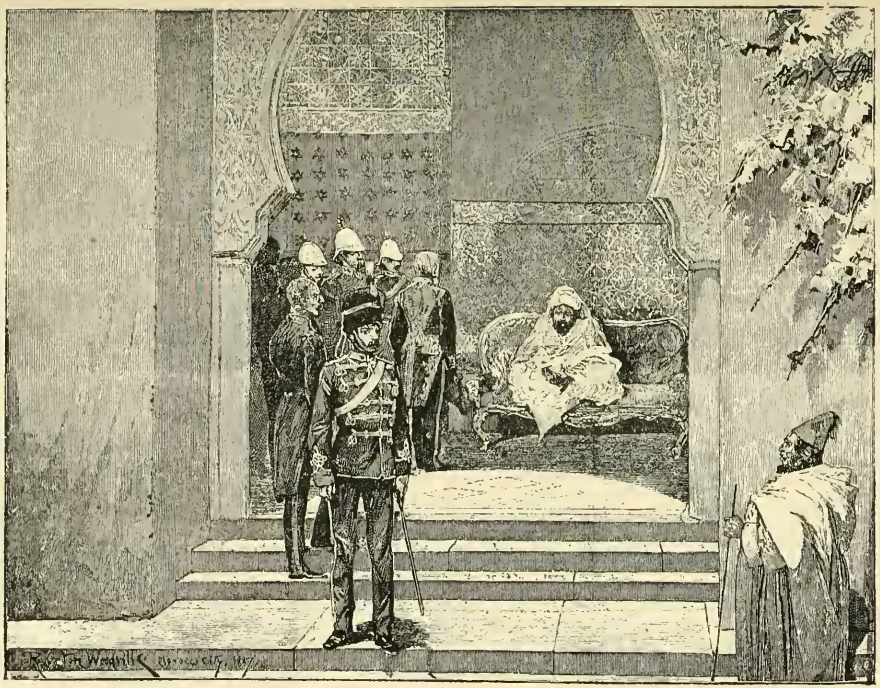
Sir Charles, moved by this appeal, stated that he would waive his demand in regard to the reduction of duty on wheat, and left the Palace with the understanding that the remaining twenty-one paragraphs of his treaty were to be signed within the next twenty-four hours.

We who during the exciting days of the Mission in Fez enjoyed the pleasant sensation of each and every one of us belonging to the same family, were indeed a strange array of Anglo-Saxons jostled together by chance in this heathen city. We came from every quarter of the globe where British brawn and British brain have won homes for the children of "merrie England." Colonel Hallam-Parr first saw the light of the day, I believe, on the banks of the mystic Ganges; Captain Kirkpatrick was born "where rolls the mighty Ottawa;" Reeder was the historic New Zealander, delighted to find that as yet the great Mother City was not in ruins; Winthrop Chanler, a child of the majestic Hudson; and I, who came from that "sweet and wholesome land" that Captain John Smith espied on the banks of the James. Shakespeare and Magna Charta were our bonds of

sympathy, but as the "heathen raved furiously without" we were drawn closer and closer together in admiration of the noble type of womanhood that stood revealed before us.

As all the world knows now, on the evening of the Ait-el-Kebir, the day of the riotous demonstration against the Mission, at about six o'clock in the afternoon, Sir Charles Euan-Smith, accompanied by his secretaries, rode through the town to the Palace, with only the very uncertain escort of the same men who throughout the day had been exciting the ignorant and fanatical Fazzi to make an attack upon the Mission House. Lady Euan was, as ever, bright, cheerful and gracious, though the memory of Manipur was uppermost in every mind. Hour dragged on slowly after hour, and still no word from the Palace, no sign of the return of the Mission. At eight o'clock dinner was served as usual ; a mere Moorish riot was not permitted to postpone or interfere with that serious English function. At nine o'clock the dessert, and still no news from the Palace ; at ten, coffee and cigars. Still no news from the Palace—still no sign of his Excellency's return. As we bit at them savagely, the cigars seemed to have a bitter taste, and the sedative powder of the nicotine was gone. It was after ten, and still no news. The memory of Manipur possessed our souls, and conversation died away.

Suddenly we heard the trampling of a large cavalcade approaching in the distance. We paid very little attention to it. Squadrons of cavalry and large bodies of Berbers were passing the Mission House



The Interview between Sir Charles and the Sultan.

every minute. But on hearing the sound, which to us had no meaning, there rolled away the mist of anxiety and dread apprehension which for the past hour had been gathering in the eyes of our hostess. "That is Sir Charles returning," said Lady Euan, gaily; "I recognize the tramp of his horse, and now I hear his voice." We, who were all incredulous, tried to enter into her hopeful spirit. Fully five minutes later the cavalcade with Sir Charles at the head road into the courtyard, and we saw how right Lady Euan had been—how a great affection quickens the senses.

And Sir Charles Euan-Smith joined the dinner party with the appetite of a man who that day had given the Sultan of Morocco a revelation of English courage which, I venture to predict, it will not be necessary to repeat for some years to come.

Though Lady Euan-Smith, after the recent events in Fez, may no longer hope to escape history, she is in every sense of the word a very happy woman, happy in husband, happy in her daughter, happy in all things save the accident of her present unworthy historian—a better qualified pen than mine has told the world of Lady Euan's antecedents. We who were bidden to her table in far-off Fez only knew that she was a gracious hostess, and a scion of a soldier line—"where all the sons were brave and all the daughters virtuous."

I cannot close this chapter without paying my tribute of admiration to the courage and *sang-froid* of the English ladies with the Mission. At six o'clock on the afternoon of July 5th, when the hostile

demonstration was at its height, when Bushta-el-Bagdadi and his divan fondly flattered themselves that the British Minister was trembling in his shoes, and that his followers were only too anxious to leave the Holy city, Lady Euan-Smith could have been seen placidly photographing the "angry knots of rioters" outside and inside the Mission garden, and her niece was making a formal application to Sir Charles that in case the Mission was attacked she should be allotted a repeating rifle.

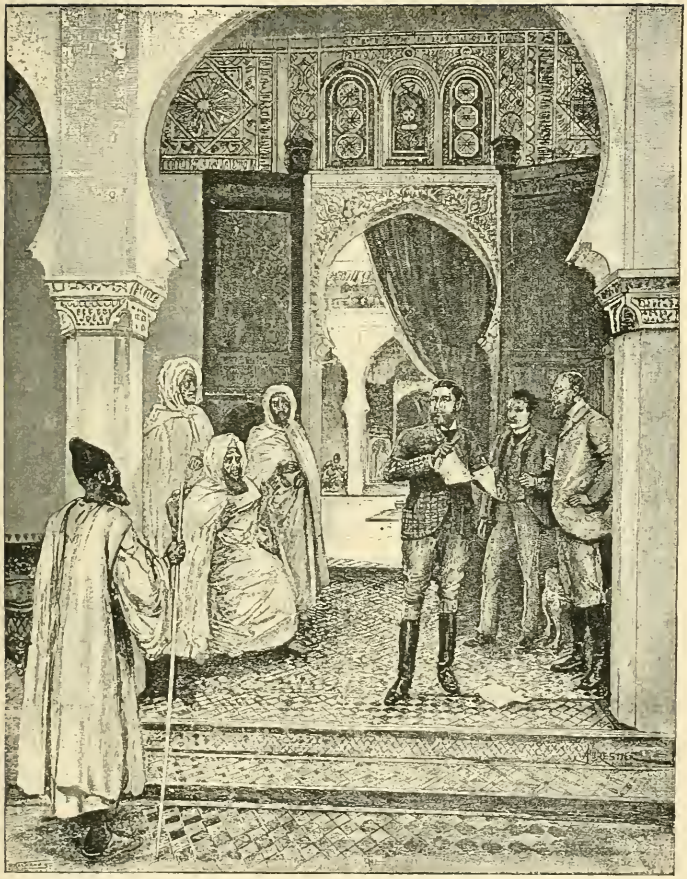
It was at this juncture that El Arbi ben el Moghter, the War Minister, rushed into the Mission with Sid Gharnet and the other viziers, and he thus obtained a panoramic view of the peace and quiet and perfect composure that reign throughout the Mission, and apparently in the minds of all its members. Though doubtless depressed at the failure of the hostile demonstration at which he had undeniably connived, the old warrior could not help saying, in admiration, beginning with his usual expletive "Allah, burn the devil! What soldiers these Englishwomen make!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE BRITISH MISSION TO FEZ—(*Continued*).

Bushta-el-Bagdadi's Mission to Italy — The reward of the swift Rekkas — The Bashaw's humiliation — The payment of the ten thousand dollar fine — The Bashaw's slaves who instigated the riot "eat stick"—The Bashaw calls the Son of Scotia "his beloved one"—The Sultan returns the baggage-train—The Bashaw and his friends intimidate the Sultan—They do not appear at his New Year's reception—Fearing a conspiracy in the Court, the Sultan refuses to sign the treaty—French influence and the news of Lord Salisbury's defeat at the polls—Sir Charles tears up the bogus treaty—The Pickwickian bribe of 30,000*l.*—The Mission leaves Fez—Myself, Euan-Smith, and the *Times*—Light thrown on the Morocco "Mystery."

It will prove, I think, interesting and useful in view of subsequent events, to speak more fully in regard to the beginning of the unpleasantness between the British Envoy and the Bashaw of Fez, Bushta-el-Bagdadi. This fanatical and bigoted Moor first showed his hostility to the British Minister by ostentatiously absenting himself from the reception ceremonies upon the arrival of Sir Charles and the Mission at Fez early in June, and he added insult to this breach of etiquette by ostentatiously riding past the Mission House on the very day of the arrival of the Mission in order to show that he was in excellent



Sir Charles tears up the bogus Treaty.

From "The Illustrated London News," by permission.

health, and could, had he so desired, have ridden out and received Sir Charles, as etiquette and custom requires of the Governor of Fez. Bushta-el-Bagdadi is an old emhagni, or Shereefian soldier, who can neither read nor write. Bigoted, ignorant, and fanatical, and a typical member of that class of his subjects from whom the Sultan invariably recruits his high officials, for the indispensable and only qualification for exalted office under the régime of Mulei Hassan, is undying and unshakeable hatred to the Christian. This quality Bagdadi possesses in a large measure.

Some years ago Bushta was sent on a mission as Minister Plenipotentiary to Italy, and at the Quirinal enjoyed the great honour of escorting Queen Margherita into dinner, but he returned to Africa with views and ideas of the Christian world apparently more limited even than before. I cannot here forbear from telling an anecdote which stamps the man, and gives one some idea of the mental calibre of one of the most powerful and influential officials of the Moorish Empire. When Bushta arrived in Tangier and was preparing to embark for Italy, it was noticed that among his baggage was a large quantity of swarrees or straw paniers, with which camels are loaded in Morocco. It was pointed out to him how useless these were, and he was informed that in Italy there were no camels, and that Ministers travelled on railways. Bushta, however, replied that it would be the duty of the King of Italy to procure camels for him, as he and all men of his high rank were accustomed to travel on camels. This story is historic.

I do not know what the sequel was, or how the old Governor's desire for camels was met on his arrival in Italy.

Sir Charles Euan-Smith treated with the contempt it merited the insult the Governor offered in absenting himself from the reception ceremonies. Early in June, however, the Governor's hostility to the British Mission passed from the negative to the positive and active stage. One evening he called at the Mission House, interrupting a dinner party, and insisted upon seeing the Minister. Sir Charles consented to receive him, and Bushta then stated to the Minister that his life was in danger, that the Mission was to be attacked that night, and strongly advised that they should be moved immediately out of the house and camp outside the city. Sir Charles naturally resented this interruption, and sent him out of the house. In a very few days the Basha took the opportunity of showing that his enmity to the Minister and all connected with him was unabated.

On the 10th of June the British Minister sent from Fez a most important despatch to Tangier to be immediately wired to the Foreign Office. A rekkas, or native courier, was found, named Mukta, to whom this despatch was entrusted. The runner succeeded in reaching Tangier in two days and a half, waited there ten hours, while his message was wired to London and a reply was received from Downing-street, and then immediately started back to Fez, reaching there on the evening of the sixth day after his departure; an exploit which had never been accomplished before and was naturally much talked about in Fez

among the Moors, who have a great admiration for athletic prowess. The news reached the ears of the Governor, who sent for Mukta and spoke to him in this wise: "So I hear you rival the speed of the wind in carrying despatches for the English Bashador, and I suppose he has rewarded you richly." The carrier stated that Sir Charles had been very generous. "I also will not be behind the British Minister in generosity," said the Bashaw, "and you have run so well that you will never run again." He then had the man manacled in his presence and carried to the prison. Friends of Mukta, the rekkas, directly went to Sir Charles and told him the story. He immediately demanded and obtained of the Sultan the man's instant release, and, to avert any danger of his life or liberty after the Mission had departed, he made him a British protected citizen for life. So again the Governor was discomfited. Some days later, in one of the interviews in regard to the Commercial Treaty, the Sultan asked Sir Charles if he would forgive the Basha. Sir Charles stated that he did not bear malice, and if the Bashaw satisfied him with proper apologies, he would forgive him.

On June 22nd the Bashaw called at the Mission, expressed his regret for his attitude, and Sir Charles shook hands with him. How much the incorrigible old heathen took the lesson to heart is shown by his behaviour on the day of the great Moorish feast, July 5th.

No one more enjoyed the humiliation of their Bashaw in the garden of the British Mission on July 6th than did the inhabitants of Fez, who availed

themselves of the British Envoy's permission, and thronged the courtyard in great numbers to see the greedy, avaricious, and rapacious Governor humiliated in the dust. Acting under the Sultan's imperative orders, the Bashaw appeared about seven in the morning before the Mission House. He came as a suppliant, on foot and unattended by any of his usual suite. He sat down in the garden of the Mission on the ground, under a pomegranate tree, and there for three hours, in the broiling sun and in a humour I can only describe with the poet of "Chevy Chase" as "most doleful dumps," awaited the Minister's pleasure. One by one the slaves brought up from his palace mules laden with the heavy bags of silver pardon money to be distributed to the poor of Fez, as Sir Charles ordered—the poor whom Bushta had so often robbed and outraged during his long years of office. As each bag of his ill-gotten gains was thrown out and rang on the beautifully tiled flooring of the courtyard the Bashaw heaved a sigh that was calculated to evoke sympathetic tears from the coldest stones. At ten o'clock in the morning Sir Charles came out on the terrace and motioned to the Bashaw that he might approach. This he did, and as he approached the Minister he still had the temerity to endeavour to shake him by the hand. Sir Charles indignantly waved him back, and then read him a lecture such as it has never been my pleasure heretofore to hear, even in our good old Anglo-Saxon tongue, and I was pleased to notice that owing to the painstaking and graphic interpretation of Mr. E. Carleton, dragoman of the

Mission, the original vigour and the force of the British Minister's language lost none of its power when translated into the guttural Arabic of the West. As misdeed after misdeed was dragged out from the capacious closets of the British Minister's memory, the Bashaw's form drooped and bent forward until at the conclusion of the lecture he sank forward to the ground.

It does not seem necessary in view of the subsequent more important events to dwell upon the scenes which attended the distribution of the pardon money among the solders, servants, and attendants who had been struck or insulted during the riotous demonstration, or the scenes still more interesting which attended the distribution of the money to the poor, the lame, the halt, and the blind of the City of Fez, who for the next few days thronged about the Mission and made both night and day hideous with their loud prayers and boisterous wishes for the long life and happiness of Sir Charles and Lady Euan-Smith, though these scenes were indeed highly interesting and full of wild barbaric colour.

Having again expressed his regret for the occurrences and disclaimed any responsibility for or participation in the riotous demonstration before the Mission House on the preceding day, the Bashaw severally apologized to Mr. Vismes de Ponthieu, the First Secretary, and to Mr. Fernau, the dragoman of the Mission—and while four of his "confidential" slaves and soldiers were dispatched to the Palace to "eat stick" for their encouraging attitude towards the rioters, the Bashaw, humiliated in the

sight of his own people and in the very dust before the people of the city he had ruled with a rod of iron, was sent down into the Medinah to apologize to Mr. Macleod, the Vice-Consul. The Bashaw would have greatly prefered to "eat stick" like his slaves, or to go to prison loaded with chains like his Kahlifa, so very strong was his hatred to Macleod. But the Bashador was inexorable, and down he trudged the road to the Medinah, an easy gentle decline, but to him as steep as any Calvary.

The Swani men had already carried to the Vice-Consulate one thousand shining Spanish dollars, which the Bashador had awarded the Vice-Consul out of the Bashaw's fine, as an indemnity for the dangers he had run on the preceding day, and for the indignities he had suffered from the hands of Bagdadi during his two years' residence in Fez. The glittering coin was spread out on the table of Mr. Macleod's office, and being counted, when the tottering form and perspiring face of the Bashaw appeared in the doorway of the Vice-Consulate. Seeing his pertinacious enemy in such a woeful plight, the Scotchman behaved with admirable generosity. He ordered tea, and for the first time that day the Bashaw took nourishment.

The sturdy old soldier almost immediately regained his aplomb, and smiled benignly upon the man who for the past two years he had subjected to a hundred and one petty annoyances in the hope of driving him away from Fez.

"I wonder how the Bashador could have said in his speech this morning," began Bushta, "that I had

treated thee with unkindness ever since thou didst come to the Holy City. Bad men—men with forked tongues—must have abused his confidence. I know, O Son of Scotia, that thou didst not pour these slanders into his ears. I know thou art a man of one speech. But how could the mistake have arisen? All the people of Fez know the affection and the esteem in which I hold thee. They can testify that I have cherished thee as the apple of my eye, that thou art my *habeeby*, my beloved one."

It was magnificent acting, but not the truth. Finishing his cup of tea, and saying, "O Son of Scotia, let the true God pardon between us two," he took his leave. Clasping the hand of his forgiving enemy, the Bashaw said: "Great as our affection has been in the past, it will seem as nothing to the offices of friendship that I will shower upon thee in the future." This cleverly concealed threat would have troubled the spirit of any one less sturdy and self-reliant than the British Vice-Consul.

I have neglected to say that at the interview with the Sultan on July 6th the British Envoy demanded explanations of the removal of all the animals and pack-horses from the Mission House. The Sultan feigned complete ignorance of the occurrence, and expressed his regret that the members of the Mission had been so inconvenienced. The British Envoy then told the Sultan unless the animals were restored to him that evening, he would despatch Mr. E. Carleton, third dragoman to the Mission, whose knowledge of the country and thorough mastery of Moorish made him peculiarly fitted for the task, to

Beggars at entrance of British Mission.

From the "Illustrated London News," by permission.

ride to the coast with a requisition upon Sir Lothian Nicholson, the Governor of Gibraltar, for an armed escort and a baggage train to transport the Mission to the coast. Seeing into what dangerous waters his treacherous diplomacy had brought him, the Sultan towards midnight returned the horses and mules to the Legation stables.

I am of the opinion that when the Sultan stated on July 5th to the British Envoy he was prepared to sign the treaty without delay, he fully meant what he said, and intended to do so ; but, immediately after the punishment of Bushta-el-Bagdadi, and perhaps owing in a very great degree to the severity of that punishment, the tide of fanatical feeling in Fez began to rise, and became so strong that the Sultan paused in his fright, and failed, because he was unable, to comply with his given word. The manner in which the Sultan receded from his position is distinctly Moorish. He evidently wanted to satisfy everybody concerned. It was not for want of good-will certainly that he failed to satisfy anybody. Powerful men like Bushta-el-Bagdadi were threatening rebellion, and went so far even as to absent themselves from the fête of the Hydia that was then in progress. The Hydia is a reception lasting for seven days after the New Year's feast. On the afternoons of these days the Sultan receives deputations from all over the country in the Meshwa, or Place of Audience, surrounded by his Court. Here the produce of the fields and the fruits of the earth are presented in the presence of a vast concourse of people. The more valuable presents or

bribes of gold and silver are given to him and to his Viziers in a less public manner. One by one the notables of Fez and the leaders of the Berber deputations passed before the Sultan, prostrating their proud heads in the dust at his feet, and crying out "Allah-i-bark-Ameer-Seedna—God prolong the days of our Lord." The Sultan was very much displeased, and very much disquieted to find that Bagdadi failed to appear in the procession, and that, as the days went on and on, he neither sent an excuse or a present: and as many of his friends—equally important men—were also notably absent from the functions, the Sultan became really alarmed and fearful of a revolution in Fez itself, which has never been well affected towards him.

The French emissaries did not fail to avail themselves of this opportunity of thwarting the British Envoy in his attempt to open up the closed market of Morocco to the commerce of the world. On the 8th of July the Sultan was informed that if he granted the commercial concessions, France would reconsider her attitude in the Touat question. The day before this the Sultan was informed of the general result of the English Parliamentary elections, and he was aware that Mr. Gladstone was likely to succeed Lord Salisbury as Prime Minister and in the general direction of foreign affairs. The French emissaries rang the changes on this probable transfer of power, and, unfortunately, there was not one of the viziers sufficiently well informed to know that in the British Foreign Office there is such a thing as continuity of policy above party life and struggles. The Sultan's

French advisers, who do not seem to have been hampered by conscientious scruples of any kind, told the Sultan that when Lord Salisbury went out of office Sir Charles Euan-Smith would undoubtedly be removed from his post. They strengthened this by stating that the British Envoy was a family connection of the English Premier's, and that on that account, if on no other, Mr. Gladstone would remove him from his post in Morocco. It was only on the morning of the 7th of July that it became apparent that the Sultan did not intend to sign the treaty, as he had solemnly pledged himself to do before the Grand Vizier and in the presence of the members of the Mission at the historic interview of July 5th. It had seemed desirable to submit the treaty drafts for signature on July 6th, but the copyists emulated the speed of the tortoise in their labours, and the Commissioners under whose supervision the copying was done were always endeavouring to insert a word here, or to omit a word there, amendments to the treaty which, though apparently always quite trivial, on investigation invariably proved to be of vital importance. Sid Gharnet, the Grand Vizier, spent his days and his nights at the Mission House. No one could have gathered from his suave smile, his gentle, pleading manner—pleading for time, I mean, and for the pardon of the sluggish copyists—that his instructions at the time probably were not to sign a treaty under any circumstances whatever. On the 8th of July the Sultan sent to inform the Minister that he wished to cancel certain privileges which the treaty accorded to imports. Sir Charles Euan-Smith reminded the

Sultan of the promise he had given him on the 5th, and begged him to withdraw his request. On the evening of the 9th Sid Gharnet appeared in the Mission House with a treaty, which he said—and the lamb-like Vizier had now suddenly become very bold and lion-like—was the only one that the Sultan would sign. It was a treaty that granted no concessions to English commerce whatever, and would have prevented—if signed—any further attempt being made to open up the country to civilization and to progress for at least five years to come. There is very strong reason to believe that the Prime Minister had been instructed to endeavour to obtain Sir Charles Euan-Smith's signature to this treaty, first, in the belief that, owing to the Envoy's ignorance of Mogrebbin Arabic, he would not notice that another treaty had been substituted. But in case that Sir Charles should perceive the substitution, and ask Sid Gharnet for an explanation, both of which he did, the Vizier should set to work in another manner. He should state that this was the only treaty his master would sign, and that he had been instructed by the Sultan to pay Sir Charles the sum of 30,000*l.* in cash if he would accept and sign the useless treaty.

Sir Charles tore up the bogus document into half a dozen pieces, and the trembling Vizier left the Mission House, the hospitality of which he had abused. Sir Charles then addressed a formal letter to the Sultan announcing his intention of immediately leaving the capital, and stating in detail the reasons which had led him to this decision. On the 12th the camp was raised, and the Sultan received the Envoy at his

Palace in a formal audience of farewell. In referring to the treaty he said he hoped that all difficulties would yet be removed.

He would consent to the treaty, he said, if Sir Charles would only give way on the matter of the export of flour. The British Envoy having agreed to make this concession, the Sultan expressed his thanks, but observed that there were still some sixteen or seventeen modifications that he was desirous of introducing into the draft treaty. Sir Charles then immediately withdrew from the audience chamber, and set out on his return journey from Fez to Rabat. On the 13th instant the Mission was overtaken when about forty miles from Fez, by two High Commissioners whom the Sultan had sent after Sir Charles with full powers to settle and sign the treaty. A fresh copy of it was immediately prepared for signature, and presented to them, but the Commissioners then insisted that, though merely as a matter of form, the treaty must be once more laid before the Sultan. They said they would return to Fez, and that, as they had swift horses, they would rejoin the Mission in the course of six hours.

They disappeared, and did not return until midnight of the next day. They brought a message from the Sultan that he wished to make further changes in the treaty. Sir Charles Euan-Smith declined to enter into any further discussion of the subject, and raised the camp the following day, continuing the march to Rabat. Since then, I believe, he has had no further communication with the Moorish Government.

I have been somewhat amused to see that the Sultan's gorgeous "bribe" of 30,000*l.* has been taken seriously by some of the English newspapers. Of course the offer was never meant seriously for a moment. It was merely an indication of the high esteem in which the Sultan held Sir Charles, and of the fictitious value he placed on his services. The bribe was meant entirely in a Pickwickian sense, and I very much doubt whether the Sultan has any such sum of money at his disposal outside of his custom-house receipts, which are certainly mortgaged for some years to come at least. While bills of exchange are known to the Moorish authorities in the coast towns, payments are made in Fez only with meskals of copper, and my head grows dizzy as I endeavour to enumerate how many donkeys it would take to carry 30,000*l.* sterling in the copper coin of the Moorish realm. It would be a difficult bribe to transport and an impossible one to conceal. Roughly speaking, I should say that a line of donkeys stretching from the city of Morocco to Tangier might carry it. Mathematical enthusiasts may wish to work out the problem, and can do so on the basis that threepence in the impure Moorish floos weighs about half a pound.

Newspaper readers will recall that several statements of fact which appear in the foregoing chapters were vaguely contradicted from official sources shortly after their publication in the columns of the London press. The source from which these contradictions came remained a secret for some days. In writing me about this time, and thanking me for what he was

good enough to call the "valued support" I had given his Mission, the English Envoy put me on my guard against several Tangier journalists, who, as he said, were "jealous of my success." Finally, on July 31st, 1892, an alleged interview with Sir Charles Euan-Smith appeared in the columns of the *Times*, which it was claimed "a" correspondent of the *Times* had had with the British Minister to Morocco, and faithfully reported and wired from Tangier.

I immediately wired to Sir Charles Euan-Smith whether he accepted the personal and official responsibility for the publication, or whether he had in any way authorized the statements which reflected so severely upon my correspondence. I received immediately two telegrams from Sir Charles Euan-Smith, in which he denied most emphatically having either made or inspired the criticisms, and he certainly left me and the world at large under the impression that the interview had never taken place.

On August the 5th, however, the *Times* published a telegram from Sir Charles Euan-Smith, stating that the interview published by them was inaccurate, but that he denied absolutely having torn up a draft treaty and several other minor details which had appeared in my correspondence. The *Times* seemed hugely delighted that only a little over two-thirds of the interview was disavowed.

Amusingly enough, this very statement as to the torn treaty had been published at great length and with many picturesque details in the *Times* of July the 25th, from the pen of a gentleman whom I had known as the correspondent in Morocco of that paper, and

who in that capacity was received at the Shereefian Court during the visit of the Mission to Fez. Furthermore, this gentleman favoured one of the great illustrated papers with a signed sketch of the sensational incident. Ignoring this fact, the *Times*, with conscious virtue, in publishing the interview with Sir Charles Euan-Smith, stated that the reports which they were endeavouring to discredit had not appeared in their columns. As a matter of fact, they had appeared in the *Times*. Of course they appeared some three or four days after their publication in every other London paper, and the *Times*, to cover up its discomfiture, was simply endeavouring to mislead the public. *Mais ça c'est bien de la maison.* The writer of these pages visited Morocco in the winter of 1891–92, and it was his intention to have returned to that country in the early spring to conclude his travels by a journey to Fez; and, with this intention, he had engaged a passage to Gibraltar on the 1st of April, but was prevented by illness from going. The writer sailed for Gibraltar on June 2nd, and it was a matter of great regret to him that the postponement of his visit brought him to Fez at the same time as the British Mission. He would have greatly preferred to have seen the Moors in their fanatical capital *en negligé*, rather than on the alert and in the dress parade they assumed with the eyes of the accredited representatives of a great Christian power upon them. When the objects of the British Mission were, as I was informed by Sir Charles, unscrupulously misrepresented by the Continental papers, Sir Charles Euan-Smith appealed

to me, as a journalist, to see that the truth regarding the Mission was told and his traducers silenced.

I informed the British Minister that I was no longer connected with the great American journal with which, as he said, he had often heard my name connected. On the day after the demonstration before the Mission, Sir Charles Euan-Smith again appealed to me to see that the incident was not allowed to be garbled by French correspondents and editors, pointing out to me that the only qualified English correspondent accompanying the Mission had left Fez for Tangier some two weeks previously. Having been hospitably received by the British Mission, and having at the time a genuine regard for the British Minister, at a considerable financial risk, for cabling from Morocco is expensive, and newspapers very properly reserve to themselves the right to pay or not to pay the tolls on unsolicited telegrams, I took up the cudgels on his behalf, and five days later my despatches, which were read to several members of his staff, and the contents made known to Sir Charles Euan-Smith himself, were published in London by the *Central News*, and in Paris by the *New York Herald* (Paris edition), and distributed by that paper to every important journal in France. Futhermore, I sketched out the despatch which was sent at the same time to the London *Times*. The gentleman deputed to act as *Times* correspondent had never enjoyed any journalistic training, so I think it will be quite clear that my interference in the matter as a journalist was neither unsolicited nor selfish.

Taking leave of the Sultan.

From the "Daily Graphic," by permission.

On reaching London, after my rapid journey from Fez, it did not occur to me that I should falsify history, simply because, during the stay of the Mission at the Shereefian Court, Lord Salisbury had been succeeded by Mr. Gladstone as Prime Minister. What I have written is based upon what I saw, upon what I heard, and upon information that I gathered from creditable sources in Fez. Unlike several of the principal actors in the incidents, it has not struck me as right or proper to garble the genuine impressions I received on the spot at the suggestion of afterthoughts not entirely unconnected with the change of Ministry in England.

Had Sir Charles Euan-Smith seen fit in his official despatches to have taken a different view of the events, and to present them in a different form from that which I had already at his repeated and very earnest request published to the world, the public would, I believe, have easily coincided the differences in our respective accounts on the ground that one was official and diplomatic, and the other unofficial and journalistic, and further, that my despatches were written under circumstances hardly calculated to promote accuracy or nicety of expression. But, when Sir Charles Euan-Smith, the British Minister to the Court of Morocco, saw fit to make statements to the *Times* correspondent which were calculated and evidently intended to discredit the journalist who only at his (Sir Charles Euan-Smith's) often repeated request had taken up the pen on his behalf, he had only to expect the treatment at my hands under which he is at present suffering. The only statement of fact of

any importance in my correspondence that was not fully confirmed by the Parliamentary paper containing the Morocco correspondence, was the question whether Sir Charles Euan-Smith tore up a treaty or not. The French Minister in London, like everybody else, heard that he had done so, and, several days before my despatches confirming the incident appeared in the London papers, M. Waddington called on Lord Salisbury at the Foreign Office (see Parliamentary paper), and asked him whether this information, which he had received from French agents in Morocco, was confirmed by the official English despatches.

When cross-examined by Lord Salisbury over the wire, Sir Charles Euan-Smith, in a Foreign Office despatch, dated Tangier, July 29, and published in the Parliamentary paper on the subject, stated that the document he tore up was not the draft of a treaty. On August the 10th a leading article appeared in the *Journal des Débats*, signed by Mr. John Lemmoine, the French academician, whose sources of information at the Quai d'Orsai are, as is well known, unexceptional, which stated that among other inaccuracies which Sir Charles Euan-Smith's official correspondence contained, the most notable was his denial of having torn up the bogus treaty that the Grand Vizier had attempted to palm off upon him. The article concluded with the statement that Sir Charles Euan-Smith's official despatches would be considerably filled out by the correspondence of French agents in Morocco, shortly to appear in the French "Yellow book." I must add, however,

that I am not of the opinion expressed unanimously by the French papers that the subsequent admission of Mr. Lowther, Under-Secretary of State, in the House of Commons, was in any way motived by this thinly veiled threat and inuendo; but, at the same time, it is a matter of history that, on the following day, in answer to a question in the House of Commons, Mr. Lowther stated that he was informed by Sir Charles Euan-Smith that he had torn up a document in the nature of a draft treaty, but the treaty in question was not the treaty that the Sultan had solemnly promised to sign on July the 5th, or very nearly *verbatim et literatim* the statement that I had made six weeks previously in my despatches from Morocco.

So it would appear that Sir Charles Euan-Smith has gone on record as having given to the world at least three accounts of what he did with the bogus treaty, and that each account categorically contradicts the other two. Little wonder, then, that the question as to what really did happen in Fez proved a puzzler to the London press, and that all information from the seat of contradiction and counter-contradiction, was, as if by common consent, published for many days under the rubric, "The Morocco Mystery."

CHAPTER VIII.

A WHITE SLAVE IN MOROCCO.

The story of a renegade Spaniard—How the Riff Highlanders convert Christians to Islamism—A cruel ceremony—Broken in health and spirits, Pépé is exchanged for a donkey by his captors—The incidents of three years' slavery in Morocco—A white man sold at auction in Casa Blanca—His liberation.

THE following chapter will prove unpleasant reading to the misguided gentlemen who monthly meet in London to devise ways and means of preventing the aboriginal races from being swept off the face of the earth. It will also give a very clear idea of the treatment which the Spanish sailors captured off Cape Juby in September of this year may possibly receive at the hands of their pirate captors. I think also that it will go far to upset the arguments of those who claim that the Moor is not nearly so black as he is painted. The unfortunate hero of my story was undoubtedly a fugitive from justice; but the Riff mountaineers, into whose hands he fell, knew absolutely nothing of his antecedents, and would have undoubtedly treated in the same way Mr. Gladstone or any other distinguished Englishman who might have the misfortune to meet with shipwreck on that

dangerous coast. His treatment may, therefore, be considered as not exceptional but typical. During the early part of our stay in Fez I noticed on several occasions a very ragged, dejected-looking man crouching in a corner of the narrow street by the principal fondak of the town whenever we rode past it. Once, as we rode by, he ran out and kissed the feet of a member of our party, muttering something to him which we failed to catch. My servant said that the poor fellow spoke Spanish; but this we did not consider as at all out of the way, as a very great number of the Moors can speak a few words of that language. We passed him several times again, and I noticed that he always scanned our features earnestly, and listened attentively to what we said. Then, as he caught our English speech, he would turn his head away wearily, reassuming his listless attitude. He seemed very weak and feeble, and as one worn out by fatigue and fever. I was struck by the pallor of his complexion, his blue eyes and yellow hair—not but that I had seen many Fazzi quite as blonde as he was—indeed, the darker Moors of the South call the natives of Fez *Zaari*, or "Fair ones," in contempt of their pallid complexion—but there was something distinctly European about this man's countenance, though he was clothed in fœtid Moorish rags. A week later we saw him again lying in his usual position by the fondak, with the weary, hunted look upon his face that we had already noticed. On catching sight of us, with sudden unexpected energy he sprang up and began to follow us. We slowed down our pace so that he might catch up, and he quickly made a sign

A Moorish Café.

to us to go and that he would follow. When we arrived at our garden he slipped into the gate, after looking well about him to see that he was unobserved. Once safe within our walls, he threw himself sobbing on the ground, and burst out into a paroxysm of hysterical tears, from which he did not recover for several hours. I shall not dwell on the horrid, nauseating details of this poor wretch's story. I would rather not have heard it at all, for it gave me a lower opinion of the human race than I had ever had before.

Our strange visitor was a young Spaniard from Almeria. He was about twenty-four years of age, and his face and manner, as he sat before us and told his tale, were singularly straightforward and frank. Four years ago he had been sent by his father, a well-to-do merchant of Almeria, with money to pay off the labourers in a vineyard he owned on the vine-clad hills outside of that city. He paid the men off, and, as was the custom, sat down and drank wine with the labourers. After spending a half-hour with his men in this way, the young Spaniard called for his horse, to ride back into the city; but the men refused to let him go, remarking in drunken jest that he was their prisoner. As he insisted upon leaving the roysterers—half in play, half in earnest—one of their number caught hold of him to detain him. Seeing his master thus attacked, a shepherd's dog that was the young Spaniard's inseparable companion, sprang up at his master's assailant, and in a moment with his sharp teeth had inflicted a mortal wound, by severing the jugular vein. The man sank down

on the ground, covered with blood, and almost immediately one of the labourer's companions shot and killed the dog. The young Spaniard, seeing his favourite animal dying before his eyes, in a moment of passion drew his revolver and shot his slayer. The young Spaniard, whom I will call Pépé, was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment with hard labour, and sent to the penal settlement of Mellila, on the Moorish Coast, to serve his sentence. After ten months of this terrible place, the young Spaniard determined to make an attempt to escape, not so much in the hope that he would succeed, but rather trusting to be killed by one of the guards in the attempt. While working with his gang, stone-breaking, out on the narrow neck of land which connects the peninsula of Mellila with the Moorish coast watching his opportunity, he hid himself away in some swampy underbush that grew in patches down by the sea. When night came he succeeded in swimming over the narrow strip of water from the penal fortress to the mainland. That night and all the next day he wandered about in the Riff Mountains, and on the following evening he was discovered by the Riff mountaineers. They carried him to their village, and held a council as to what they should do with him. The result of their deliberations was made to him on the following morning—provided he became a Mahommedan, they promised to give him food and receive him in the village as a man and a brother. If he would not, they stated they would torture him to death. The unfortunate Spaniard chose to become a Moor. Under pretence of an

initiatory ceremony, the unsuspecting victim was securely bound and placed on a board contrived for the purpose they had in view. They then stabbed and mutilated him in the most horrible manner, using their knives slowly, with cruelty calculated to heighten his agony. An attack of brain-fever followed this terrible shock to his system ; and when Pépé gradually recovered he was made the drudge of the village by day and a butt for the mockery of the Riff boys in the evening ; but as he never recovered his strength sufficiently to compete as a beast of burden with the other animals which the Riffs possessed, they were glad one day to trade him off to a travelling merchant, who, in return, left behind him in the village a donkey that had broken down.

Pépé carried this merchant's pack all the way across Morocco to Tafilet, from there to Tarudant, and north again to Mogador and Casa Blanca, where in full view of the consulates of all the Great Powers, he was sold publicly to another owner. The price paid was thirty Spanish dollars, a considerable rise in value from the day, a year before, when he was traded off for a lame donkey.

With his new owner Pépé marched all across Morocco from Casa Blanca to Figuig on the Algerian frontier. Here, for a moment, he succeeded in making his escape from his watchful master, and in making his way to the camp of the French garrison which now holds this frontier town ; but the commander did not understand Spanish, and, as Pépé's master came up and tried to drag him away, he did

not care to enter into what he considered a dispute merely between master and man. On his return journey his second owner died at Oudjda, and the young Spaniard begged his way on to Fez, where he had arrived only a few days before attracting our attention. During these wanderings over the length

A Tafilet Merchant on his Mehari (camel).

and breadth of the country he had been compelled to submit to every indignity, to every insult which the Moor, his master, could devise. When the Moorish muleteers had finished their meal, and the dogs theirs, the scraps that remained were thrown to him. Only once during these years did he get a change of garment, which happened in this way, near Tafilet.

He found a fairly good *jclab* lying on the road which he immediately put on, wondering who the extravagant owner might be who had thrown away a garment but half used. At the next camping-ground he learned that the man to whom the garment had belonged had died of small-pox, and that his companions, with singular prudence and caution for Moors, had thrown his clothes away ; but Pépé clung to his new-found *jelab*, preferring the danger of contagion to the ragged nakedness that had been his lot.

We kept the poor fellow in our garden for over a week, debating what we should do with him. He refused absolutely to communicate with his family in Almeria. He said he preferred that they should consider him dead rather than that they should learn of the suffering he had undergone. He would also on no account allow us to appeal to the Spanish Legation at Tangier. He had an idea that the officials there would feel compelled to hand him over to the authorities and send him back to serve out his sentence. It was quite impossible to disabuse him of this idea. Finally, our new *protégé* was becoming rather an embarrassment, when Mr. Ansaldo, a British subject of Tangier, took the poor fellow under his protection, and it is entirely due to this kind-hearted gentleman that the young Spaniard is now safe, and out of the reach both of the inhuman Riffs and the Spanish authorities. As illustrating the effect such prolonged suffering and degrading experiences had upon a high-spirited young man, I reproduce the last words we had with him before

sending him away out of Fez under a safe escort. He came to our tent with tears of gratitude in his eyes, and profuse and really touching words of thanks upon his lips for the little kindness we had been able to show him. W. C., in the kindness of his heart, made him a present of a valuable hunting-knife, which he accepted with childish delight; but half an hour later he appeared at our tent-door, and his face again wore the hopeless, hunted expression which we had seen there so often before. "I cannot accept your knife, señor," he said to W. C. "I am afraid to take it. Hitherto the Moors have beaten me and treated me with the greatest cruelty, but they never killed me, because it was not worth their while; but with this knife in my possession it would be. I would not sell it after the señor's kindness to me, but he must not be vexed with me for not taking it. I dare not accept so valuable a present." It was in vain that we assured him that now he was completely safe, that no harm could possibly come to him, that we would answer for his life. His only reply was, "You are very kind, señor; but the Christian is never safe in El Maghreb."

This, reader, is not a tale culled from "Hakluyt's Voyages," or a page from the story of some Jesuit sent out into the wilds of the earth by the Propaganda, but it is the plain, unvarnished tale of the treatment of one whom the Riffs considered a shipwrecked mariner on their coast, along which hundreds and hundreds of vessels annually ply, which is not distant one thousand miles from London town, and it took place in this year of our Lord 1892.

CHAPTER IX.

A ROW WITH BUSHTA-EL-BAGDADI.

The midnight encounter at the Lions' Gate—The Ait-Atta Berbers attack us in the Bazaars—Their complaint to the Sultan—The injured Ait-Atta turns out unfortunately to be a "Shereef"—The shop of the man who sold me caftans wrecked by the mob—Our complaint to the Grand Vizier—Interview with the Bashaw—Its stormy course—The pleasing interlude of the concealed music-box—Bushta Bagdadi refuses to listen to us—Reproaches me with my beardless chin—W. C. brings the United States navy into sight—Apologies all around, we get a letter from the Sultan and "bejewelled swords."

ON the evening of July the 2nd, an incident occurred which has been so distorted in telegrams and newspaper notices that, in justice to myself, I shall enter into the matter at some length. I had been dining at the mess with the military members of the Mission, and started back to our camp about midnight with Boazza, one of our servants. I was on horseback, he preceding me on foot with a lantern. It was a pitch-dark night, and we had considerable difficulty in finding our way to the Bab Akbet Sba, or Gate of the Lions' Hill, through which it was necessary for us to go in order to reach the suburban garden in which we were encamped.

Though it was still an hour before closing time the gate was shut. We knocked for ten minutes at least, nobody appeared to open it. Finally we rapped at the guard-house in the Palace of the Bashaw of the city, about fifty yards away from the gate. Here the keys were usually kept. The guards came out, about a dozen in number, and, after carefully examining our faces with their lanterns, and with anything but complimentary remarks, went back again into the guard-house, and slammed the door in my face. We, however, knocked again, and knocked loudly, and soon the whole neighbourhood was aroused and denouncing us in unmeasured terms from the windows that commanded the scene of what was fast becoming a midnight brawl. Finally, the guards again threw open the doors, and this time, as they came out, I noticed that they were armed. Six of them at least had their rifles, three or four presented pistols, and the rest carried very truculent-looking bludgeons. They told us that if we did not go away they would shoot. Boazza, my muleteer, stood his ground manfully. It was only what I expected from the man who enjoyed such a universally bad character. Finally, as the men continued to gather around me in a most threatening manner, I drew my pistols and covered them. It must have been amusing to look at, but it was not amusing to live through. For fully three minutes not a sound was heard. I am afraid I lost my temper, and certainly the provocation was great. I remember riding up to the Caid of the guard and giving him a

rather sound box on the ears. Boazza and I were shouting for the key the while, and the guards were loud in the expression of a wish to see my grandmother burnt in the seventh and nethermost storey of hell. Suddenly they made unanimously for the door, as I thought, to get the key; but Boazza was quicker witted, and, as they suddenly turned to close the door after them in our faces, he put his foot on the threshold, and got it well smashed for his pains. Seeing that their idea was to let us spend the night in the dirty street by the Akbet Sba, I put my horse against the door which Boazza had succeeded in keeping a few inches open at the cost of a severe crushing to his knee; and the next moment the door gave way, and, to the unspeakable surprise of the guards, Mulai Hassan, my pony, and I, closely followed by Boazza, were parading in the most magnificent manner inside the guard-house. Mulai Hassan, who was as much frightened and nervous as his rider, which is saying a good deal, prancing and kicking about, contrived to do a lot of damage. Two beautiful little tiled tables, upon which the Caid was taking his midnight tea, were kicked into smithereens. Cups and saucers were broken, and he pranced about on the Zimmoor rugs as though these beautiful carpets were his nightly bedding. The guards, myself, and Boazza, presented arms again for about five minutes, somewhat after the menacing attitude of rival armies in an Italian opera. I soon discovered that the old Caid in charge of the night guard was its weakest member, and so, catching him by the ear, and giving it a good tug,

I placed my pistol very near to his temple, and explained that unless the keys of the gate were forthcoming in very short order, there would be bloodshed. The Caid was very much flustered at this sudden onslaught. He swore that no insult had been intended, that the keys of the gate were under the Bashaw's pillow, and that it was impossible for him to get at them. Seeing, however, that I was obdurate, he implored one of the soldiers, his son, I believe, to go upstairs, awake the Bashaw, and beg him for the keys. For five minutes we stood in statuesque pose, the Moors covering me with their rifles, and I with the shining barrel of my revolver within six inches of the old Caid's bald cranium. Finally the young soldier returned, and with him came the most absolutely repulsive-looking old reprobate that I have ever seen in my life. It was Bushta-el-Bagdadi, the Bashaw. He had been disturbed in his sleep; his eyes were bloodshot, and his under-lip hung over like a hound's. He carried a candle, which he held up, and studied my face with an expression of the most concentrated hatred that I have ever seen on a human visage—which I hope I may never excite again. My statuesque attitude of murderous menace was growing wearisome, when the Bashaw terminated the trying situation by saying to the young soldier, "Bring the keys," and in a moment the gate was opened, and we rode through amid the curses of the angry crowds that had now assembled. It was unpleasant to have to turn our backs upon these people, but it had to be done. They stood there armed, cursing as we rode

by, and I can answer for my own feelings at least when I say that I did not feel perfectly safe from stray bullets until we had turned the corner.

The following morning was the last business day before the commencement of the New Year festivities, and, as we were leaving Fez in a week, we had to gather together all our purchases on that day. About ten o'clock I started down into the bazaars on horseback, with Salem-el-Sheshouani accompanying me on foot. I went from bazaar to bazaar until finally I reached the little shop of a sleek merchant named Absalom, who had been making some caftans for me. For ten minutes we had noticed half a dozen wild-looking Berbers following us, but I attributed this to their curiosity at seeing a Christian. They were evidently strangers to Fez, of the Ait-Atta tribe, and live between Wadnoon and Timbuctoo. They are the men who murdered the English traveller Davidson when he endeavoured to reach Timbuctoo in 1836, as I afterwards learned. Absalom, the caftan maker, was engaged with another customer when we appeared. He, however, pointed to a shelf in his shop on which, he said, our bundle of caftans was done up and ready. Salem was reaching up to get down my bundle when one of the Ait-Atta tribesmen gave him a good blow across the back with the handle of the spear he was carrying. "Servant of a dog of a Christian," he said, "how dare you lay hands on the caftans of the True Believers?" Salem was very much taken back, and I very angry indeed, at this sudden onslaught. I gave the man a cut across the head with my riding-crop, and his turban rolled off into the gutter. Un-

fortunately his turban was a green one, showing that he was of Shereefian or saintly descent, and it was not until I saw the look of horror that came over Salem's face, and heard the cries of indignation that burst from every lip, that I realized what I had done. I had struck a descendant of Mahomet, and knocked off his holy turban. We were in a little side alley off the main street that runs through the bazaars, and if the Ait-Atta had had any "snap" in them at all they could have cut us up into pieces in the winking of an eye. There was no way to get out except through the angry crowd of five or six hun-

The Sultan's sword and Shereefian belt.

dred Moors in front of us, angry and raging at the thought of the sacrilegious blow that had been inflicted on one of the anointed of their race and creed. Poor Salem's complexion was now a mottled green colour ; I have no means of knowing what was the colour of mine, but my knees were jumping against the side of my horse in the most remarkable fashion, and certainly I was cursing my impulsiveness, and never expecting to get out of that blind alley alive. Fortunately Absalom, the old caftan maker, made a diversion in our favour. He had made a good deal of money out of the strangers who were in Fez, so he was good enough to say that it was not my fault at all, and that I was perfectly justified in striking the

Shereef who had dared to punish my servant for taking down out of the shop caftans which belonged to me, and which had been paid for. This was all very true, but it was a very unwise thing for Absalom to say. I had two revolvers, and Salem had a very ugly-looking curved knife, so that we were more formidable than the sleek caftan maker, and could certainly have "driven daylight through" three or four saints, or sinners, before being pinned down and overpowered by numbers. The crowd, seeing our determined front, turned on Absalom. They cursed him for having brought Christians into the quarter, and, while they were massing in some numbers in front of his shop, Salem and I put on a bold front and rode out of the blind alley. I had a pistol in my right hand and another in my left. Several of the Ait-Atta now brought their guns up to the shoulder, but they took them down very quickly when I covered them with my Colt's revolvers. We backed out into the main street, and then it occurred to me that it would never do to leave the bazaars under compulsion, especially as Salem knew that I had not half completed my purchases; so we next visited the Babousha and the brass bazaars, and not for half an hour, when all my purchases were made and parcels collected, did I feel at liberty to start for the camp. During the whole time the Ait-Atta followed us, telling the Moors their version of the encounter, and endeavouring to bring about a religious row. It was very unpleasant to look out from a shop upon a sea of upturned, hostile faces, and expect every moment to have a knife stuck in you. The Ait-Atta, who I certainly believe, though I have no

manner of proof of it, had been sent to pick a quarrel with me by the Bashaw, followed me at a respectful distance to the garden where my camp was. On arriving here, I found Absalom, the caftan maker, awaiting our return trembling like an aspen leaf, with his face as white as his haik. It seems that the shopkeepers and the Berbers had wrecked his shop immediately after my departure, and, after giving him a good flogging, had said that, if he ever returned to the shop again, they would kill him. Absalom enjoyed, or speaking more correctly endured, the rude hospitality of my garden for three days, but losing faith in the protection of the stars and stripes during the exciting days that followed, he "scuttled" one night and took sanctuary in the Mosque of Mulai Edriss, where he may be cringing and crouching to this day, fed by the pitying priest and his own relations.

Immediately after trailing me to my garden, the Ait-Atta rode to their encampment outside the walls, told their fellow-tribesmen of their grievance, and, two hours later they appeared before the Sultan's Palace on horseback, three hundred strong, and demanded an audience of the great Seedna.

This was granted them. I believe the injured saint, whose holy turban had rolled in the gutter, demanded my head and ears as the only punishment at all adequate to my offence. This news reached me in my camp, where, after thinking the matter all over, I had concluded to drop it, to make no complaint, but to get out of Fez soon, the day after the fête if possible. Indeed it was wonderful how easy it is to dismiss the most important

matters and the most flagrant insults from your mind during the red-hot Ansera month in Fez with the thermometer at 110 in the shade.

Now I saw, however, that, if only in self-defence, something would have to be done, so the afternoon was spent in learned discussions with the taleebs or writers of the British Mission, who were placed at my disposal for the purpose of drafting a letter by the British Envoy. The result of our consultations was a very enigmatical letter which, after being duly signed by W. C. and myself, was despatched to the Grand Vizier. We also sent a verbal message to the Bashaw, asking for an interview, and on the following morning we received a request from him to call at three o'clock in the afternoon.

With calculated want of punctuality, we arrived at the Bashaw's ramshackle Palace at the Lions' Gate twenty minutes after the hour at which we had been requested to appear. The Bashaw got back at us, I think very neatly, in serving tea that had been standing at least for an hour. We were received by a huge black slave from the Sahara, whose expression of countenance was as dark and as lowering even as the Numidian blackness of his complexion. We were escorted by him through the garden into the summer pavilion or koubba, in which it is the Bashaw's custom to give audiences during the summer solstice. At the back of the pavilion the floor was raised about ten inches. Here in a little niche cushions were arranged awaiting the coming of the Bashaw. This was his throne. To the right of the raised daïs had

been arranged three very dainty little chairs, all covered with gilt. They were, we were told, a present from a European sovereign desirous of conciliating the redoubtable Bashaw, and of securing his good offices at the Shereefian Court. We were accompanied by M. Vismes de Ponthieu, the first dragoman of the British Legation, who had kindly consented to act as our interpreter. In a few moments the Bashaw appeared in the doorway. His brutal, ignorant face, wreathed in smiles, as it was now, seemed even more repugnant than in its natural expression of unreasoning hatred to the roumi. He shook us warmly by the hand, put his hand then to his heart, and kissed his finger tips, all in our honour, very well before we knew what he was about. He then sat down on the tufted cushions after having requested us to be seated; and, slowly telling his prayer beads the while, with monotonous voice he began to pay us the usual Moorish compliments which, for the purposes of direct narrative, I will omit here. He said he was indeed very glad to see us, as his soldiers had complained that I had whipped them, and pointed my revolver at them in the most threatening manner, and that, when after a slight delay in opening the gate, for which they were not responsible as the keys were mislaid, they said I had fired a fusillade of joy to celebrate my victory, and that the bullets had whizzed within a few inches of the Caid's head.

"Of course, Son of America," he concluded, "I know there must be some mistake, and I am indeed glad that you have come to me frankly to tell me all about it."

Very bluntly we restated the case, and told the Bashaw that we had come to demand an explanation and redress—not to give either the one or the other. The Bashaw's facial expression, as he listened to my story, was simply inimitable. The corners of his mouth twitched with insuppressible incredulity, and his eyes twinkled with the sceptical amusement of a man who reads a good sea-serpent story in his newspaper during the "silly season." Every now and then he would throw back his head and emit a guttural "oollah, oollah"—"My God"—of astonishment and admiration; and then he would turn towards me and survey me from head to feet with ever-increasing admiration for what he had evidently decided to consider the valued embroidery of a bald and otherwise uninteresting narrative. It was admirable, but at the same time very irritating, and I was about to break off abruptly my story when the Bashaw interrupted and brought upon his own shoulders the responsibility for the breaking off of all diplomatic relations with the sons of America.

"You say my guards were armed?" he inquired. "*I* say they had only sticks. As long as the Christians are in town I always lock up the rifles in my own room every night before going to bed, so that my men, full of a holy hatred to the Christians, may yet do them no harm." This was indeed a very serious charge, but I controlled my temper, as I wished him to go on record as to whether he had witnessed the altercation, or not. In reply to the question I put to him, he replied unblushingly that he had not. Then I asked if he presumed to con-

tradict me on the facts of the occurrence in which I was an actor, and which, to credit his own words, he had not witnessed. He growled out that, by all the saints, including Mulai Abd-de-Kader, he did. Then I requested the interpreter to inform the Bashaw that he was a liar, but our interpreter, alas! was a respecter of persons from a monarchical country, and perhaps he doubted very much the advisability of insulting such a lion in his very lair, so he hemmed and hawed, and said nothing. Finally, however, we got him on up to the correct translating point, and he told the Bashaw what I thought of him in Moorish, and a very ugly, sharp sounding, hissing word it is. The Bashaw gave a little start, as though he had been given an electric shock. Then, pulling himself together, he put his hand to his ear, and turning to Salem, my boy, asked him to explain. "What does the son of America say?" he inquired. "He said," replied the boy, "O Bashaw, that thou liest." I have often envied Salem's cocksureness, and the perfect confidence he had that, if anything should happen to him, should a wrong ever be done him, his beloved mountaineers, the Sheshouani, would exact a complete and terrible revenge. The Bashaw had probably feigned deafness and made a pretence of not having understood our interpreter in order to give us an opportunity to weigh our words, and, if possible, to avoid a rupture, which he knew his master, the Sultan, did not desire; but, on the repetition of the statement from the mouth of a slave, and seeing that, as the necessity arose, we did not hesitate to call even the Bashaw a liar, he

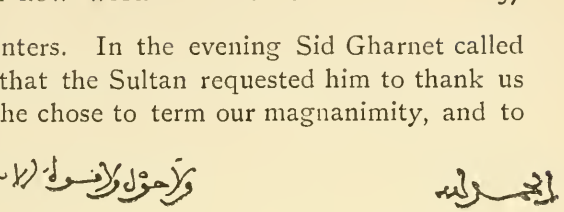
with very rage frothed at the mouth, and growled like a wild beast. He tugged at his beard, beat his hands against his head, and cried that it was indeed disgraceful that I, a beardless boy, should so insult a man of his age.

"But it will not go unpunished," he cried, as he drew himself together, and crouched as though preparing to spring upon us. We had been prepared for a stormy interview, and our revolvers were in our pockets, and not in our holsters, which we had found was an unhandy place to have them in Morocco, even if moving in court circles as we were doing. The Bashaw continued to rage about the kouba, and by his menacing talk evidently tried to instigate his slaves to attack us then and there, or waylay us later on in the streets. At this point W. C. arose from his chair and made a speech, in which he drew a picture of the misfortunes that would accrue to Morocco from a rupture of diplomatic relations with America, so perfect in detail, and so magnificently lifelike in word-painting, that, listening to his eloquent words, I saw our "NEW NAVY" bearing down on the Barbary coast to bombard and harry the country, and a picture of the holy Mosque at Salee in smoking ashes rose before me. Indeed I experience the greatest difficulty now in believing that the *Baltimore* has not bombarded Salee. As Chanler rose for this patriotic performance, a music-box attached to his chair, arranged to play as the sitter rose, pealed out the strains of "Heil dir im seiges Kranz." The situation became side-splitting. With the greatest difficulty I preserved the necessary gravity of countenance. It had all evidently been pre-arranged

by the Bashaw, who had awaited a very different conclusion to our interview. W. C. wished to bring before him the ignominious manner in which he had treated Moses-ben-Amoor-ben-Assouli, our consular agent in Fez, who, as we had only found out that morning, when he called on the Bashaw with our letter from the Consul-General in Tangier, had been ignominiously thrown out of the Palace. But the Bashaw would have absolutely nothing more to say to us, and without any formal leave-taking, we returned to our garden to discuss the situation which had now assumed a rather serious aspect. The Ait-Atta were still encamped outside the walls of the city, vowing vengeance upon me for the blow I had given their saint. Salem, who was by no means timorous, asserted that in the morning he had met two of the Ait-Atta by Mulai Edriss, that they had drawn their knives on him, and that he had only succeeded in escaping from them by running. To make matters worse, Caid Sudec, our soldier, had left three days before for Mekinez on a visit to one of his very numerous wives—not that we could have counted in the least upon this stalwart coward in the hour of danger, but because in a weak moment I had lent him my rifle for the journey. He had worked upon my feelings by telling me that going to Mekinez he would have to pass through the territory of the Berber tribe with whom his family had a blood feud. Our garden was half a mile away from the Mission House, and the messages we had sent to the consular agent remained unanswered. Shortly before sunset, however, a letter came from Sir Charles Euan-Smith in which he strongly advised us

to take up residence temporarily at the Mission. He offered in case we did not care to leave our garden—a step which would have undoubtedly led the Moors to think that fear of them had inspired us to that move—to send down some of the Mission soldiers and servants to assist us in the event of an attack being made upon our camp. We were very grateful for the offer, but, after one look at the stars and stripes which floated over our heads, we declined it with thanks. Though the necessities of his diplomatic position prohibited Sir Charles from taking any official steps in our case, unofficially he was very active in our behalf, and it was no doubt due in a great measure to the suggestions and advice given by him to Sid Gharnet that our grievances with the Moorish Government were so promptly settled. Early in the morning we received a note from Sid Gharnet, asking us to meet him in the afternoon at the English Mission. There he expressed great regret that we should have been so molested, and said that the Sultan had instructed him to offer us 5000 dollars as indemnity for the dangers to which we had been exposed, and as a settlement of all differences. He also proffered a Shereefian escort of fifty cavalry for our journey to the coast. This settlement we refused to consider. He then asked what our demands were. We stated that we required a letter from the Sultan expressing his regret at the occurrence, a personal apology from the Bashaw to me for his insulting language, the whipping of the guards, and a small monetary compensation for Salem and Boazza who had been injured in

the encounters. In the evening Sid Gharnet called and said that the Sultan requested him to thank us for what he chose to term our magnanimity, and to



The Sultan's Letter.

state that his Shereefian Majesty was very willing indeed to comply with our demands, and further, as an indication of the high esteem in which he held us, he hoped that we would each accept at his hands

a Shereefian sword and belt. The next day we received the following letter which was written by the Grand Vizier, Sid Gharnet, himself. In the left-hand corner, at the end of the letter, there was a short dash in pencil which time and weather have now effaced. This was the sign of Imperial approval of its contents. The Sultan never writes his own letters, but runs them over carefully and approves of them with this pencil dash.

Only his official letters and mandates are stamped with the Shereefian seal.

(Translation).

PRAISE BE TO GOD.

There is no strength and power but in God. To our friends the men of wisdom, the gentlemen, the officers, the Americans. We always ask about your health and hope you are all well.

I have informed our Lord (may God protect him) of what has occurred between you and the Berbers of the tribe of Ait-Atta, for which our Lord is sorry, because you belong to a great and friendly nation, and our Lord objects to cases like this taking place in his Dominions, on the contrary, he desires that you be protected in his Dominions; and his Majesty has ordered me to express to you these his wishes, and he expects that you will not be sorry for what has occurred, because the Berbers are very ignorant people, and know nothing about courtesy, they are always on the wing like birds, and very seldom come to our City of Fez.

Our Lord makes you a present of these two gilded sabres (made in our happy country) through our friend the British Ambassador, and he desires you to live in tranquility, joy and peace.

3 day of Dulbigia 1309 =
to 28th day of June 1892.

(Signed) MAHOMED GHARNET,
Vizier.

The same evening we received the Shereefian swords, which were very handsome. The green and purple belts, the colours indicative of friendship and esteem of the Sultan, that accompanied them were particularly beautiful. Bushta made his personal apology, and the men were paid their money. We were asked then to appoint an hour convenient to us when the Bashaw's soldiers would be brought into our garden, and publicly thrashed with the *filely* before our eyes. This offer, out of consideration for our nerves, and the feelings of the sweet-singing bulbuls that inhabited our garden, we declined, requesting that the men might receive their punishment elsewhere. I suppose they were never punished at all in consequence. Even after this satisfactory settlement of all our grievances was reached, we deeply regretted the occurrence. For a time at least we had to say good-bye to our long planned trip to the Beni-m'ghil country, where we had hoped to hunt the "yellow-haired sheriffs," as Salem respectfully called the lions that abound there. Now, we could no longer hope to "pan" for gold in the country of Ait-Atta, or chase the agile mouflon on the slopes of the Atlas. It was quite apparent that "the men of wisdom, the Americans," after whose welfare and health the Sultan was so solicitous, would have to leave the country for a short time at least, and, if we had had any doubt as to the advisability of this course, it would have been dispelled by the reception of the request we made to Sid Gharnet that we might be allowed to view the fête of the Hydia on the following day, when the Berber chieftains bring in

New Year's gifts of produce, and are received by the Sultan in the Meshwa.

"Oolah—by God," he exclaimed; "it would be as much as your life is worth." We told him that we would accept the responsibility, and take without a murmur the consequences of our presence there, but he replied that, though we seemed to value our lives cheaply, perhaps in the eyes of our relatives they would seem very valuable, in case we met with sudden death. He added that the Government was already groaning under the heavy compensations paid to the families of Europeans who had come to grief in Morocco.

During the stay of the English Mission in Fez there was encamped in a garden near ours a bi-lingual journalist, and as the sequel proved, very well-informed he was as to the course of the negotiations. Probably in default of more important and exciting news, this gentleman informed the world in two languages that at the great feast of Ait-el-Keber, I had been stoned to death, and that W. C. had been severely mauled and mangled, that every breath he drew was expected to be his last. This information he sent to the coast by messenger, without making an effort to control its accuracy, though the garden over which the stars and stripes floated was hardly 300 yards away from his camp. On the following day we met him out, riding, and certainly he evinced no surprise at finding that we were still alive, and indeed, a rare thing for a French journalist, he did not have sufficient *esprit de confrerie* and courtesy to inform us that for the world

at large at least we were dead, and consequently ought to go and bury ourselves.

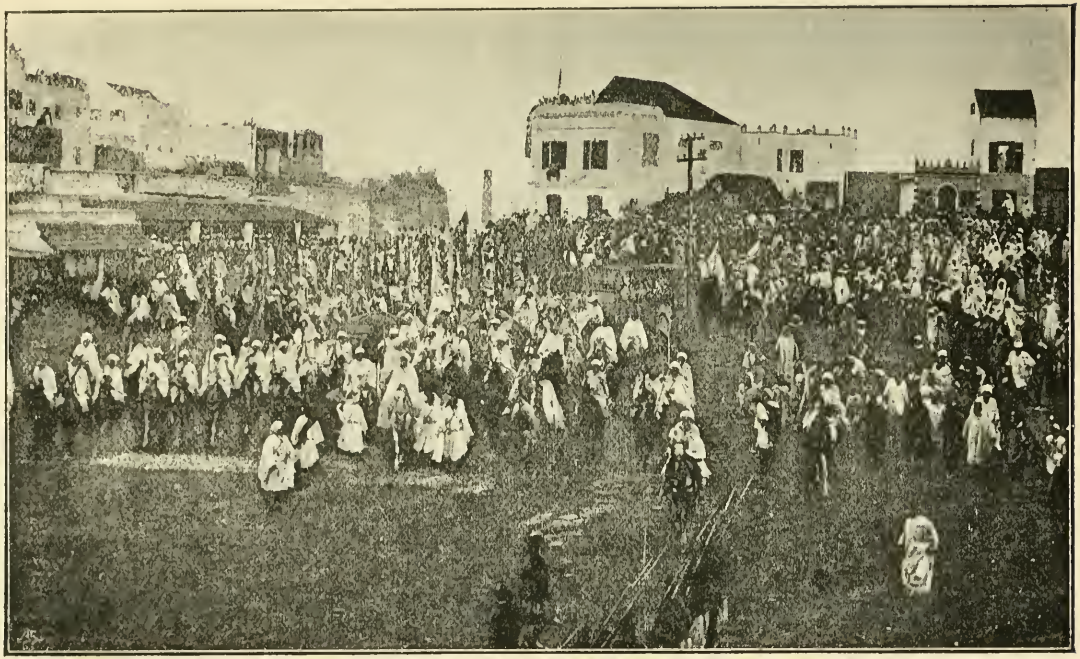
It was only on our arrival in Tangier that we were informed of our demise, and also learned that our friends in America had communicated with our Minister there by cable, and that boxes were being prepared for our shipment home. I believe we were to go as "first-class anatomical specimens"—a flattering subterfuge by which the remains of Americans who pass away in foreign countries are accepted by the steamship companies for their last journey home to the land of the McKinley Bill.

CHAPTER X.

THE SHEREEFS OF WAZZAN.

The late Grand Shereef Mulai Abd-el-Salem—A direct descendant of Mahomet—The humbler origin of the Fileli family of Sultan Mulai Hassan—Chief of the Mahommedan sect, Manlai Taib—The late Grand Shereef as a conspirator—He becomes a French *protégé*—His marriage with an English lady—The "Fatha" lisped with a Cockney accent—Anglo-Moorish Saints—A heavy fine imposed on infidelity—The Grand Shereef sent to the Touat country—His spendthrift habits—The walking-staff and the Shereefian succession—Mulai Mohamed-el-Erbi succeeds to the Apostolic throne—He is a Nationalist—Averse to the interference of European diplomacy in Moorish affairs.

THE late Grand Shereef of Wazzan, the Pope of Mauritania, as he was often though wrongfully called, was an interesting and powerful factor in the war of intrigue which is now going on in Morocco. With his death last month the halo of sanctity which encircled his bullet-shaped head, descends upon his son and successor, and also in a great measure his political influence. Mulai Abd-el-Salem was a direct lineal descendant of the Shereefian family of Medina. The present Sultan, Mulai Hassan, cannot compare with him in that order of sanctity, which in Islam is founded entirely upon the accident of birth. The



The Sultan's visit to Tetuan.

Fileli dynasty, which has occupied the throne in Morocco for several centuries, can only claim, though by no means, prove descent through Mulai Edriss to a somewhat obscure sister of the Prophet. The Shereefs or saints of Wazzan, however, enjoy the supreme advantage of tracing their ancestry in an unbroken line to the daughter—the beloved Fatma—of the Prophet, and to Ali his nephew, his favourite and his successor.

As the head of the great Mahommedan sect of Maulai Taib, the Grand Shereef of Wazzan, no matter what his personal character may be, is feared and honoured throughout the world, and, even in this prosaic decade, pious pilgrims have come from the banks of the Ganges to ask the blessing of the great Saint of Islam in the land of the setting sun. The mail this very *fin-de-siècle* saint receives is simply enormous, and I once saw a letter addressed to him from a Mahommedan Chinaman, written in the language of the flowery kingdom, the translation of which baffled even the polyglot Tangerines. But the Moorish pope—as have some other popes—has always shown a decided inclination for temporal rather than spiritual power, and, ever since attaining his majority, now nearly forty years ago, the late Grand Shereef never overlooked an opportunity to undermine the authority of the reigning dynasty. Some ten years ago the well-known disaffection and discontent of the Shereef with the prevailing order of things burst out into open rebellion, when he instigated the Anghera tribesmen to revolt against the Sultan.

The rebellion was suppressed with great cruelty,

View of Fez.

From "The Illustrated London News," by permission.

his Majesty, Mulai Hassan, taking the field in person, and the shrivelled heads of hundreds of the Anghera and Ouedras tribesmen adorned the gates of many a Moorish town for months. Infuriated with the Shereef for his long-continued machinations against himself and family, the Sultan was on the point of attacking him even in his holy city of Wazzan, when the then French Minister to Morocco, M. Ordéga, interfered and announced that the Shereef was a *protégé* or protected citizen of France. The casual observer would conclude that an Islam saint, on assuming French citizenship, would suffer considerable loss of sanctity and prestige among his fellows, but such is not the case. After a very short residence in Morocco, you become aware of the fact that a Shereef is absolutely infallible, that he can do no wrong, that his actions are not to be measured by the every-day standards that are applied to ordinary mortals. Indeed, the late Grand Shereef was in many ways a genial trifler with the tenets of his faith, and was guilty of some misdemeanours that would have converted any other Mahommedan into a perfect pariah. Some eighteen years ago, for instance, he married an English lady by whom he has two sons ; but, though these Anglo-Moorish boys prefer to speak English, their appearance anywhere in Morocco suffices to set the whole population in ecstatic rapture. Indeed, the young Shereefs, who lisp the *fathâ* with a cockney accent, travel all over Morocco and enjoy very large incomes from the tribute money and the presents which are bestowed upon them by the country Kabyles.

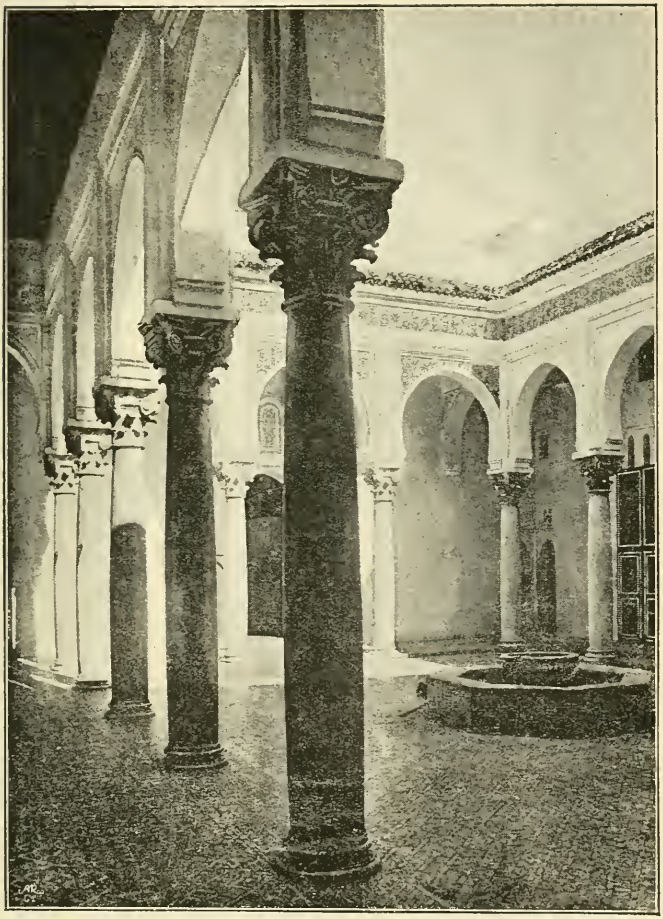
The Shereef of Wazzan.

Should the coffin of the Prophet be still suspended between earth and heaven, I should think its equilibrium would be upset by Mahomet's surprise at hearing his direct lineal descendants singing the topical songs of the London music-halls as I have.

I remember distinctly my first sight of Mulai Ali, the eldest of these Anglo-Moorish saints. They were returning from a long pilgrimage through the Zimmoor country and the Forest of Marmora, and were bringing back with them to Tangier some hundred ponies and other valuable presents that the adoring tribesmen had made them. Hundreds of the piously inclined assembled outside the gates of the city and welcomed Mulai Ali on his return. He was mounted on a sluggish horse, which provoked the young saint's temper very much. Finally, throwing dignity to the winds, he shouted petulantly, "Ha'ang it, ga on, ca'an't yer?" and the adoring multitudes taking up the cry, some hundreds of pilgrims crowded around the recalcitrant animal, shouting as well as they could, "Ha'ang it, ga on, ca'an't yer?" Poor Mahomet!

The English Shereefa is a very intelligent woman. On marrying the Moorish saint she had the good sense to include in the marriage contract a clause to the effect that in case the Shereef should at any time afterwards take to his ample bosom a new wife, he would have to pay her, and again with each repetition of his infidelity, a forfeit of twenty thousand dollars. After paying the penalty of his uxoriousness twice, the marriages of the Shereef, it is said, became very informal affairs indeed.

Since the Anghera and Oued-Ras rebellion, the



Interior of Sultan's Palace at Fez.

Shereef of Wazzan has been entirely at the beck and call of the French Foreign Office, and it is said that he draws a large pension for the political services he renders France, and certainly they are very considerable. In his photograph he wears a French uniform, and, as will be noticed, the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour. Last spring, when the Algerian Government decided to let the invasion of the Touat go over, or lapse for a year or two, perhaps only until the strategic railways in the Sud Oranis can be completed, the Shereef was despatched by M. Cambon, the Governor-General of Algeria, to pacify the excited tribesmen who dwell on the green islands of the Touats and desert. Here he exercised undoubtedly a great influence over the Gourara and the Amhari tribesmen, and it is perhaps due to his intercession that we have heard nothing further of the hostility of the great chief Bou-Amena to French encroachments. His influence over the nomadic gentry of these regions is undoubted. They pray weekly for him in their mosques of woven camel's hair, and they never fail to put to death the hated tax-gatherer of the Sultan who ventures into their country, and with the spring-time some substantial and spontaneous tribute of their superstitious faith and belief always reaches the Shereef in his Holy City of Wazzan.

Personally, the Pope of Mauritania had many admirable traits. He was generous to a fault, and succeeded with the greatest ease in spending yearly the large pension the French Government allowed him for his political services and the generous pre-

Bringing in Dishes at Sid Gharnet's Dinner.

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sents which are sent him by true believers all over the world. And, indeed, so lavish was he in the spending of an income which is never less than 20,000*l.* per annum, that the Saint of Wazzan sometimes found himself very "hard up." The Shereef was always universally popular with Europeans in Tangier, despite the unhappy upshot of his matrimonial alliance. A curious story is told of how he came to succeed his father, and, as I have it vouched for on such good authority, I will repeat it here.

Abd-el-Salem was one of the children of the late Shereef by a poor Houssa negress, a slave in the Grand Shereef's harem, as the Shereef's swarthy complexion and negroid features betray to the present day. When the great saint, his father, came to die, there crowded around his beside his wives, his friends, and his relatives. One of them asked, "And who, O lord, do you wish should succeed you on the saintly throne?" The old man, it seems, a few minutes before had given his favourite walking-staff to the child of his heart, the child he desired to succeed him. He said, "In the garden you will find a boy playing with my staff; upon him I wish to see descend my Shereefian mantle, and by him I expect to see the glory of my house upheld." While the sorrowing relatives and friends were awaiting the end in respectful silence, the Houssa negress, unobserved, slipped out of the death chamber, and took the staff away from the Shereef's favourite child, and gave it to her own offspring. When the relatives of the family of the late Shereef came out into the courtyard, they found that the child of the Houssa negress was the

Woman's Day in the Mosque of Mulai Edriss.

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son on whom the mantle of the Prophet had descended, and though the deception that had been practised was suspected, it was too late to do anything, and so Abd-el-Salem came into the vast property and the saintly prestige of the man of whom his mother had been the least of his slaves.

The Grand Shereef, who died very unexpectedly towards the end of September, will be succeeded in his apostolic office by Mulai Mahomed El-Erbi, the eldest son of the Shereef, who for many years has governed the Holy City in the place of his father, who preferred Tangier as a place of residence. Mulai Mahomed has not the amiable weakness for Europeans that characterized his father. He is a thorough-going Moor, fanatical, and hating all encroachments of Western civilization and commerce. He, unlike his brother, knows no language but Mogrebbin Arabic. He is hospitable to all strangers who come to the Holy City properly introduced, but at the same time he is evidently relieved when they depart. He is a mighty hunter, and spends much of his time pursuing the "father of tusks" on the high hills that surround his city. Mulai Mahomed is undoubtedly of the opinion that Morocco should belong to the Moors, and has never shown a decided preference for any race or nation of the Nesrana. He evidently dislikes them all. He is a handsome, fine-looking man of five-and-thirty. I am inclined to think that his character is formed, and that, unlike his hapless father, he will not be turned from the path which his conception of duty points out to him by foreign gold.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SAINTS AND STUDENTS OF THE KAIROUIN UNIVERSITY.[1]

The Sacred Mosque of Western Barbary—A Moorish Dick Whittington—Primary education in profanity—The four hundred Students assisted by the Foundation—Bettel-studenten—Office-holders must be without education—History of Mulai Hassan—"Self-made" Saints and hereditary Shereefs—Professional etiquette of miracle-makers—Whiskey becomes mare's milk—The "gilded youth" with sacks of gold dust—Moorish football—Amusing stipulation of the marriage contract—Academic belles of many generations—The Sultan of the Tholba—The geography of the world as taught by the learned Fukies—Christian countries ignored—A tournament of Pundits—The green standards of the Sulhama—Kairouin as a library—The missing classics—Many manuscripts in the sub-cellars of the Shrine—"Greek" writings.

THE Kairouin University of Fez was founded by Fatma—not the beauty of that name—but a Tunisian woman from Kairouin, towards the end of the ninth century, or about fifty years after Mulai Edriss laid the corner stone of the Western Mecca. As one looks upon these crumbling ruins, the three hundred and sixty pillars of marble, dragged from Heaven

[1] A large portion of this chapter appeared in the October number of the *Fortnightly Review*, and is here reproduced by kind permission of Frank Harris, Esq.

knows where, which are still upstanding, and as you hear the fanatical cries and see the lowering, threatening gaze which invariably greets the coming of the Christian "pig" to this classic shade, you can hardly realize that you have before you all that remains of what was perhaps generally considered the greatest university in the world in the early Middle Ages.

Here, beyond all manner of doubt, in the tenth and eleventh centuries, students assembled from all over the world, Christian as well as Mahommedan. Those who thirsted after knowledge and sought the "pearls of wisdom" at any price came here on their quest from the Niger, from the Congo, from Andalusia, from Tripoli, Tunis, Egypt, and Italy; and as is also a matter of absolute history, Englishmen, especially students of the science of the stars, came to the Sacred Mosque in Western Barbary. The Kairouin lies in the hollow of the city, surrounded by bazaars and the listless marts of trades, now only rarely enlivened by the arrival of some considerable caravan from Taradunt or Timbuctoo, or perhaps even from Upper Egypt *viâ* Tripoli and Insalah.

It occupies an area of about ten acres, I should say, and on the eastern end of what is rather a conglomeration of mosques than a single edifice there are two square and rather ugly minarets, though beautifully inlaid with tiles, in which are burned the most brilliant colours, at once the hope and despair of painters of eastern landscapes. In this mosque of many courtyards beautiful fountains are continually playing, the walls are decorated with Salee mattings and many-coloured *hayties* embroidered in gold.

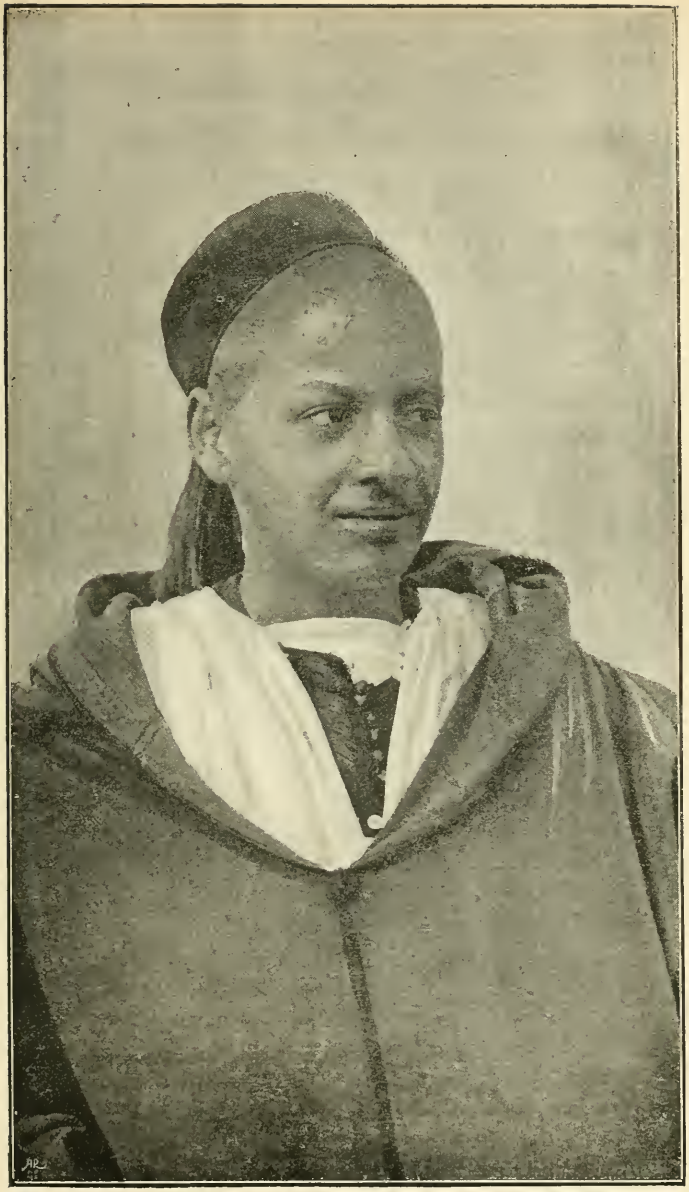
But perhaps the entrances to the mosque are the most remarkable exterior features. The huge doors are made entirely of copper, revealing beautiful tracery of fretwork. Above the doors are wonderful cedar-wood carvings, which are said to have been designed by Geber, the architect of the Giralda in Seville, and the tower of the Beni-Hassan in Rabat. The floors of the shrine are bare cold tilings, and the worshippers generally bring with them their prayer-rugs to kneel upon, and—as I am afraid is the custom in other places of worship—to sleep upon. The huge edifice, which is at once a shrine, a university, a library, and a caravanserai, is always thronged, and its doors are never closed night or day. These bare stone walls and innumerable moss-grown pillars exert power and influence over the popular mind, and command a respect which the Sultan has to count with.

It is very hard to describe the ecclesiastical hierarchy that obtains in the "western province" of Islamism, and in fact it would be safer to say that there is none. The Kairouin Cathedral and University is entirely ruled by the people who frequent it. In its sacred precincts Mahomet is the only high priest. There are, of course, *fukies*, or professors, and *emins*, the faithful ones or priests, but woe betide the priest or *fukie* who dared to address the most ragged vagabond of the fondaks, or a bare-footed beggar from the Suss in anything but terms of consideration and civility. Here the vagabond and the muleteer has as much right to loiter and to learn as the wisest pundit, though one is a ragamuffin and the other may wear a caftan of green silk and shroud his

form in the serpentine folds of a sateen *haïk*. It is generally stated and believed that the Sultan of Morocco, like the Czar, is at once the temporal and the spiritual head of his people ; but this is not quite true. Though one of his many titles is that of "Guardian and Commander of the True Believers," this authority is very shadowy, at least as far as the Kairouin is concerned, and the Sultan had an opportunity of judging some three years ago of the danger that might result from his interference in purely Church government.

For some reason or other, he commanded that the Mokaddum or chief trustee of the University—an office which has been hereditary in one family since the death of the Tunisian Fatma—be dismissed. This was done, but within three days there arose such an outcry and hubbub at the Sultan's attempt to exercise unwonted authority in Church matters, that he very wisely bethought him to announce that in a dream the apparition of his sainted father had appeared to him and requested him to reinstate the Mokaddum. The Mokaddum was reinstated, and the Sultan has never interfered again in the affairs of the University.

As I have said, the Kairouin is also a caravanserai and an inn, in which are welcome to sleep and to rest all those who are so poor as not to be able to pay the small copper coin which the *fondak* keeper requires before shelter is given ; and the fact that its doors are wide open, and its hospitality granted without any restriction whatever, is widely known throughout the empire.



A typical Student.

N 2

The last time I entered Fez, some twenty miles out of the city, at the shrine of Mulai Yaboub, a young lad joined us and made the day's journey in our company. He was very ragged, and went barefooted, but carried a beautiful pair of embroidered slippers in his hand. He seemed to be a Moorish Dick Whittington, and had walked all the way from Oudjda to seek his fortune in the capital. His capital consisted of half an ounce of copper *floss* coins worth about threepence, but he placed a very high value on this sum, and begged to be allowed to go along with us on one of our baggage mules, as he was afraid he would be robbed in crossing the famous plain near Mekinez, so feared by travellers. We granted his request, and a very merry companion he was, and very musical with his double-stringed *gimreh* and shepherd's pipe of reeds. On reaching Fez, where he had never been before, he said he was going to sleep and eat in the Kairouin until he decided what calling he would adopt, and seek for a situation. He was, it seemed, quite uncertain whether he had a greater natural bent for mule-driving or water-carrying. Several times I met him afterwards in the bazaars, and on several occasions he greeted me effusively, and once when we were unobserved he even kissed the hem of my garment. This lip-service I was graciously pleased to acknowledge by giving him a few matches, which he proudly stuck in his kinky hair. About a month later it dawned upon me that owing to the *entrée* into the Kairouin which he possessed the boy might become a useful channel of information. But the young vagabond now cut me

dead. I passed him sitting before the gates of the Temple, crouching respectfully at the "feet of Gamaliel," who was represented in this case by an unhealthy and almost naked saint. He looked me squarely in the eyes, and ignored me completely, not seeming to suffer the slightest embarrassment or pangs of conscience at his ungrateful behaviour. His better nature had evidently succumbed to the fanatical atmosphere of the shrine and to the lessons of hatred to all Christians inculcated there.

The education of Morocco's *liebe jugend* is very simple indeed. The first words that boys—and girls too, for that matter—are taught, are words of execration and of blasphemy. In Tetuan, where, owing to the evidences of higher culture and the direct descent of its inhabitants from the distinguished families of the Caliphate of Cordova, better things are to be expected, I have heard women on the house-tops, women from the harems of nobles, shrieking with laughter at the blasphemous and sacrilegious words spoken by some toddling tot of four or five who had been carefully trained to afford them amusement in this unusual way. These exhibitions of precocious profanity I could well understand—that is, viewed from the Moorish standpoint—if their object was always a Jew or a Christian ; but such is not the case. Then at the age of five or six the boys are sent to a *jama*, or preliminary school, where the old *taleeb,* by dint of thrashing and by occasionally compelling a more than usually backward scholar to wear an enormous dunce-cap, goads

them into learning the principal verses of the Koran. If the parents are wealthy, or, what I venture to say is very rare, wish that their offspring should receive a higher education, they are handed over to the care of a *taleeb*, or educated man, from whom they acquire further knowledge—or nonsense, as you may please to call it.

Now we come to the work of the Kairouin University properly speaking. If any roll were kept, I should say there are about one thousand students regularly matriculated. Of these about four hundred are given a daily pittance of bread by the trustees of the fund bequeathed by the sainted Fatma, which has been held sacred and remained intact all through the vicissitudes of the civil and dynastic wars that have raged continually for the last six hundred years in Morocco. These four hundred assisted students are recruited by the village schoolmasters throughout the empire, and sent up to Fez to receive the "higher education," which I shall endeavour to describe, and are supported by the funds of the foundation. These *bettel-studenten* receive daily a loaf of bread and a new *jellab* once a year. They wear no other clothing but the *jellab*, under-clothing being quite beyond their means and ideas of what is proper. They sleep in the court-yards of the mosque. The most sought-after sleeping apartments for the students are little vaulted cells called *mederças*, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Kairouin. Possibly this is because the Moorish students have the same difficulty as students of the Western world in persuading themselves at daybreak that prayer is better than sleep. At all

events, if they have to go to chapel they do not want to go far. But these *mederças* can only be sought after with any hope of success by students either possessing a long purse or a recognized tendency towards holy living as they understand it. Many of the academic youth, however, succeed in finding favour in the sight of some merchant, who allows them to sleep in his house, and to take a hand—I mean this literally—in devouring the family *kouscouso*. In return for these favours the students are expected to do odd jobs, "chores," such as the New England students perform for farmers or inn-keepers in order that they may obtain the money necessary for carrying on their University work during the winter.

The Kairouin student looks after the merchant's mules, keeps his books, and carries his turban once a week to be rolled by Mouktar, the fashionable hatter, who has a shop near to the Shrine of Mulai Edriss, frequented and patronized by all the notables from the Grand Vizier downward. These pensioners are the only serious students, if even they can be so called, that frequent the University. They certainly come under the denomination of what Schiller in his celebrated Jena address termed contemptuously "brodgelehrte," for they study only that they may receive some bread-winning position. To the flames of the sacred fire they are indeed mental salamanders. They generally become, after four or five years of the curriculum, *adools* or notaries, *taleebs* or doctors of law, or perhaps secretaries, clerks to *cadis* (judges) who cannot write. The higher government offices are closed to them owing to the very education they

have taken such pains to obtain. Bashaws and Cadis are always chosen from the military caste or the local gentry, the very men who have not even the smattering of knowledge which the poor Kairouin students must pick up during the four or five years they hang about the venerable foundation. Every government position is awarded to the highest bidder, and the happy office-holders are expected, like the nominees of the late Boss Tweed, to "work" their office for all its worth, and to send nine-tenths of the profits to Fez to be presented to the Sultan or the Vizier, who may happen to be the chief of their particular department. Should the office-holder be not as are the children of Mammon, he will enjoy his office-holding distinction a very short time indeed. Of course the Sultan does occasionally yield to what is at first sight an impulse or a yearning for better things, and does give a valuable post to a man without exacting a large advance payment; but it is generally found, I regret to say, that the discerning eye of the *Seedna* has discovered in his nominee predatory instincts, and a slumbering rapacity which has only awaited an opportunity to show itself. Some of the other "brodgelehrte" gradually succeed their professors in the posts to which the Mokaddum and the trustees of the foundation appoint them. Some, those for choice who wield an ornate pen and command a flow of complimentary and eulogistic language, get appointments as *attachés* to the Corps of Historians who follow the Sultan's every movement, catch his most insignificant word, and once a week submit to his inspection the beautiful writings and illuminated

missals in which are chronicled the doings and sayings of their lord for the past seven days. These beautifully-bound volumes when completed are carefully placed in the Kairouin library to serve as documents to the history of Morocco, ay, as the Sultan doubtless fondly imagines, of the world. The history of the present ruler, Mulai Hassan, has reached the six hundredth volume. Wisest, indeed, are those students who "take to religion," and gradually set themselves up in the "saint business." Of course, for this purpose it is very advantageous to be connected with a saint, to have Shereefian blood flowing in your veins, or even to be descended, or, what is about the same thing, to claim unchallenged descent from some well-known marabout, or one of the *Sulhama*, a term which in Morocco is not applied to all the militant apostles of Mahomet, but exclusively to the conquerors of the "Western province." But, if these claims cannot be proved, or if the pretensions of the holy man in embryo are not received with favour, the resources of the Moorish religion in the manufacture of saints are not by any means exhausted. In Morocco the Church, like the communal government of the Kabyles, is the essence of pure democracy, and, throwing pretensions of pride and holy descent to the winds, the clever student, weary of the *misere* of his academic career, can with patience and long-suffering become a "self-made saint," and rise to a proud and lucrative position by his own exertions. The apprenticeship to this profession is not, of course, by any means the most delightful way of spending your time between the years of twenty-five

and thirty-five. In Morocco the odour of sanctity is not a pleasant atmosphere to dwell in. Still the rewards are dazzling, and indeed they are the only solid and substantial rewards, safe from the whim and caprice of Bashaw and Sultan, that are to be reaped by the children of men in Morocco. For a few years the aspirant must content himself with the most meagre fare. He must content himself with taking his food at the *table d'hôte* of Fortune. He must allow his hair and beard to grow untrimmed. He must discard all clothing, and carefully cultivate and encourage any inclination to skin disease that he may be so fortunate as to inherit or develop by his life during his *wanderjahre*. He must abuse his person in the most brutal manner, bang his head against stone walls, until so callous does it become that he can cleave it with an axe without so much as winking. Then the aspiring saint, who will by these exploits and this manner of life have won quite a reputation as a holy man, generally retires from the world to some place suitable for a shrine on the outskirts of a rich and superstitious province. He here sets himself up by the entrance of a cave, or under the shade of a splendid olive or ilex tree for choice; the country people minister to his wants, which at first are simple. As he feels himself firmly started as a saint, his simple wants expand, and he becomes more difficult to please. The country people readily accept the situation and give him his tithes, paying him royally for the blessings he bestows on their flocks and their fields, or for his condescension in laying his holy hand upon their sick and diseased. In time

A Minaret of the Kairouin.

the country people, generally with very slight provocation, become ardent believers in the prowess and miracle-making power of their own particular and local saint ; and as we in England sometimes pit our local pugilists against each other in a mill to decide which is the best man, so the Kabyles sometimes bring their saints together for a tourney in working wonders ; but the miracle-makers, it would seem, like other more civilized impostors, have a professional etiquette of their own, and always succeed in hoodwinking the sinners without in any way impairing their prestige. The faith of the Kabyles is too unthinking and too considerate to ever subject them to the rude surprise that overtook the unhappy bishop, who, according to the Magyar legend, while preaching to an assembly of Huns on the Blocksberg by Buda, was suddenly thrown over the mountain in order, as his benevolent murderers contended, that he might be given an opportunity of showing that he was as good a man as any of the rest of the apostles—and could fly.

The saint, once formally established, lives in laziness and luxury, and bequeathes his bones to his progeny—generally a very numerous one, for, though the saints generally live ignorant of wine, their acquaintance with women is invariably quite an extended one. The fortunate progeny form themselves into a company, and build for their saintly ancestor a tomb in a "simple inexpensive" mosque, that they erect generally on the very spot which he hallowed for years in the exercise of his saintly functions. In rotation the relatives stand at watch over

the tomb, and take gate-money from all who enter the mosque, and, if the saint was widely known, his bones generally bring in to the family a fat living for generations. Perhaps the most pleasing thing about the saint business in Morocco is that, however prone you may be to backsliding, you cannot fall from grace however much you may want to; clerical vagaries which in other worlds and in other religions would call forth condign punishment, are always lightly regarded by the Moorish public and accorded plenary indulgence. A saint cannot commit a sin. There is at least one saint in Morocco whom I have time and again seen in a state of intoxication only to be accounted for by his well-known indulgence in alcoholic beverages. I have even pointed him out to his worshippers as the contents of a whiskey bottle went gurgling down his throat, but they only smiled at my ignorance, and treated the petty malice of my remarks with pity and contempt.

"It is very true," they said, "the saint is drinking whiskey, but he's such a holy man that the moment the exciting liquid reaches his throat, by contact with his holy person it immediately becomes innocent mare's milk." Who would not be a saint in Morocco? But, of course, the great majority of the students return to their native villages, where they enjoy a reputation for erudition, and convert their knowledge into the copper coin of the realm.

In addition to the "brodgelehrte," whose careers I have endeavoured to describe, there come every year to Fez some four or five hundred other young men to attend lectures at the Kairouin in a desultory

way. They do not matriculate, are very casual in their attendance, and come very much under the category of the foreigners who frequent Heidelberg and Bonn as *auserordentliche hörer*. They are the sons of high Government functionaries, or of Taradunt and Tafilet merchants suddenly enriched by some successful slave or salt caravan excursion to Timbuctoo; and then there is generally a Mahommedan princelet or two from the Niger delta, who has been sent by his fond parents to the fascinating city of many fountains and of many pleasures to fashion his manners, broaden his mind, or *jeter sa gourme*, the peculiar folly of fond parents all the world over. These wealthy students bring with them frequently their harems and major-domos, and attendant slaves carrying their sacks of gold-dust. They have secret and masonic societies, very much after the fashion, I dare say, of the D.K.E. at Harvard, or the "Skull and Bones" at Yale; but I must say, to their credit, I never heard it ever charged against them that they convened to debate on literary or historic subjects, or wrote essays on the cardinal virtues.

The *jeunesse dorée* of the Morocco Universities take their pleasures, apparently at least, very sadly. They never awaken the slumbering echoes of Fez with merry student songs. They have the stately deportment of Venetian notables, and many of them the girth of bishops. They have only one field sport, which they do not indulge in very frequently. It bears a ludicrous resemblance to football. They choose a field about a hundred yards long, and make narrow goals at each end. Then a wooden or a rope

ball is thrown in their midst, which they kick about most dexterously. How they succeed in doing it without kicking off their *baboshas* or slippers is a mystery; but this misadventure, naturally to be expected, I never witnessed. They do not seem to divide into sides, but every man seems to play on his own hand, or rather with his own foot. If he cannot kick the ball through one goal—*inshalah!*—he will try to kick it through the other.

But, generally, they spend their time in drinking mint tea, anointing themselves with vile scents, smoking *keef* in large quantities, wearing rich silk caftans embroidered in crying colours very much after the custom of our own *liebe jugend* of wearing many-coloured waistcoats, and the academic day is invariably concluded with a prodigious spread of *kouscous*.

If they study nothing else, it must be said they do set themselves seriously and conscientiously to the study of women, the root of all evil, perhaps, but surely the root, branch and tree-top of all knowledge. In this pursuit they are greatly facilitated by the lax divorce laws which obtain in Fez. I hope the reader has not misunderstood me—these academic studies of femininity are always carried on well within the strict bonds of matrimony. Only after a week's research—if it seem to the student that the study is not a congenial one, or one not likely to repay the expenditure of energy required—he puts his wife of a week away and takes a new one, always, as I say, under the shelter of the law. An amusing stipulation always inserted in these academic marriages

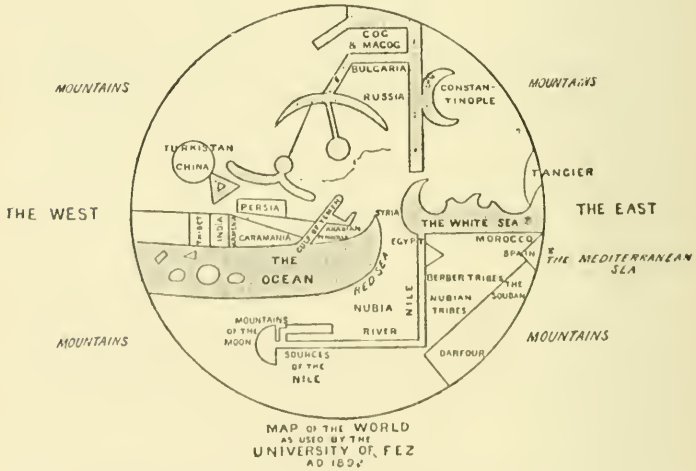
reads to the effect that, when the student leaves Fez with a *summa cum laude*—or without it—in his saddle bags, the wife cannot be compelled to follow him ; also that his absence from Fez at any time, for a period of any length, dissolves the marriage without any further proceedings. This strange custom has grown up owing to the very natural reluctance of the Fazzi women to leave the gay capital, to change the luxurious life on the house-tops of Fez for a mule-back ambling hither and thither on the burning sands of the Sahara. I never heard of one of these student wives following her lord and master to his southern home. They very much resemble the *grisettes* of the Quartier Latin. I never heard of a student at the Beaux Arts carrying off in triumph to his distant home an *etúdiante* of the Rue de Seine.

One of these belles of the academic youth, with her eyes encircled with kohl and her fingers tipped with henna, was once pointed out to me. She was a tall, finely-built woman, and had that great beauty which the Italian proverb commends and extols as the greatest beauty of woman—*una bella andatura*. She was clothed in a rich *haïk*, which revealed the graceful outlines of a lithe and active figure. I could well understand, even under the disadvantages of meeting her in her street costume, the charms for which she was famous. I was told that her looks had been the only books of a succession of students for the past ten years—one after another these poor fellows, when their gold-dust was exhausted, had gone southward to their homes, to begin the serious business of life, while she stayed on and lived and

loved in the shadow of the holy shrine. Knowing that as a Christian I should be debarred from entering the lists, I put Salem El Sheshouani, my faithful and particular boy, on her track, for the purpose of getting out of her what information I could as to the lives of the academic youth. I have every reason to believe that Salem executed my commission, which he entered upon with enthusiasm, with more than his customary thoroughness and despatch. The next day he came to me for money to buy the "lady" a pair of embroidered boots. On the following day he wanted a Breber anklet for the fair one; but the only information about her life I succeeded in extracting in return was that he found her "muy bonita" (very pretty). As I became insistent he said she was "one nice lady woman," and then the confession wrung from him with great difficulty, that he liked her very much—"bezoff, bezoff!" (Very much, very much). The fervour which Salem put into that word "bezoff," the flash of the eye that accompanied it, would have carried him far on the operatic stage as a *tenore robusto*.

Towards the end of May the students requisition tents from the Grand Vizier, and, leaving their lowly abodes in the city, go into camp, generally on the banks of the Fez, near the Sultan's gardens. Here a fortnight is spent in very serious fooling. To supply the indispensable, deputations of students march through the town from door to door, assessing every inhabitant according to his means, so that, at least during their summer outing, they may all have plenty of sheep *kous-cous-o* and mint tea.

Extravagant tales are told of the mad antics they perform during their vacation, and I have heard it asserted that these grave and reverend seigneurs of sixteen to twenty even condescend to play at leap-frog and turn "hand-springs. But, in all fairness, I must say that I have never seen them so engaged



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myself, and, if I did, I should feel very much inclined to discredit my eyesight.

On going into camp the students, by popular vote, elect one of their number "Sultan of the Tholba," and as long as they remain under canvas his sway is as undisputed as the word of the "Caliph of the Lord enthroned on high," the great Seedna himself. I have been told that the corruption and the bribery

practised at these elections far surpass anything known even in more democratic countries where the ballot has a regularly quoted market value. On several occasions of late years the Sultan has visited the encampment, and conferred, with mock seriousness, with "his brother," the Sultan of the Tholba, on matters of State as well as of academ ic interest.

I made every effort to cultivate the acquaintance of the Tholba, and, after experiencing many a rebuff, became fast friends with three or four of their number, who, under cover of darkness, would come to my garden and discourse learnedly upon the greatness of their University. At last I succeeded in inducing them to bring some of their text-books with them, and many a long night session we spent in discussing their merits, and in comparing them with the educational works of Christendom. It was in one of these night sessions, greatly prolonged owing to my small supply of Arabic, that I stumbled upon the geography containing the map of the world of which the illustration on p. 194 is a fac-simile copy. This learned work was written some fifty years ago by a learned pundit who had travelled to Mecca, and was a Lord Pilgrim as well as *fukie*. I do not believe there is a student or a professor attached to the University that has any misgivings in his mind but what this map is a perfectly correct representation of the world in which he lives. Englishmen, who do not as a rule suffer in any great numbers from the modern disease of self-contempt, and are generally found to have a just appreciation of the magnitude of the empire on which the sun never sets, will regret to learn that

one of the infinitely small islands in the ocean south of Thibet was thought by my Tholb to represent very fairly the geographical situation and importance of England.

"That, I suppose, is Ireland," I said, pointing out the adjacent sister island.

"Where is Ireland? What is Ireland? I never heard of Ireland," replied the Tholb, shaking his head dubiously.

I saw then that I was confronted with an instance of where ignorance is truly something very nearly akin to bliss. Spain, it will be noticed, is mentioned by name on the map—an honour accorded to but one other Christian country. This is doubtless because the Iberian peninsula is a large and undeniable geographical fact in plain view of the northern coast of the "Western Province." Why Russia is the only other Christian country having the honour of mention I can only explain on the ground that, as that country never bothers the Sultan with missions and embassies, the Moors are correspondingly grateful.

I found it very difficult, in fact almost impossible, to get any clear idea of the curriculum followed at the University. There are certainly distinct faculties of ecclesiastical and of civil law (the Shraa), and there are very many lectures on astrology, for to this basest variety of science the descendants of the great Arabian astronomers have come. Then there are always going on learned disquisitions on the *Bokhari*, a series of holy volumes that occupy the same position to Islam as the Talmud does to Jewry; also

courses in higher mathematics, and in alchemy and divination. I must say that the Tholba whom I met showed remarkable quickness in solving mathematical problems which were far beyond my depth.

With this meagre information, the knowledge I gathered with such difficulty regarding the Kairouin as an educational centre is quite exhausted. When I left the holy city a great tournament of learned men and pundits was announced to come off shortly, and I certainly would have remained to witness the proceedings if there had been any chance of my being permitted to assist at their sessions. Wise and learned pundits, the intellectual giants of Mauritania, were coming from Tlemcen, Mazagran, and Marakesh, to discuss with imperturbable gravity the large question as to whether the earth revolves around the sun or *vice versa*.

As a hot-bed of fanaticism and a never-failing well of religious feeling, volumes might be written about the Kairouin. In case there be any truth in the rumours which are continually appearing in the political press of Europe, to the effect that one or more of the European powers are on the point of annexing this much-coveted and very desirable country, it would be well for these statesmen to pause and count well the cost before entering upon an enterprise which, if undertaken, will be certainly costly. They should take note of the great renaissance of fanatical feeling in African Islam in the past decade, due partly to the successes of the Mahdi in the Eastern Soudan, and partly to the wonderful growth of the Senussi brotherhood throughout the

Dark Continent, and the extraordinary power which the Senussi Mahdi himself, from his seat in Southern Tripoli, exercises throughout Northern Africa. There is no doubt in my mind that, the next time Morocco declares hostilities against any Christian power, the green standard of the Prophet and the Sulhama, now carefully guarded in the Kairouin, will be unfurled, and a holy war proclaimed with far-reaching consequences, that it is difficult, in fact impossible, to estimate in advance.

After having experienced some rather severe snubbing, I succeeded in entering upon relations with several of the *fukies* or professors of the ancient foundation. When I met them in the bazaars, in reply to my Catholic "Peace be with you," they would, with characteristic narrow-mindedness, reply, "Peace be unto all true *believers*." Finally, however, I succeeded in luring them also to my encampment. They drank my tea, carefully guarding their garments and their persons as much as possible from coming into defiling contact with their Christian host. When I showed them the New Testament, and reminded them that in the Koran they are expressly commanded to read the life of *Seedna Aissi* (the Lord Jesus) and the Acts of the Apostles, they positively shuddered. When at last they found speech, they said they were quite willing to do that, but unfortunately wicked men among the Kaffirs had laid impious hands on the good book, and that its meaning had been very much distorted and its precepts perverted, since the days of the Prophet.

I then offered to place them in possession of a Greek Testament, and of an English one for comparative study of the translation, but as they neither had the English nor the Greek at their disposal, and evidently did not care a rushlight one way or the other about it, my offer came to nothing. So the Fukies went their way of ignorance and darkness, in which they delight, after a stately leave-taking, and though they had quaffed my tea and partaken of my sweets, their parting salutation was still the un-Catholic "Peace be to all true believers."

But, perhaps, it is as a library and a great depository of ancient writings that the Kairouin excites interest and curiosity rather than from the other points of view which I have here dwelt upon.

It has been thought, or rather, more correctly speaking, only fondly hoped, by the learned men throughout Christendom, that among the rubbishy chronicles of the Kairouin there would some day be found the missing classics, the lost books of Euclid and of Livy, among others. Indeed in some of the more ancient books of travel on Morocco it is expressly stated that many of the manuscripts that were saved from the burning of the Alexandrian Library were taken to Seville, Granada, and Fez. In weighing these statements I think it should be remembered that the Kairouin was founded at the very least one hundred years after the fire that was so disastrous to learning, and that these manuscripts would have had a lot of knocking about before they found a home on the shelves in the subterranean cellars of the Kairouin. I think it possible that on

leaving Seville and Granada the Moors may have brought with them to Morocco many of the precious volumes which are known to have been in these libraries, but which have now disappeared. For the last fifty years it has been the effort of every European minister accredited to Morocco to obtain some information regarding these treasures, but the Sultan has always sturdily asserted that there were no books at all in the Kairouin, or that they had crumbled into dust from age long centuries before. My inquiries, though hardly in a measure commensurate with the labour and amount of time expended, were certainly more successful. There can be no two opinions as to the presence of a very large number of ancient manuscripts in the Kairouin Library, and these volumes—a creditable thing for the lazy and indolent Moors—are certainly the object of very great care. The trustees of the Kairouin have a regular staff of custodians chosen from the University professors and teachers, who are charged with the safe keeping of the books; and the cellars are annually inspected, and the books repaired when the necessity arises. I should say that, bar accidents of fire, in the future, when the library is thrown open, the manuscripts will be found in a very fair state of preservation.

Upon another point my informants all agreed. They said that in the library there are quite a number of books written in strange unknown tongues. Generally, my genial Tholba friends asserted, they were written in Greek; but on my showing them a book in German, they were unanimously of opinion

Court-yards of Kairouin.

Snap-shots with a Camera.

that this was the language in which the volumes were written. So I am forced to the conclusion that any writing which is not Arabic is Greek to the Fukies and Tholba of Fez.

I was devising a scheme, and planning to get into the closely guarded cellars under the sanctuary, where the books are kept, and having a look at the volumes myself; when, misled by the unscrupulous lies that were circulated by the emissaries of other powers, the Fazzi suddenly assumed an attitude of such hostility to the English Mission and the other foreigners in Fez, on a friendly footing with its members, that we had quite enough adventures and fights forced upon us as we rode quietly through the city, without running the risk of surreptitiously exploring the Kairouin.

Prevented from investigating the library with my own eyes, I, however, succeeded in getting hold of some of the manuscripts. I suppose I ought to blush at the recital, but I was forced to bribe my friends, the Tholba, to steal the volumes for me. During the last ten days of my stay in Fez they purloined from the shelves of the library some thirty manuscripts, and brought them to me hidden away in the capacious folds of their *jelaabs*. Unfortunately, however, they had neither time nor the knowledge to steal with discrimination; so the books they brought me were of comparatively small value, and I had them all replaced, with four or five exceptions. I kept a very beautifully illuminated edition of the Bokhari, bound at Seville, several volumes of amatory poetry, written in the thirteenth century, I believe, and a long and

very prosy account of a pilgrimage to Mecca, made by a Fukie of Fez in the fifteenth century. I, however, failed to get hold of any of the manuscripts, which, as the Tholba assert, are written in "Greek."

I feel quite incapable of conveying by mere words the condescension, the pity and the contempt which the Moors of the University class have for our achievements in every branch of knowledge. They are just as firmly convinced of their immeasurable superiority as is the Sultan that his army is the most magnificent fighting machine in the world. The learned Fukies and the wise Tholbas of the Kairouin regard our universities as puny, struggling schools, where fortunately only false knowledge and the black arts are taught. The following anecdote I consider characteristic of their views. One evening several of the Tholbas had been drinking tea with me in my garden, and, in the course of a rather Ollendorfian conversation which took place on these occasions, I spoke of two of the members of the Mission. "One is a great military *caid*," I said, "and the other a very wise man; a *tabeeb* [a doctor] and a *taleeb* [a learned man of law] in one." As my guests departed I heard one of them say to the other, "What an awful lie! There are no great *caids* or learned men outside of Morocco." "Of course there are not," replied the other wise man, laughing at my attempt to impose upon their superior knowledge of the world.

CHAPTER XII.

FROM FEZ TO FLEET STREET.

Refused credit by our Fez banker—The forced sale of our rifles—A blessing in disguise—Veuve Cliquot and her burden—The phial of Mephistopheles—A ghastly exhibition—The Sultan's Emin—The call to prayer—A night with scorpions and centipedes—W. C.'s devotion—A wretched wilderness of foul-smelling huts—A mad jest—The joy of the blind men—A terrible ride.

WE had many knotty problems to solve on that warm day of July in far-off Fez, with the temperature at 110 deg. and a journey with ill-conditioned animals to the sea coast, 200 miles away, before us. The Ansera, or hot spell, was at its height, and the Sherga, or sirocco winds, come over the sand plains from the Sahara like hot blasts from Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. With all these problems unsolved, however, we tore our saintly muleteers from the sacred precincts of Mulai Edriss (where, lost in pious ecstasy, they crouched before the tomb of the Moorish apostle), and sent them away all unwilling across the burning sand plains on the first day's journey to the midland sea.

Then we called and had a most unsatisfactory interview with my banker, who did business hidden

away in a little box which looked like a dog-house in the banking bazaar. In a very few minutes I discovered that though my signature was supported

Visit to our Bankers.

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by names of unimpeachable security, he wanted no more of my paper, and the rich assortment of bad silver rejected by all the civilized countries of the globe, which on former occasions he had given me

with such effusive politeness, was not to be forthcoming at the very moment when I most needed it Having no other alternative, we rode out into the Sôk, and Salem, my own particular boy and servant, proudly shouldered our repeating rifles, hawked them about the place until we got our price—and a very good price it was too, though paid in coin not above suspicion. In view of our very recent encounter with the Basha's soldiers, and my own unhappy conflict with the religious mountaineers, some of our friends thought this action *crâne*, others silly, but at all events we got money for our journey, which was the main point.

As it afterwards turned out, the complete breakdown of our banking arrangements was a blessing in disguise. The sale of our rifles had a prodigious effect upon the Moors, who deemed it voluntary, and who, as they jealously watched our every movement, murmured, "If the *sirrani* are selling their 'multiple death-dealing guns,' it must be that they have in their *swarrees* some still more terrible engine of war;" and it was perhaps to this incident that we owe the fact that we crossed quite unmolested the barren hill before Mekinez that evening—a dangerous tract of country about ten miles long, infested by *cataltreks*, or robbers. We found it a terribly dull and burnt-up mountain, barren of trees and of water and of any shelter. Even the Sultan shuns this no-man's land, and it is said that he pays a tribute to the robber chiefs who infest it when his path leads him this way and that he never crosses it except in the midst of his army. At about every fifty feet of our journey

we stumbled upon a mound of stones, heaped up there by pious pilgrims to mark the spot where some terrible deed of blood had been done.

It was nearly seven o'clock in the evening as we rode out of our fever-stricken garden. Salem led the way with our "drink" mule Veuve Cliquot, who proudly bore the precious burden which had been allotted to her in recognition of her great sobriety of demeanour and sureness of foot. The Bashador, as was to have been expected of him, had taken a noble revenge. He had not wished us to cross the Sebou plains while the Strega blew with a breath of flame. He had wished that we should accompany him on the following morning on his own journey through the cooler and the easier country down to the sea by Salee. But the world was waiting for news. Fleet Street is a stern mistress. So we decided for the shortest way—the three days of mad galloping across the burnt-up country; and the Bashador, with the contents of the securely-padlocked box, made the shortest way possible.

As we rode out of the garden of sweet singing *bulbuls*, fragrant with flowers and fresh with the murmur of its many streams, Sid Marakshi met us. He was a venerable Fazi merchant with a magnificent house which he had shown us, and thirty or forty most beautiful slaves, which he had not shown us; so we permitted ourselves to espy them. Often he had begged me to make him young again, and even after I gave him bread pills, he still complained querulously of old age. Now, it seems, he had come to say good-bye with a singular inspiration. He had heard of

the Bashador's generous gift, and said if I would but give him one of those bottles with the frosted silver foil he knew past all doubt that he would be young again, if only for a day—if only for an hour. It is wonderful how sternly resolute you can be when starting on a desert journey—how selfishly one clings to the foaming wine of champagne when the mercury stands at 108 deg.; so in place of wine I gave Sid Marakshi advice and suggestions. I advised him to ransack the Kairouin Library and read Tully's "De Senectute." Then, relenting at the sight of his fallen hopes, I told him of the fountain of perennial youth in the Everglades of Florida, and invited him to come to the Chicago Exhibition after his bath in the rejuvenating waters. There was anything but implicit faith or the ring of gratitude in the old man's vehement *slaama*, that came echoing after us down the narrow winding street. Indeed, it had very much the intonation of a curse.

As we rode out of the town the Fazi were more insulting than even heretofore. The story of the affronts the Sultan and his advisers had showered upon the English Bashador and the members of his Mission had run like wildfire through the bazaars, and it was all thought very clever Shereefian statesmanship. So the women covered their faces and turned contemptuously their ample backs towards us. The men glowered and frowned, and even the children cursed us in their childish trebles. "May the true God strike thee to the ground, Christian," shrieked a toddling hopeful of four, and one and all in what seemed concerted unison spat at our feet as

we rode by. Just before reaching Bab Sigma we came to the earthly resting-place of a great saint, one of whose most pronounced attributes was a personal animosity against me. From time immemorial almost he eats and drinks and sleeps, and performs other saintly functions on a huge dung-heap by the Bab Sigma. His hair was long, and hung over his shoulders in kinky curls. Seeing me coming and noting my general appearance of a traveller who will not return, he prepared to give me a warm "send off." For a moment he girded up his loins and prepared for the supreme effort in execration. I mean this figuratively, for, as usual, he was stark naked, without even a fig-leaf. "May the curse of the true God blast thy life, Christian." "May thy grandmother rot in the seventh storey of hell." "May no children grow up in thy household." He staggered to his feet and stretched out his bony hand, his emaciated arm towards me, with an imprecating gesture which was certainly forcible and picturesque. I breathed hard as the "drink" mule, Veuve Cliquot, ambled cheerfully past the raging saint, but not a bottle was broken.

We then rode on through the Mesch Wa, or Court of Audience, where the Sultan, "with his horse for throne and the blue sky for canopy," "the Caliph of the Lord enthroned on high," receives the ambassadors of foreign European potentates with considerably less distinction and consideration than he shows to the robber kaid of his own country. Then we rode out of Bab Sigma, and with one accord turned back to look once more on the beautiful "Western Mecca,"

where man only is vile and foul. But my eyes drooped and my blood ran cold at the sight I beheld, —a sight which, though I have seen it so often, my senses refuse to become familiar with. From above the portals of the ancient gate there grinned down upon us three ghastly human heads. In regard to these heads I have my own ideas, which did not coincide with those of Salem. He told me that they belonged to robber chiefs, captured in the Atlas by the great Seedna's soldiers. I am quite sure from what I have seen of them in my various trips through Morocco that the Shereefian soldiers are far too gun-shy to attack an armed foe, even for the five pesetas with which the head of an enemy is paid for by a grateful sovereign. No; I think the life of a brigand in a large way of business in Morocco would be rated by even the most cautious of our insurance people as a "first-class" risk. My ideas about the *provenance* of these heads is that they are generally volunteered by the owners—indigent beggars or broken-down slaves, impatient for the pleasures of Paradise, who stipulate in return, or rather in advance, to get a filling ante-mortem feed on sheep and *kouscous*. Another source whence the ghastly adornments of these gates come, is that however cautiously and timorously they may behave, every now and then a Shereefian soldier skirting the territory of a robber chief gets killed, when his comrades immediately cut off his head, claim the reward, and send the ghastly relic of their comrade to festoon the portals of Bab Sigma.

I was determined that this ghastly sight was not

to be my last, and consequently most lasting, impression of Fez, so leaving the road, we climbed for ten minutes or so up the steep hill-side to the right, and came to a halt by the old bastion of Mulai Ismael, now known as the Dar el Baroud, or powder

The ghastly view of the City Gate.
From "The Daily Graphic," by permission.

magazine. We were now about six hundred feet above the city, and almost directly over it. Fez, the "Western Mecca," with its myriad gardens, its many mosques, and narrow, tortuous, meandering streets, lay at our feet, and stood revealed, I think, as the

most beautiful city that the Mahommedan world contains. It lies from east to west along the Faz, the River of Pearls, as the Moorish chroniclers style it, and is built upon the slopes of Giebel Salah, and extends down the beautiful valley towards the silvery Sebou. In the very rock upon which we stood there had been cut with great labour a subterranean passage, doubtless by some Moor who came here day by day to mourn over the panorama of decadence and decay that lay before him. The entrance to this passage is hidden by heavy overhanging bushes; but one day I had stumbled upon it and found that, by following it on hands and knees, I could emerge on a ledge of the cliff some fifty feet below the bastion. Here, undisturbed, unseen, and unmolested, as in an opera *baignoire* when the shutter panels are up, I had sat time and again for many hours watching the still life scenes of the dying city. This was impossible now. The sun was low, very low, and the village of the Beni Omar forty miles away. I could only permit myself one comprehensive glance as I looked for the last time upon the tomb-like city. The shadows of evening were gathering, and the dewy mist from the River of Pearls rose and enveloped the city as with a shroud. The bold outlines of Mulai Edriss became vague, shadowy, and unsubstantial. Even as I looked it vanished as though it were all a dream. Its *koubbas* of brilliant green looked dull and black, and the golden ball that tops the sharp spire so fiery red a moment before is dark and colourless. The sun has set, and it is twilight now.

The Muedin comes out on the tower of the Sultan's Mosque to sing out the muezzin. He seems very near to me, for the palace grounds, out of which the mosque arises, lie at my feet. He gives the starting cry, and then, as though they had awaited the signal in ambush, on every tower of mosque, an Emin appears, and the cry that once overran the world—aye, from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic, and made all Christendom tremble—falls upon my ear. "Allah akbar, Allah akbar." "God is great, God is great, and Mahomet is His messenger. Sleep is good, but prayer is better." From my point of vantage I see the sightless orbs of the Sultan's Emin, as with outstretched arms he sends back to Mecca the war-cry of the Sulhama. His sightless orbs I say advisedly, for he who would become the Sultan's Emin must first consent to lose his sight, and never more be gladdened by the light of day, for his mosque commands a view of the garden of the Sultanas, which the Sultan frequents in his less fearful and more humane moods, and so the Emin may not see him.

We came up with our little caravan shortly after midnight. We had gone forty miles in five hours, which is good mule travelling, though bad for the mules. Veuve Cliquot, however, proved a jewel, and not even a single bottle was broken. It was only the knowledge we had of her kicking propensity that restrained us from kissing her all round. It was nearly two before the mules had their *yerba* and we our champagne, which we had buried deep in marshy ground until cool enough to drink. Instead of the

fragile, long-stemmed glasses of civilization, we drank out of the sweet-smelling cedar-wood goblets which the Ben M'ghil hoop so cleverly with brass, and to me the foaming wine of Champagne never tasted more refreshing. We then spread out our Zimmoor rugs under an ilex tree, and prepared for what we knew would be a short sleep. It was, however, shorter even than we had anticipated. As I turned in I almost providentially discovered a scorpion in the folds of my rug, and the sight of the gruesome reptile banished all thought of sleep from my mind for the night. W. C. was not more fortunate. All night his bed was traversed by relays of centipedes, who rushed across his rug at racing speed.

Just as I was dozing off I was sharply awakened to consciousness by two sharp bites between the eyes and as I sprang hastily up I felt in the darkness something gruesome, something clammy, reptile-like glide off my shoulder on to the ground. I awakened W. C., who immediately sucked my wounds and rubbed them with ammonia. He was the picture of woe, and evidently thought, as I did, that I had been bitten by the deadly akreeb or scorpion, and that my death was merely a matter of hours. Without any reserve whatever he placed the whiskey bottle before me, and then with the flickering light of our candle casting ghostly shadows about our little tent, we awaited the things that were to come. As after half an hour's waiting I showed no signs of my approaching dissolution, W. C. became very jovial, and, shall I say it? sceptical. After another

quarter of an hour, he so far forgot himself as to say, "Pass that bottle, please; seems to me I have as much of that akreeb's poison in me as you have."

In two hours we gave it up, and shortly after four were in the saddle again. I shall not make in this narrative any further allusions to the heat by day and the cold by night from which we suffered, because frank friends advise me that they are not calculated to increase my reputation for veracity, but I will say that at night when we rode I always found it advisable to wear an ulster and all the other heavy clothing that was available, and despite all this I was still always chilled to the very bone, while at midday it was a moral effort for me to keep on even the zephyr covering of the Moorish *Selham*.

From four we rode steadily on till eleven o'clock, and by practising cruelty to our animals we got nearly six miles an hour out of them. At midday we reached a wretched, miserable *douar*, or collection of huts, where we halted. These rows of brown huts might easily have been taken, and not from a very great distance either, for heaps of barn-yard refuse, and the wretched people who crawled out of them, with the inevitable *Salemalikum* on their lips, for just so many miserable sluggish maggots. The *Shimshin Sahoun*—the hot sun—here enveloped us as with a pillar of flame, and the breath of the *Strega* overcame us. I felt as though I had been in the hottest room of a Hamam since daybreak, and still my skin was dry as tinder and parchment to the touch. I think for a moment I went mad—at least I hope I shall escape moral responsibility for

the incident of the hour. I do not remember the name of this *douar*, and I would that the merciful powers would provide me with some subtle potion that might wash all memory of it from my recollection altogether. I was indeed in a very bad humour. A short and somewhat *staccato* conversation with the headman had not greatly enlightened me on matters in general, but I learnt that we had come some five miles out of the direct road in order to camp in this wretched wilderness of rambling, foul-smelling huts, and this was not calculated to improve my temper. It seems there was an Homeric friendship between the headman and the Kaid Sudeck, or perhaps there was a lady in the case. At all events I took malicious pains, and am certain the *rendezvous* never came off. With unimproved temper, I called the men about me and gave them a talking to. If we had come so very fast and ridden so very hard, I said, it was not on our account, but because we knew that Bushta-el-Bagdadi had sworn, and even told the Bashador, that if he caught one of my men, that man would never more be seen of his friends. They ought to know, I said, that a Moorish Bashaw could do nothing to us, and that the discomforts our hurried journey had imposed were borne simply and solely by us, because we wanted to save their lives. I told them that instead of grumbling and leading us by circuitous routes for their own dear lives, they should hasten to get within the walls of Tangier, where our consuls would protect them, provided we spoke the word. This lie fell like a bombshell, and, I regret to say, as lies always do in Morocco, had

a prodigious effect. It gave them the speed which brought us to Alkesar the next night.

While tea was boiling the headman informed me that there was a blind man in the village who wanted to know whether I could not do something for him, and in a moment of genial madness, which has placed another remorse upon my soul, I replied gaily, as

To make the Blind see.

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though it were a huge joke, "Yes, most certainly, bring in all your blind men, I will make them see." As one possessed, the kaid now ran from house to house through the village, thrusting his head into every door and crying out in a shrill voice as he ran,

and long before I was aware of the promise that my words held out and the hope they conveyed to these poor helpless people, I was surrounded by all the blind of the village, and the faces of many of them were already bright with the hopes that my foolish, idle words had inspired. The blind of the *douar* were eight in number, and they represented every decade of human development and, alas, of human decay. One was a man so old that it seemed to me I had never seen anything so bent, so wrinkled, and quite so old outside of mummy cases. Some groped their way towards the tree where I stood, some were carried and some were led. A mother with a child blind-born came first, weeping with great joy that the "foreign healer" should have come this way, and the ray of hope and the light of anticipation that beamed on the dull blank faces struck me to the ground with the terrible consciousness, now too late, of the great wrong I had done. I never was so distressed in my life. I gave them what silver and *floos* there was in the saddle-bags, and, knowing that though it might do no good it would do no harm, I gave them all the salt we had with us, to be applied with wet bandages to their eyes. This deprivation was at all events a penance, though by no means proportionate to the offence, and a penance which the other innocent members of the caravan had to pay with myself, an injustice they took pleasure in pointing out about every five minutes of the day. As we rode out of the *douar*, an hour later, the blank faces of the unfortunate people were dull and hopeless again, and, as it seemed to me

more dull and hopeless still than before my foolish words had been spoken; and as I rode out of the village this heavy remorse perched on my saddle bows, and those joyless faces rode with me for many a mile. I forget the name of that *douar,* but the scene I witnessed there I shall see until I see no more.

We remained in the saddle this evening until ten o'clock, when we came up to a small mountain village near Kort, where are the famous Shereefian fish, in which are supposed to dwell the starlit souls of Shereefs and Marabouts who leave this world in the odour of sanctity. I had not time to revisit this interesting spot, and endeavour to secure further information which would surely prove interesting as to how the theory of the transmigration of the soul had cropped up here on the slopes of the Upper Atlas. There was a beautifully cool well here, and W. C. and I had a splendid time throwing buckets of water upon each other. Very much refreshed we awaited the coming of dinner, and we waited in vain. After some forty minutes had elapsed I went to the men's quarters, under a neighbouring tree, and found, to my disgust, that the charcoal fire was out, and that the men were sound asleep—in a sleep from which my kicks, given without any reserve, failed to awaken them. So we supped that night on sardines and our lordly tipple. We got three hours' sleep, breaking camp an hour before daybreak, and so began, I think, the longest day of my life. At a little after four o'clock the sun rose like a ball of fire, and even by five the atmosphere was quite oppressive. At six

o'clock we were faint and weary, but at seven, an hour later, an olive branch, or rather the sight of a magnificent wild olive tree, came to delight our eyes and cheer us up. We saw it while we were yet a great distance off and cheered it. It stood directly in our path. Here we would camp; here we would relieve our feelings by thrashing our men soundly all round for their remissness about dinner on the evening before, and endeavour to forget the terribly dry and parched condition of our bodies, by drinking strong bumpers of boiling tea. The ever-cheerful Salem assured us that we would be under the tree in about half an hour. I had already had some very distressing experiences with Salem's estimates of the flight of time, so I put it down in my mind that we would probably only reach the shaded shelter of the tree in some two hours.

It was indeed beautiful to look at from afar—that olive tree—as it stood in the centre of the desolate, brown, burnt landscape through which we rode, for the heat of the last six weeks had taken all the freshness and colour, and, indeed, the very life itself out of the scenes which on our *anabasis* had struck us as so rich with colour, so gay and variegated with wild flowers. The land lay at our feet like an over-baked loaf, with deep ridges and furrows in its surface where the sun had cracked it. My head swam, and cold chills kept running up and down my spine in a most disagreeable manner; only the green olive tree, with its umbrageous branches and the possible, even probable, spring at its feet, stood out on the horizon lurid with the dancing heat, as a pillow of hope—the

only thing that could save us from the cremation that seemed to be our fate. When we dipped down into a plain and saw the tree no more for an hour, I felt as though I had lost a friend in need. For an hour we pushed our animals across the arid surface of the plain, jagging them with our spurs with cruel kindness, until finally we again reached the rising ground, where a terrible disillusion awaited us. The wild olive tree, the bright green speck, the haven we so desired, the sleep we were to take in its pleasant shade, the water with which we were to lave our throbbing temples—now all seemed further away than before. The tree *must* have moved. We settled now grimly down to the test of endurance which we had on the day before with such light hearts imposed upon our men and our beasts. Our ride had now become, as we well knew, a sharp, uncertain struggle for existence. In my back the blood was drawn out of the veins into the skin, and between the knees and the thighs of all of us there were great and painful swellings, full of fever and puffed up by the steadfastness of the sun's rays beating upon us. The Moors, even, woke up from their attitude of fatalistic indifference. They swathed their heads completely in their turbans, and pulled the hoods of their jellabs and selhams over their faces; and now, completely enveloped, and blind as bats from the sun and the swathing of their head-coverings, they let their reins fall, and wisely left the animals to their own guidance.

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM FEZ TO FLEET STREET—(*Continued*).

A chapter of adventures—Descent of the Beni Hassan—The secret of the Nomad Berber Sheik—Struck down by the sun—Moorish massage—A memory of Macedonia—The approach to Al-Kesar—A ghostly valley—Where Dom Sebastian fell—The minaret constructed of Christian heads.

SHORTLY after mid-day we reached the much-desired shadow of the wild olive tree, and very disappointing it was, too, on a nearer view. The leafage that had seemed so green was a dusty brown; the water of the well we knew was there looked like bilge water, but we lapped it up with the mud and the moss it contained like over-heated, thirsty spaniels, and, spreading out our rugs, prepared to take what rest and repose the fates might have in store for us. We found it even less than we had expected. I was endeavouring in feverish wakefulness to concentrate my thoughts on cooling draughts and dreams of icebergs, when I became aware that some one was approaching our resting-place. I was greatly relieved to find that it was only a Berber woman who came riding up the hill opposite where we were encamped, on a ludicrously small donkey,

holding a child on the *burda* before her. They came straight towards the tree behind which we were encamped, and evidently did not observe us. The woman wore much jewellery, anklets and bangles galore; a silk *haik* was wound gracefully around her head and shoulders, and she was evidently the wife of some considerable chief. She seemed very depressed and sad—a sadness which I understood only when she lifted her child down from the *burda* to the ground. Its pitiful little face was covered with green and white blotches, and its legs were swollen with elephantiasis like *la Venus Hottentot*, who several years ago enthralled the morbid crowds of Paris with a view of her unhealthy obesity. Taking from her *burda* a prayer carpet of rich Fez cloth, the woman prostrated herself until her forehead touched the ground. I now peered round the tree, and saw that we had unwittingly encamped at a shrine or tomb of a saint. Yes; there was the rocky tomb of the Marabout. From the lower branches of the tree there fluttered a great quantity of streamers torn from their *haiks*, *jellabs*, and other garments, and placed there as votive offerings by devout pilgrims who had passed this way and paused to spend a reverent moment at the tomb of Sid Hadj Absalom El Hallou—"My Lord Pilgrim, Saint Absalom the Sweet." Suddenly the unhappy mother caught sight of my intrusive gaze, and discontinuing her prayers she rose, and, pointing to the tomb with the air and port of a tragedy-queen, cried, "*Shereef! Shereef!*" "Saint! Saint!" and motioned me with gestures that there was no mis-

taking to be gone. With a very impolite curse on all the saints of Islam, including the great *Sulhama*, and especially so upon "Sweet Absalom," I turned over on my rug and tried to go to sleep, and, indeed, I was fast entering upon the rest I needed so much, and dreaming of those who at home, perchance, were making sweet prayer for me, when Salem suddenly gave my arm a sharp pull and said, "Berbers! Get your gun!"

It came like a cry of "Injuns, by Gosh!" in a frontier camp. Then, too late, we perceived their encampment of brown, weather-beaten tents on the neighbouring hill; then, too late, for down in the valley beneath us, galloping their horses *ventre à terre*, came some twenty of these nomads, straight towards us, making very noisy "powder play" as they came. We saw at a glance, by the richness of their dresses and their many-coloured kaftans and general air of prosperity, that we had fallen foul of the redoubtable Beni Hassan, who, with the Zimmoors, contend for supremacy in the "bush-whacking" line. They were very picturesque as they came towards us, rending the air with their invocations to Mulai Ab-del-Kader and Mulai Ut-Salaam, and very formidable they looked too. We instantly began preparations to leave the sacred shrine of "Sweet Absalom," the saint of many titles. It was with poignant regret that I saw the Berbers in such picturesque guise a month too late. A month earlier I would have died happy at their hands with all my illusions fresh and strong. I could have asked for no better fate than that which it would please these

Powder Play of Beni Hassan.

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heroes of my youth to bestow upon me. But a month before, oh! bitter day, I had come upon a Berber chief and his suite of womankind by the great spring on the road to Mekinez where the River of Pearls springs out of a huge rock, clear and cold as though it flowed out from the heart of a glacier, and "after compliments," as we say in Morocco, I plied him with many questions, and as he was gracious and courteous, I even ventured to put a question which always before, at the sight of the picturesque Berbers, had died away on my lips as unseemly. "Why," I said to the venerable Sheik, "are thy people as restless as the sea-waves? Why do they roam backwards and forwards, having no home save their tent; no country but the world," and, as I might have added, "no purpose in life but unwittingly to furnish copy to the poet?" I paused for the reply with my ear strained with eagerness and greedy to learn the secret of their nomad life. Some lovely legend, I was sure; a story of some primeval curse that still rested upon them. The venerable Sheik shook his head sadly. "'Tis true," he said, "we are as restless as the sea-waves, and the world is our country; but this nomad life is our fate, our destiny, not our wish. Often we troop into some pleasant valley, and fain would we tarry and fatten our cattle and grow rich and prosperous like other children of men, O Siranni! But it is not so written. When our tents have been pitched for a few weeks, there always comes over us a plague of insects, and we must strike our tents and away." So another long-cherished illusion went by the board, and I can

only think with amusement now of the squadrons of brave Berbers hunted from the Red Sea to the Atlantic, and from the Mediterranean to the Sahara, by the insects which, as the Sheik left it an open question, they either engender or attract. The "powder play," which might have been interpreted as an honour or as a menace, was over now, and the Berbers rode straight up towards us with their repeating rifles balanced very handily on their saddle bows, and the many-coloured, embroidered belts bristling fiercely with lethal weapons.

"The blessing—the Fatiha, of the only True God has hallowed this tomb, Christians," spoke the headman of the party, "You must be gone." "*Hamdillah*—Praise be to God. In the True God there is only strength, but chief, we knew not that Absalom the sweet saint was resting in this spot, or we had not presumed to tarry on the soil he consecrates." This seemed to be satisfactory to them. We placed the *burdas* on our animals and once again set out unrested and unrefreshed on the trail to Alkesar. I might have forgiven the Beni Hassan were they really fanatical, and had they thought that we were disturbing the slumbers of the saints and desecrating their grave, but they did not. The Beni Hassan do not care a straw about Mahomet, much less about the saints. In fact, the only things they care about are sheep and horse stealing, and making themselves generally disagreeable to the stray Christians. So we rode sternly away, and as we went I administered a parting shot, which I was glad to see went home. "Tell your Sheik," said I to the headman, with as

much dignity as one can clothe with very little Arabic, "that I have camped with your brave brothers, the Beni Hassan of Upper Egypt, and when next I travel to their country I will tell them with sorrow of how the Beni Hassan of El Moghreb exercise hospitality to strangers that pass through their land." We had not gone a mile before this untruth brought forth fruit, or at least very welcome provisions. We were overtaken by two Berbers galloping like mad —one carried in his hand a basket of eggs which he had smashed in his haste; the other a dozen chickens slung over his saddle. "A present from our chief to the Lord Pilgrim," they shouted, "and a prayer we bring from our Sheik that our Lord Pilgrim may deign to bear his fraternal greeting to the Beni Hassan of Upper Egypt." We relented, and accepted the *mouna*, and sent the messengers back hugely delighted with a box of wax lights a-piece. We travelled now for four interminable hours through a desolate waste, which suggested Browning's verse. Surely we too, like Childe Rolande, were coming to "the dark tower." There was not a bush nor a rock, nor even a wretched *douar*, by which to mark our progress. Salem asserted solemnly that once again we were in "the bad people's country," and persisted in riding with his finger clutching convulsively the trigger of his old "Queen Bess." If that venerable weapon had only excited the apprehension in the breasts of "the bad people" that it did in mine, it would indeed have been a most serviceable and formidable weapon.

But my thoughts now wandered from our cheerless surroundings; my head grew light and my limbs heavy, and it seemed as though someone was packing my spine in ice, an operation that did not please me at all, and, by analogy of cheerless circumstances I suppose, it seemed to me that I was riding with Tryko through Macedonia in search of "atrocities." Yes, we are bathing in the river that flows so swift to the Illyrian Sea, and I hear again that faint cry that grows so strong with the months and the years that pass; a faint cry; and yet so penetrating, so uncanny, that our Turkish ponies broke their halters and ran neighing with fear far from the place where we bathed. Then there came out of the thicket a moving creature—a man it seemed—scantily dressed, with the green and yellow pustules of small-pox all over his exposed body, horrible to look at, scratched by the briars and festering. He dragged himself wearily out on the river bank, and half kneeling, half standing there in his misery, stretched out his hand, shrieking—yet his voice was weak and broken, and hardly reached us only twenty yards away—"Ninch! ninch!" "I having nothing, nothing." With only the thought of preserving ourselves from contagion, how cunningly we coaxed him down stream, and then the mad rush we made—while he, painfully drawing one limb after another, followed us—a rush to the thicket where our clothes were concealed. Our bare feet were cut by the broken ground and sharp stones, but we were dressed and on our ponies before he reached us, throwing a handful of silver on the ground—silver for a man stricken

with small-pox, twenty miles from human aid! And then we were off, glad to escape the presence of a fellow-human in such straits. True, that night in Scopia we did endeavour to send a doctor out to the dying shepherd on the bleak mountain side, and well I remember his words, "A pretty life I would lead if I went to every man down with disease on the mountains;" then with, I fear, but belated twinges of conscience, we talked to the drunken *pope* of the town about this poor fellow's pitiful plight. But the *pope*, good man, would have none of it, and preferred to play backgammon with the emissary of the Slav Benevolent Society from Holy Moscow, who stood drinks all round about every ten minutes. And then the hollow mockery of the scenes of the following morning as we rode past the palace towards Pristina, "seeking atrocities and wrongs to be righted," while Akmet Ayoub, the last marshal of the Turkish Empire, glared and fumed at us from the palace window, and the Serbo-Slavs and the Bulgaro-Slavs joined hands in doing us honour, placing wreaths of flowers on our ponies' necks and crying with tears of hope in their eyes, "Sbogom! Sbogom!" "Go with God! Go with God!" I wonder if Tryko, as he sits in chains in the black Mosque of Sofia, remembers the atrocity we committed in Macedonia. I wonder if he ever sees that face or hears that piercing cry of "Ninch." Perhaps not; the heavy hand of Stambuloff is Nemesis enough. I wonder if he dreams too, as I do now, that he is dying of thirst, and that as I ask for cold water they smother me with silver . . .

I awaken and find myself swathed in rugs. It is after five o'clock, and cooler. Kaid Sudek is kneading my head as though it were a lump of dough. It seemed that when we halted for tea I toppled off my horse from sheer heat exhaustion. We had often sneered at the witch-doctors of Fez, but the fact remains that for the complaints they are most subject to the Moors know how to take care of themselves

Moorish Massage.

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wonderfully well. With the best medical advice I would probably have been in bed for a week after this mishap, but now with Kaid Sudek's homely care I was in the saddle within an hour. He began by kneading my head with his knuckles, then with massage, working the fever and heat away from the base of the brain round to the forehead. Then, as Kaid drew my scalp taut over the back of my head,

Salem twitched and pulled at the skin of my forehead until it was broken in several places. W. C. avers that then the heat came out of me like steam from an escape-pipe; that he could see it and feel it. Then he split a lemon and clapped it to my temples, deftly fastening a bandage around my head to keep them in position. In five minutes I felt like a new man, and in half an hour we were off on the road to Alkesar. It was indeed weary work, and I had over and over again to steel my heart with the thought of the exigencies of the hour, before I could continue shouting my incessant *dabba*, *dabba* to the weary men, and jab my spurs once again into the lacerated flanks of my horse, who, with the possible exception of Veuve Cliquot, the coquettish drink mule, was the freshest of our animals. By six o'clock we had only made about five miles, and as Alkesar was still fifteen miles away, something desperate would have to be done. I determined to ride ahead and make arrangements for the very necessary relays of animals to carry us along over the seventy good miles that lay between Alkesar, El Kebir, and Tangier, the white city of the black continent. And at first, indeed, it was a relief to get beyond sight and hearing of the caravan where animals and men alike were complaining piteously. As darkness gathered in so came my difficulties, and at one time I came to the conclusion that my forced march ahead would prove an instance of where the more haste is the less speed. On crossing the Sebou river, the day before, we had left the road and come along a narrow trail frequented only by cattle drivers. It was not clearly marked

out, and I lost it several times; and, though I had ridden ahead at a good pace, when nine o'clock came there was no sign of Alkesar. I had never come this way in travelling through Morocco before, and I began to deplore my zeal in pushing ahead. At last, however, I caught sight of two men watching my movements from a hill-top. I turned my horse's head and galloped towards them; but as I approached they ran away and disappeared in the darkness, leaving me alone to my own devices, and very much disheartened.

I pushed on doggedly, however, and finally, at ten o'clock I was rewarded by hearing the murmur of the river which runs through Alkesar. This was indeed encouraging. I had, at least, kept to the right direction generally, and had reason to hope that my difficulties were over. But it seems they were not. After galloping for about a mile along the river, which is, I believe, the Lixus of Pliny, and finding no ford, I spurred my horse into the water blindly, and came very near getting drowned for my pains. I had made a bad choice of a ford, and as my pony was not a swimmer, when he got beyond his depth I had to slide out of the saddle, and, with the bridle in my mouth, endeavour to make the opposite shore with a very weary and frightened pony in tow. Fortunately the deep water was only about sixty feet across, and so the strain was a short one. Cold and wet and chattering, I climbed again into the saddle. It was pitch dark, and the moon was not due for an hour yet. The general gloom of the situation was heightened by a prolonged neigh

of melancholy and general hopelessness from my horse, which accentuated the dreariness of my situation.

It was a ghostly place. Three centuries ago in this valley the fine flower of Portuguese chivalry, headed by their youthful and daring king, Dom Sebastian, were surrounded and cut off by the numberless host of the terrible Sultan Abd-el-Melet. The fate of the young and gallant king was never known with historical certainty, and the legend still runs among the peasants of Lusitania, that he lives a captive among the Moors, and that some day he will return to right all their wrongs and give redress to their many grievances. Dom Sebastian was probably buried alive in the walls of Mekinez, as were most certainly so many of his luckless followers. If you ever wander by the walls of this city where so many thousand Christian captives were killed, or, worse still, died working in chains for their Moorish masters, now and then, but not often enough to attract the attention of the observing Moors, tap the walls with your riding crop, and you will shudder at the hollow sepulchral sound they give forth. The walls contain hundreds and even thousands of bricked-up cells in which, while living, Christians were immured for refusing to renounce their creed and join in the *Fatha*.

"Hamdillah; Praise be to God. The Lord of all creatures. The Most Merciful. The King of the Day of Judgment. To Thee do we bow down, and of Thee do we implore assistance, etc., etc." It seems to me one could do worse things than to say such a prayer. And the legend runs that after the battle

was lost and won the Emin of the Sultan proclaimed the hour of prayer and the greatness of the only True God from a minaret constructed of the heads of the ten thousand Christians who that day had fallen in fighting for their faith. . . . .

But now the decisive moment had come. Should I turn my pony's head down stream or up? Was Alkesar on my right or on my left? But Mulai Hassan—my pony, not his Shereefian Majesty—absolutely refused to accept any responsibility in the matter. When I threw the reins on his neck that he might go where he listed, he preferred to stand stock still, shivering with the cold, and almost shaking me out of the saddle. So finally I chose for going up stream, and luckily so. I had not gone more than a mile when the moon rose, and the white city appeared suddenly before me. By day there is nothing striking about Alkesar, but it was a beautiful sight in the clear moonlight that burnished up the crenellated walls of the city with its *koubbas* and square towers of mosques, and covered up in silvery vagueness all the signs of decay and neglect so plain in the searching sunlight. In this light alone you can see a Moorish city aright. As it glistened there before me, it seemed clothed in white immaculate samite, though in the searching light of the morning it wore a very different garb indeed.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM FEZ TO FLEET STREET—(*Continued*).

Storming a city at midnight—A silent recruit—At H'mam Slawi's house—The holy birds—Saidia, the Houssa negress—A battle for a mule—Staying where I was not wanted—"Napping," but not to be caught—Hurrying home—The night journey to Tangier—I miss the steamer—Crossing the Straits in a falucca—Between the old world and the new—El Cuerpo! El Cuerpo!—An ex-M.P.—My little day and its speedy end.

ONCE again the feeling came over me that I had come on a fool's errand. I was approaching a city where I had never been before, and where I only knew the name of one man. The gates of the *medinah* at least must have been closed ever since sunset, and there was really no chance of getting in to the inner city where my acquaintance H'mam Slawi lived, until morning. The keys of the city lay, as I knew, under the Bashaw's pillow, and I did not see what influence I could bring to bear on that worthy that would make him give them up. So that instead of facilitating matters, my hurried march in advance of the caravan proved rather a misfortune, and it seemed the only thing left for me was to wait humbly outside the city gates and shiver for my pains

until the caravan came along, when we could camp and wait for daylight. Still, I determined to have one bang on the copper-bound doors of the city, so I rode through the suburbs with any number of yelping

Storming a sleeping City.

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curs at my heels, who passed me on from one gang to another with unfailing watchfulness. In a few minutes I came to the high, crumbling wall that surrounds the *medinah*. The huge copper gates were

indeed closed, and with a laugh at the serio-comic situation, I pulled my pistol out of the holster and banged away with the stock on the copper fretwork of the ancient gates. This seemed to me the proper course to pursue under the circumstances, but no one came in response to my mighty summons. No one! Nothing stirred; and so I must wait for the caravan. I had just come to this forlorn conclusion when I heard the sound of an approaching cavalcade. There was no mistaking it for the painful sounds—the "*errahs!*" and the "*errahzis!*"—which would undoubtedly precede the approach of our limping caravan. These men were evidently well mounted. They came along the road at a clanking pace, and I could hear the unmistakable rattle of arms—of guns and of sabres, and so I concluded, and rightly, that the new arrivals were soldiers. In a moment I had made my plan. At all events, it was better than waiting out here in the cold for hours with the very strong probability that our animals had broken down entirely, and the caravan come to a halt for the night, on the other side of the river; so I rode away from the gate about 100 yards to meet the cavalcade, turned up a lane, and waited in the shadow of the wall until they came by. They were soldiers, who had come that day from Laraiche, and very far from cheerful they were at the thought that they were billetted to join the expeditionary force to attack H'mam in the Anjhera highlands.

Putting my terai hat in my saddle-bag, and drawing the hood of my *Selham* closely over my face, with nothing visible but my burnous folds and Moorish

riding-boots, I hoped to pass muster as a Moor. Soon as the cavalcade came along I emerged from the shadow and joined the soldiers as unostentatiously as possible. They numbered about twenty, and none of them noticed or paid any attention to the silent recruit. We reached the gate, and the soldiers very soon awoke the sleeping *douabs* or turnkeys. I found that my knock with the pistol was a very milk-and-water summons indeed. My new friends fired off their guns, and in a few minutes the door opened, and I at least was inside the same walls with H'mam Slawi, the proud possessor of the celebrated mule I coveted to carry me on to Tangier. Having enlisted, I must now desert, so gradually I dropped to the rear of the cavalcade, and then dismounted and examined my horse's hoof with earnest scrutiny. The soldiers rode on, and as they paid no attention to me, I disappeared down a side street. It was eleven o'clock now. The streets were deserted, and though I flattered myself that I had got into the city with some cleverness, it did not appear quite plain how I was to find Slawi's house, unless some benevolent *jin* should be so kind as to indicate the way. Thinking the soldiers were now safe asleep in the Governor's house, I rode back into the main street and began my quest. Yes, there were some people still awake in Alkesar, and sharper eyed they were, too, than the Laraiche soldiers. They detected the *sirrane* in spite of his orthodox Moorish garb. As I rode through the stillness of the night I heard lisped through a jasmine lattice by a soft, musical voice, "Bon soir, madame," doubtless the return of the salutation made

to the invisible she by some gallant Gaul who had preceded me in this benighted quarter of the globe. You can make a woman who only peers at you through a jasmine lattice as beautiful as you please, especially if she but have a musical voice. Still I rode sternly on, on what would seem my hopeless quest after H'mam Slawi and his mule that was reputed to carry the fat unwieldy merchant to Tangier in sixteen hours. Truly my virtue was rewarded. Some 300 yards further on I met an *Askar*, or foot soldier, slinking suspiciously along the road. With a *peseta* in one hand and my whip in the other, thus balancing, as I thought, very neatly the *suaviter* and the *fortiter*, I said "*El dar H'mam Slawi*," and wound up with the obligatory "dabba, dabba." This was my man. The voice as of one in authority that I had assumed impressed him, and he started off in a jog trot, and in five minutes H'mam Slawi was awakened by a tremendous thumping on his gate. H'mam finally unbarred, and received me, I must say, with more surprise than cordiality. Our acquaintance had commenced and—as he doubtless thought—ended in an attempt he had made, some six weeks before, to sell me an unsound horse at a goodish price. Nevertheless he condescended to pay me the usual "compliments," and said he was grateful to the favouring stars that had lighted me to his gates. He shivered sympathetically as he touched my damp clothes, but, at the same time he did not offer to replace them with dry ones. On the whole I saw that H'mam was very far from being in a frame of mind in which I could expect him to hand

over his favourite mule to my tender mercies. "After compliments" we sat down cross-legged on the floor, and the inevitable mint-tea and sweets were served by Saidia, a very comely Houssa negress.

At H'mam Slawi's House.

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Amiable and smiling as I was to H'mam, it was as nothing to the purring, ingratiating ways I adopted in my intercourse with Saidia; for, be it known, the Houssa negress knows and administers a poison in

comparison with which prussic acid is as milk and water. As a general thing they do not poison from interest or passion, but merely out of motives of human kindness. "That man has the evil eye, I will send him to God," they say, and in a minute you are expedited to the next world with all your baggage of sins unconfessed.

I cannot truthfully say that H'mam killed the fatted calf in my honour, but when I did venture to tell him that the sweets were almost too rich for me he had Saidia bring in some very stringy veal and *kouscous*. I was so hungry that I had quite finished before I noticed that in lieu of knife and fork, I had got on very well with my fingers. Then H'mam anointed me with rose water and lit his kief pipe, and Saidia brought in more mint-tea. We were seated in the *Salemlik*, or male wing, of H'mam's house, which was only one storey high, though it was large and divided into four separate pavilions—one where we sat, the *Haremlik* or women's pavilion, the apartment devoted to cooking and domestic arrangements, and the stables, from which we were very closely observed by the mule whose fate was trembling in the balance. In the middle of the quadrangle formed by these buildings there played a fountain of the most evil-smelling water, that made me understand very well why the death rate of Alkesar is considered, I believe, the highest in the world. A brace of storks marched up and down the court-yard, taking a melancholy interest in the proceedings by which they had been disturbed. These birds are regarded as holy and sacred in Morocco, and they

have such a good time of it that they do not migrate at all as they do in Holland, where, however, they have certainly no reason to complain of their treatment.

As we each smoked our own national narcotics, and braced ourselves for the diplomatic battle, Slawi was evidently preparing a horse deal, and I was puzzling my brains as to how I could get his mule. I was indeed very weary and worn out, but fleas and all manner of *Ungeziefer* joined with my desire for the mule to keep me awake, though my wet boots and wringing wet clothing and the damp night air tended to make me as wretched and uncomfortable as I have ever been. And then the thought that came to me that, whether I got the mule or not, I was bound to remain in his house all night, enjoying his cheerless hospitality, was far from comforting. Still, let it be said to my credit, I did have the presence of mind to inquire of Saidia how much she weighed, which is about the most complimentary remark you can address to a Houssa negress. When tea was handed round again, I confess that, with the vision of that quick ambling mule before me, I threw overboard every atom of self-respect. I lapped up H'man's tea with a tremendous smacking of the lips, in the way I had learnt in the East, and when I had lapped up the very last drop of it—I blush at the confession, but I must say it—I belched once—twice—thrice. After this compliment to his entertainment, it seemed to me that Slawi was considerably mollified, and when I added that I regarded my not having taken his horse at the price he had so kindly offered

it as the mistake of my life, he actually smiled and seemed pleased. Thus encouraged, I put the proposition in the most attractive form I knew. Would he hire me his mule for twenty Spanish dollars? It would be returned in four days, and the "Great White Father" in Washington would doubtless send him some recognition of the kindness he had shown to a wandering citizen from the States. "I would not lend my mule to the Sultan; no, not even to a saint!" was H'man's stout rejoinder, and the only reply I got. This seemed very conclusive—my hopes were dashed to the ground.

Soon we were joined by H'mam Slawi senior, with a venerable beard, but most villainous eyes, and H'mam Slawi, the third of his name—a butterball of a boy, who looked very comical in his long, flowing dress as he chanted the first Surah of the Koran (the only thing he knew in this wide world) to keep from falling asleep. The Slawis sat blinking their owl-like eyes, and we seemed in for an all-night session. I was very uncomfortable in my cross-legged position which made me very accessible to the inroads of the invisible and annoying enemy. My patience and my power of persuasion being alike exhausted, I began to get angry, and thought at least that if H'mam would not let me have his mule, he might let me sleep. My discontent deepened when one of his servants, who had been placed on watch at the Medinah gate, came in and announced that the caravan had arrived, and was encamped in a neighbouring garden. The thought of W. C. alone unloading that "drink" mule was maddening, and I

was about to take an unceremonious leave when, by a new shuffle of the cards—Presto !—everything was changed, and H'mam was handed over to me, bound hand and foot, and the mule was mine. The residence of the tribe of Slawi was situated in a blind alley very much like a *cité* of Old Paris. The gate which I had had so much difficulty in having opened, was the joint entrance of some half a dozen other householders. Suddenly I began to comprehend all the whispering and the mysterious conference with white-robed visitors to which H'mam had been called away as I sat on my cushion of torture. The neighbours, it seems, were troubled and even indignant that an unclean Christian should be housed, if even only for a night, on consecrated ground, and they had been making serious representations to H'mam that evidently troubled the old horse-dealer very much. The relays of tea, it seemed, had not been served in unreserved hospitality, but in the hope that each cup might prove the nightcap, and that I would take myself off. It was unpleasant to know that I had stayed where I was not wanted, but after the first unpleasantness of the thought was over, I saw quite clearly that if I only continued to make myself a nuisance a little longer, the much-coveted mule would be mine. H'mam could not afford to lose caste or irritate his neighbours, and I could see that he was already wondering how in the world to get rid of me ; the loan of that mule was my price. With quiet determination I rearranged my pillows, and, stretching myself out at full length on the floor, feigned sleep. As I began to snore most stentorously,

there was a look of such blank dismay on the faces of the Slawis—father, son, and boy—that I nearly burst out into laughter, which would have spoilt my whole game. As I snored the muttering in the court-yard became louder. At last I awoke. "Hire me your mule, H'mam ; I want to take him to the camp to-night."

His sleepy eyes flashed as I spread out Spanish dollars. Still he hesitated ; the mule was evidently the apple of his eye. All I had heard about it then was true. His eye, as though in search of inspiration, wandered across the court-yard. The entrance to the Haremlik opposite was curtained off, but through the curtain was stretched a shapely hand which now shaped itself into a decidedly emphatic gesture. Yes! I know it was not for my *beaux yeux* that I got the mule, Sultana. It was because you were bored to extinction. Saidia brought out the mule, tied a charm around its neck, and in five minutes I was in the camp, and delighted to find that W. C. had not entirely unloaded the precious pack of the "drink" mule. Our men were sleeping like logs, and after endeavouring to erect our "simple portable tent," which was really as complicated as a Chinese puzzle, we went to sleep *al fresco* once again. I had some suspicion that with the morning might come clearer counsel ; that H'mam might reconsider the question and want his mule back by fair means or foul, so I slept with the halter of my prize fastened to my belt.

Just as day was breaking we went to sleep, *sub tegmine fagi*, like the heroes and the heroines of the

Heroides. No heroines appeared in our garden, however, and their absence was only accentuated by the appearance in the morning of an old hag with one tooth, who screamed and nearly fainted when I pulled my terai apart into two hats for her instruction. W. C. gave her a peseta because, as he said, she was so ugly—very bad reasoning, I thought. But I must now tell the truth which the above pleasantries were intended to conceal. Instead of waking up at eight o'clock, we slept on until well in the afternoon. I should say my sleep must have been troubled, as I found on waking that I had rolled some twenty yards away from the shadow of the fig tree, and found myself bareheaded in the sun with a splitting headache and in a profuse perspiration. After pulling myself together with plentiful douches at the well, I began to look about me and see all the confusion that the night had wrought in our camp, and in our plans.

Every one of our men had disappeared. It was only after long search that I discovered Salem hidden away behind a pomegranate bush, with his head between his knees, crooning away to himself, and evidently very wretched. "Our muleteers? Where are our men?" "They are all gone, and are not coming back," said Salem, with tears in his eyes. He had followed Kaid Sudek into the holy precincts of a mosque, where, knowing we could not follow him, he had taken sanctuary. Howsi had gone away to see a witch-woman about his swollen eye, and she had said he must not let a Christian look upon him for a week to come; and Boazza, to whom we owed

a clear month's wages, had gone away without leaving an address. He told Salem emphatically that he "would rather eat three hundred sticks," the expression for getting three hundred lashes, than travel again in our company, which was not complimentary. Still, all would be well if W. C. could only get a fresh mount. Salem and he went out to search the *fondaks*, and I was left alone with my dejected spirits and my prize mule.

This delay had reduced my margin of spare time hideously. The mail steamer for England was expected at Gibraltar from Malta on the following night. In our condition, and with our mounts I had no hope of doing the seventy miles in the night and of catching the Tangier steamer, which would leave at noon on the following day for Gibraltar. Unless the mail steamer was much belated we could not hope to catch it. I, indeed, prayed fervently that adverse wind and stress of weather might overtake her. About six o'clock W. C. returned flushed with pride, and dragging after him—well, a mule. Adjectives are absolutely inadequate to describe that mule. Salem slipped up on Veuve Cliquot, and before seven o'clock we passed out of the city gates. We rode till midnight, when we supped, and then went on straight till six o'clock in the morning, when we camped and slept for two hours on the beautiful wooded heights above El Gharbeeya, and as the sun arose the Sherga or Sirocco wind that had pursued us relentlessly along the trail from Fez died away, and the Gerba or west wind from the Atlantic braced us like a tonic. With the cooling breeze at midday

we reached Hiwarra, and saw once again the sea. By four in the afternoon, gladdened with the news that the wire had brought from Malta—that the mail steamer was not only late, but thirty hours late—I sat on a three-legged stool in the Tangier telegraph office and cabled the startling history of the British Mission to Fez, which the Blue Book plus Mr. Lowther in the House of Commons has now confirmed. That evening several American sovereigns sojourning in Mauritania gave us a banquet, which was a dangerous invitation to accept, for the hospitality of American sovereigns, be it known, is whole soul and unreserved, and exacts a response in the same generous spirit that it is offered. It taught us a lesson also, that while it is bad to be behind time, even when you are ahead of time, you are environed about with dangers, and not the least of these dangers is a banquet offered spontaneously by proud fellow-countrymen.

Perhaps after all it was only because we dawdled a little too long over our packing the next morning. But the unpleasant fact remains that when we got through the Custom House, where the *mettassib* examined our luggage as though we were accused of spiriting away the Sultan's favourite—the export of all females, biped, quadruped, and, even as a strict interpretation of the law would imply, centipede, being forbidden in Morocco—and as we embarked on the last shore lighter, the little steamer for Gibraltar with an ironical whistle let go her anchor and was off, leaving us stewing in our own juice in Tangier Bay. All the sufferings and hardships

we had undergone on the journey from Fez to Tangier had been undergone in vain. We were "left." An hour had gone by after landing before we could pull ourselves together sufficiently to even consult about the situation. The route by land to Ceuta and by the Spanish mail steamer to Gib. was impossible. For if H'man was inclined to let us through the Anjhera highlands, the Shereefian soldiers certainly would not, and then sixty-five miles in the twelve hours we had to catch the Spanish steamer was more than we could hope to do. We cabled to Gib. for a steamer, but the price demanded was so fabulous that we held this back as a last resort. We then commenced an inspection of the faluccas and fishing boats that studded the bay, but one after another the sailors shook their heads, and, pointing to outside, where the ever turbulent straits were frothed with white caps by the Levanter, they refused absolutely all our offers. Then we went up the Kasbar Hill and saw the American Bashador, and great indeed is his power in the land. He ordered Victorino, the best pilot in these waters, to victual a boat for us and to be prepared to start in an hour. Victorino had already refused a most tempting offer to take us across, and we were rather afraid that he would be angry at having to obey such imperative orders, but on the contrary he seemed delighted. If the Bashador ordered him to go, it was all right, and when we put a high premium up, contingent on his catching the steamer, Victorino started cheerfully for the Marina to engage a crew, and we to pack up a cold luncheon.

At four o'clock we were on board the garlic-smelling falucca, and passed out of the quiet water

Crossing the Straits in a Falucca.
From "The Daily Graphic," by permission.

behind the remains of the magnificent mole the English destroyed on leaving Tangier, and entered the bay. It was as rough, and the waves were as

unruly, as they looked from a distance. The Levanter blew as stiffly as we had expected, and, in fact, everything came up to our expectations with the exception of the falucca's capacity to beat against the wind, in which we were greatly disappointed—we made no headway at all. To our surprise and dismay, it turned out that with every tack we lost about 300 yards. By sunset we could clearly see Cape Spartel. If we kept on much longer in this retrograde fashion, in a few weeks we would have been off Sandy Hook. As the sun sets our keel is cutting through the waters of Trafalgar, consecrated by the life-blood of the great hero. Even under the depressing and distracting circumstances which attend our journey, a sail through these classic seas, reminiscent of fable and story, is an exquisite pleasure and an æsthetic delight. Though the race against time is steadily going against me, the local genius of the place rises proudly supreme to give solace for my bitter disappointment ; with Abylla on my left and Calpe on my right I can forget for a moment that defeat is ahead of me, and that failure stares me mockingly in the face. I can picture to myself the slashing craft of the Argonauts, with its forty banks of oars—or was it four ?—with the prow of gold proudly turned towards the garden of the Hesperides. I conjure up visions of the adventurous craft of the commercial Phœnicians, the trireme of the Romans, and the caravel of Columbus, with its keen-eyed look-out ever watchful for where the waste of unexplored waters shall end in vapoury chaos. What scenes these translucent depths have reflected,

those frowning pillars of Hercules looked upon! Here on the morning of that ever-glorious day Nelson sailed away to meet the French off Trafalgar, and with the light of history, or is it legend? to guide me, I live through, if only in imagination, the scene on the quarter-deck of the *Victory*. I seem to hear the outspoken disappointment of the bluejackets as from the birdcage of Gibraltar is hung out a signal recalling the fleet, and I see the tears welling from Hardy's eyes, and the gaunt gray figure of Nelson, as, calmly placing a telescope to his blind eye, he says, "Signal of recall? I do not see it. Clap on all sail, my lads; we have rendezvous with the French off Trafalgar."

The Levanter still blows down the straits in our teeth, and it seems as though it were focussed upon our weak little undecked craft. Tossed hither and thither, we drift helplessly about on the boundary of the old world and the new. A misty rain comes driving down, and for a few minutes the bowsprit is our horizon. But I can still see with my mind's eye, on the golden ducat of the great Charles, the image of those frowning pillars of granite, with the forbidding legend they then bore to the world, "Ne plus ultra;" "Thus far but no farther shalt thou venture." And I recalled with the pleasure of a Westerling these same pillars imaged on the Mexican doubloon of to-day with the greeting of the new world to the old, "Plus ultra; plus ultra." The days when the mind was thrall to matter, when a veil of ignorance and superstition, which none dared rend, hung suspended from these mighty shafts of rock, have gone. No

longer burnt offerings and heathen sacrifices are made in abject and superstitious veneration at their base; and, as we journey on our modern Odysseys, devoid of danger and replete with every comfort, I fear me, oh, Mons. Abylla and Mons. Calpe, we pass you by with a pitying smile and with but languid interest; and what is worse—much worse, we call you contemptuously "Monkey Hill" and "Old Gib." It is difficult, it is unpleasant now to remember that only forty years ago the Sultan was the exacting toll-keeper of the Herculean Straits. But when the Saracen was king, yonder tall mountain played proud *rôles*, and much was written of their majestic heights by the chroniclers who came from Yemen and Araby; they called you "Monkey Hill," Jiebel Moussa, the mountain of Moses, and you, Old Gib., you were dubbed Jiebel Tarik, for Prince Tarik, who first led the wild hordes of Mauritania into the promised lands of Andalusia. But the moths feed upon these chronicles as they crumble away in the libraries of Sevilia and Karouin, and the pipes of the Black Watch are playing now in the Halls of Prince Tarik. . . .

The moon rises, and the Levanter seems to have done its worst. We creep up slowly under the headland of Tarifa. The clouds are blown away, and suddenly, as we round the point, the look-out cries, "El Cuerpo! El Cuerpo!" and I saw for the first time the justice of the simile that the Spanish sailors never fail to make, which I had never observed before. The crest—the contour of the brow of Gibraltar rock—is fashioned by the sculptor of the

world to resemble the form of an inanimate woman, perfect, natural, and beautiful in every way—reclining on the top of the mountain, awaiting only the life-giving breath. "When will we get into Gib.?" I finally cried in despair to Victorino. "By eleven o'clock in the morning, I am sure," he cries. Then I hear a croaking voice—the voice of the Barbary Jew who, with his black skull cap, sits in the bow of the boat and looks so out of place as a member of the crew. And with trembling I hear his dolorous reproach to the sanguine Spaniard, "*Hombre! Hombre! no marca ora*"—"Man! Man! do not specify an hour." But shortly after midnight the Levanter dies away, and in half an hour all the foam and the froth of the waves have subsided. The moon and the stars flood the seas with their silvery light. The eddies and the currents of the tide and the whirlpool sweep us about and send us in zigzag course, now under the shadow of Tarifa, now over towards Jiebel Moussa. Finally, seeing the premium contingent on our early arrival at Gibraltar slowly slipping from their grasp, the crew got their oars and began to row a sweeping stroke, the Spaniards singing the songs of the Barbary coast and the Jew a crooning dirge which, for all I know to the contrary, was the song of the Children of Israel in bondage—a bondage which was no worse than that which is theirs in the land of the Moor. They rowed with a will, and at six o'clock we saw Europa Point, and at seven disembarked at the "ragged staff," and in the afternoon we were off for England on the belated mail steamer. Accustomed as we were to the

Atlantic liners, the speed of this tub was now simply appalling. She seemed to wallow in the waves, and shirked going over them. When we went out from the land-locked straits into the ocean, I approached the captain, hoping, with a genial smile and an Americanism, to put him on his mettle.

"Guess, cap'n, now you'll be getting a move on."

"My dear sir, you do not seem to know that we are speeding along at almost twelve knots an hour."

It was clearly impossible to talk with a captain with so low an ambition, so I talked with a statesman who was on board, endeavouring to point out to him the disgrace of allowing British mails to be carried on such a lumbering hulk. He seemed interested, and for four hours we strode up and down the deck together, until finally, completely exhausted, I fell back in a chair. But all through the night, and all the next day, the statesman, with a nervous stride, kept tramping backwards and forwards on the deck. "What is the matter?" I inquired of a passenger—such a one as is always on board, who knows everybody's business. "He never sits down; you see he has just been defeated for Rottenborough. When he gets to England he will have no seat. Suppose he is training to stand," was the answer.

Three days later I drive from Victoria Station with my heart as light as air. I stop at Trafalgar Square to buy the papers, and can hardly refrain from cheering as I see that the world has no news from Fez but what I had given. Then into my hansom again and down the Strand. How pleasing it is

to be so much wiser and better informed than all London; to have secrets from five millions! With a sudden jerk my hansom comes to a stop before the Engine which never sleeps; but no—I shrink back. The day is still young; the charwoman controls the editorial rooms, and why should I become commonplace so soon—I, who for the moment am *unique* in London? So I wander into Dr. Johnson's public and enjoy a pint of bitter and a slice of lark pie, revelling in the information and the knowledge that is mine alone. An acquaintance and a *confrère* enters in. "Hullo! Haven't seen you for several days. Look brown. Been to Margate?" If he only knew! The chimes of the Temple tell me now of the time that flies, and ring out the knell of my little day. Soon the Engine that never sleeps has placed in black and white before the world the story of the British Mission to Fez. With that pride which apes humility, on the following morning I ride in a 'bus to the City. On the way every one is talking of the English Bashador and his Mission to the Moorish Court. I prepare for entering into the conversation with a high hand. But as I listen I draw back, for alas! these good people know more than I. They are not hampered by the facts as I am, and I draw back in my corner and sigh. Yes; my little day is over.

CHAPTER XV.

OUR JOURNEY TO TETUAN.

The White City of the Dark Continent—The salutation of saints to speed the parting Christian—Moorish Americans—The boar hunt on the hill of Beharein—The menace of big feet—The Swani village—The "long-distance" conversation of the Moors—The smoking village—The blessing of Sidi Boazza—Arrival in Tetuan—Our lowly cellar—The baked meats of the Jewish Sabbath—Audience with the Bashaw—A brace of interpreters—We are taken up and then "dropped" by the Tetuani—The collapse of our social aspirations—The title-deeds to Chateaux d'Espagne—Riffians.

On reaching Tangier *viâ* Gibraltar in December, 1891, by the new line of direct steamers from New York, we found the White City of the Dark Continent distracted by rumours of war, and even a more exciting place to dwell in than is usually the case. We were told in our hotel that battles were fought every morning before breakfast on the Malabar beach, between the Shereefian forces and the insurgents from the interior, but though our friend Hadj Kador personally conducted us to these bloody battle-fields we never surprised the alleged combatants in action. I for one was rather averse, however, to penetrating into the interior under such circumstances. It was

all very well for the genial editor of the energetic newspaper in the far-away American town in which we lived to announce that we proposed taking "our hymeneal tour into the heart of Africa," but I did not feel called upon to live up to the sensational announcement. D——y, however, had developed the most warlike proclivities since the day we set foot on Paynim soil, and she decided that, rebellion or no rebellion, whether the Oued Ras tribes men were "out" or not, our long-planned journey if only to Tetuan must come off, even if for no better purpose than to safeguard the reputation for veracity of our local editor. All day long she was engaged in pistol practice on the beach, and any remonstrances from me as to the advisability of postponing the trip at such a time, were greeted with jeers and taunts which I shall not reproduce here. The suggestion I hazarded that Andalusia was perhaps a more suitable place to spend a honeymoon was severely frowned down upon. The statement was perhaps hardly necessary for the French journal that first kindly published our "Journey to Tetuan," but as a sop to the British matron, I think I should say that D——y and I had received, some three weeks before, in the presence of our friends, the sanction of a good bishop to travel together until our travelling days are over. Finally, though not without misgivings as to the probable outcome of our hazardous journey, I gave orders for our kaffla or caravan to assemble for the start into the interior the moment it stopped raining. This sounds rather precipitate after so many hours spent in mature reflection, but it really was not; for it did not happen to

stop raining until the ninth day after the order was given. Tangier is a charming winter resort, but I have often wondered why it is not frequented in larger numbers by ducks. The weather during the winter solstice is certainly very suitable for the web-footed. It is true that it does not rain all the winter, but when it does rain it rains for weeks at a time. Tangier is really a summer city. From April until November the weather is delightful.

However, the sunshine came at last, and we started with the usual honours paid to the hated Kaffir as he starts on the journey inland. A saint swam out to a rock in the harbour, and there, with his stalwart form glistening like bronze in the sunshine, he made prayers to the only true God, praying that all manner of misfortunes might attend our adventure. Another saint we discovered *en flagrant delit* of attempting to spit on one of our mules. No caravan survives this insult upon one of its four-footed members, I am told, but our mule was fortunately very wary and light with her heels, so the insult, though repeatedly attempted, was never consummated. Judging from the deadly effects which they ascribe to saintly saliva, I surmise that the Moors were well acquainted with the bacilli theory long before the days of Koch and Pasteur. D——y rode a magnificent Fez mule, with a gentle, easy gait that often made me very envious of her mount; for with dignity and not comfort in view, I rode a rat-tailed mouse-coloured Barb which was reputed to have won the *Correda* on the Malabar beach the spring before. Like all other Barbs he only had two gaits, a run and a walk. The *kaffla* or

Starting for the Interior.

caravan consisted of eight muleteers and servants. Salem-el-Sheshouani was their ringleader. He styled himself my *Khalifa*, or second in command. Salem was famous in the country for a small English vocabulary and very large negroid feet. I would not dwell upon this last personal disfigurement if I did not have to add that big feet in Morocco are a virtue and absolutely indispensable to a muleteer. In choosing your man to lead the caravan for throughout Morocco, with the exception of the approaches to the larger towns, the roads are so narrow that you travel in Indian file—deny yourself the pleasure of having a handsome brigand-looking leader. He would prove worthless without the adjunct of big feet. I afterwards discovered many more praiseworthy qualities in Salem, qualities all the more remarkable because more rare in his country. But it was to the abnormal and fearful shadows that his feet cast on the sands as he rode by the hotel that Salem first owed his engagement. This is how Salem would display his big feet to the advantage of his employer in Morocco, and this is how we started out of Tangier on our roundabout journey through the mud to Tetuan. He first placed his *burda*, a large flat saddle, on the leading mule, tied on the pack with innumerable strings, and then adjusting the well-filled straw *swarree*, he would spread his *hambrilla*, a parti-coloured rug of red and yellow, over the whole pack. He was robed in very full blue knee breeches and a very short green jacket. Then gravely assisted by one of the other muleteers who, by rude blows and strong language, Salem kept in a

state of the most perfect subjection to him, he would mount to his perch and then open an umbrella, orange-coloured, with a yellowy green lining, to shield his complexion. Having now displayed in his make-up hues running through the whole range of colour, he would set his feet which, lady fashion, dangled down one side of the *burda*, into a slow but gradually quickening vibratory motion. The mule pricked up its ears and started off at a quick pace, Salem's huge ungainly feet now vibrating backwards and forwards like the pendulum of a clock. The result was that the animal kept going at the top of its bent as long as Salem's feet dangled full of menace behind its ears. The animal evidently expected to be kicked in the neck, and was always stepping briskly out to avoid the undeserved punishment. It also struck me that perhaps the monotonous vibration of the boy's feet had such an enervating effect upon the animal's nervous system, that it could not enjoy the pleasure of a sluggish, lazying gait. Be this as it may, we went ahead at the rate of some six miles an hour whenever Salem led the way and intimidated his mule by the size of his feet.

Boazza, the only other of the muleteers we admitted to our family circle, entered my employ with the worst character in the world. He was a man of many vices, the Tangerines said. On his downward path he had, it was rumoured, sinned against every commandment of the decalogue. He would have been a splendid object-lesson for Sunday-school teachers this poor Boazza, who, ten years before, had been the

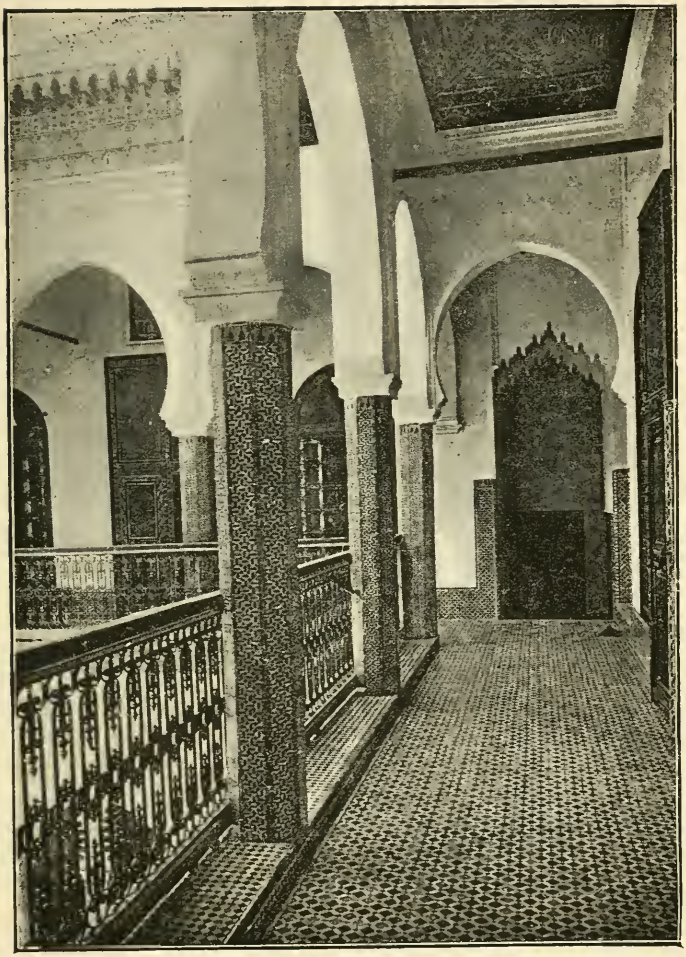
richest householder in Rabat. He then owned houses and many slaves, and was always dressed in rich, soft raiment, with a *delill* or prayer-book fastened to his waist by a slender cord. Now Boazza wore rags, and very few of them, and drew the smallest salary of any muleteer in Morocco. He could not afford a fez or turban, so he wore a piece of rope tied round his temples as headgear. He very rarely opened his mouth, and when he did it was only to puff out huge volumes of smoke which he had apparently inhaled hours before. He was a victim of the *kief* habit, and was also addicted to the smoking of Spanish cigarettes when he could get them. His features were noble and commanding. He looked like a law-giver, a Lycurgus, a noble Greek with a burnt-cork complexion. His general appearance gave the lie boldly to his antecedents. When evening came, and the other muleteers spread out their prayer-rugs and set about their adoration, shielded from our unbelieving gaze by the underbush, Boazza would sit down alone and unabashed on his prayer-rug and smoke *kief*. He was evidently a Positivist, and, I believe, the only thing he felt perfectly confident of in this world was the pleasure-giving effects of nicotine and *kief*, and other narcotics, which he indulged in when he had the money.

Ten miles from Tangier, or less, on the slopes of Beharein, or the "hill between two seas," we had our first boar hunt. The American *Khalifa* had kindly accompanied us in the hope of giving us some good sport. He had sent out a servant the evening before to prepare the village of beaters for our coming, so

when we arrived at the cactus hedge that surrounded their lowly straw-thatched huts, they were there awaiting us, and sent up wild shouts of delight on our arrival. The Moors are ardent sportsmen. While it is nowhere set down in the Koran that such will be the case, I am told that the preachers in the mosques never hesitate to promise the faithful plenty of boar-hunting in Paradise. Our lunch was spread far from the village and its unpleasant atmosphere on the slope of the mountain, where we enjoyed a beautiful view both of the Mediterranean and of the ocean, a view of surpassing loveliness from which the mountain takes its name. During luncheon the *Khalifa* proposed the loyal toast of the "Star-Spangled Banner." Imagine my surprise when, the toast hardly out of his mouth, the hunters and the beaters, to the number of some fifty or sixty, who were sitting about us waiting hungrily for the bones which we were picking extremely bare, sprang to their feet, and shouted "Hip, hip, hooray!" The Moorish accent of their words made it all the more amusing. When I expressed my surprise to the *Khalifa* he laughed, and said, "Why shouldn't they shout for the stars and stripes? They are good Americans, as their fathers were before them. We are all American citizens here. Let's hold a political meeting."

The *Khalifa* went on to narrate how, sixty years before, the village had been taken under American protection for some reason by the consul of that day, and that it had remained under American protection ever since. This practice was but another abuse of the *protégé* system, but still it certainly had its good

usages. The men of this village, the name of which I forget, were faithful and efficient servants of the Legation and of Americans, because they could look forward with equanimity to the frequent changes that new administrations bring about in our consular corps. The English Legation also is guilty of a similar irregularity. They protect the village of Swani, which is much nearer Tangier. The Swani men proved very faithful in guarding Sir John Hay some forty years ago, when a body of Ibdowa horsemen set upon him, and would probably have done him bodily injury, because a horse of his breeding had proved superior in a race on the beach to their champion. Ever since this episode the Swani men have been protected by the English Consulate, and the servants and grooms of the Legation and of the *attachés* are always recruited from this village. The Swani men and the Moorish Americans, I regret to say, get along very badly with one another. They are continually at strife and fighting as to whether England or America is the most powerful nation of the earth. When, some four years ago, the Queen presented the Sultan with a huge elephant, the Swani men were delighted, and the American villagers proportionately depressed. However, they soon learned (was it at the American Consulate?) that the Sultan of America was about to send the Sultan Muley Hassan an animal so large that the elephant would seem in comparison to him but as an insignificant insect. This vague rumour gradually assumed the form and carried the weight of an official announcement that the next American embassy that goes to



Interior of Sid Bricho's Palace.

Fez will carry with it a whale in a tank to be let loose in the Sultan's fountains. So firmly do these men believe the story that I have a feeling of sincere sympathy for the next American Minister who may be sent to Fez, should he not go to the trouble of endeavouring to satisfy the expectations of our swarthy fellow-citizens in this regard. He will certainly be very badly served.

After luncheon our beaters separated into two bands, and we took up our respective positions in a long line on the top of the mountain ridge. The beaters made a tremendous noise, filling the air with strange cries as they commenced the drive towards us. It was amusing to listen to them. A Moor always talks to an animal as he would to a human being. He firmly believes that they all speak "Moorish." So I was not surprised to hear Salem shouting with his huge, resounding voice, "Now, come out and show yourself, great Abou Snau (father of tusks). As no boar put in an appearance, the beaters tried taunts. "Oh, it is not Abou Snau," they shouted, "it is a skulking Jew—a silly hyæna." And then they would endeavour to induce him with soft words to come out on the plain and fight "like a Christian." (It is pleasing to notice that everywhere in Morocco where I have been the fighting prowess of the Christian is fully recognized.) Listening to these cries, I noticed for the first time what I have often been struck with since, the wonderful "carry" the voices of these mountaineers possess. I have often observed them carrying on a conversation from hill-tops several miles apart. They

do not seem to strain their lungs, or in any way to exert themselves. They throw back their heads, expand their chests fully, and, simply talking at their ease, they fully understand each other at a distance of considerably over a mile.

The hunt was anything but a success, and the sun was setting when the beaters surrounded the last thicket where the boars were supposed to be in hiding. Though several of the huge porkers had been disturbed from their lairs, they had all escaped without coming within range of our guns. At last, however, I heard a rustle very close to my stand, and the Moor of the village, who had been placed there to coach me, urged me to fire into the underbush on the off chance of bringing down the animal. This he finally succeeded in making me do. When I fired he clapped me on the back, and seemed so elated that at first, by some strange sense of woodman's craft that I did not possess, I thought perhaps he had heard the boar fall. But he had not. His face, however, was radiant with delight, this strange Moorish American companion of mine. "You missed," he shouted at last, no longer being able to suppress his merriment. "That miss will cost you four dollars forfeit to be distributed among the villagers." I thought my Moorish friend a very deep and disagreeable fellow indeed, especially with the memory of an amiable French beater fresh in my recollection who, only a few months before, when I missed a point blank shot at a rabbit, near Versailles, clapped me on the back encouragingly, and perceiving the mortification that was mine, said, "Mais, Monsieur,

vous avez très bien tiré tout le même."—("But, Monsieur, you aimed very well all the same.")

But money is money after all, and my companion this time was a Moorish American. When darkness set in the American Khalifa left us to ride back to Tangier, and the villagers dispersed to their homes. We camped for the night on the hillside, and very damp and cold it was. Our English tent was not nearly as comfortable as the Moorish one of camel's hair that the men had brought as a kitchen. Here we crouched as long as we could stand the atmosphere, listening to Salem's sparkling stories of the great feats of strength he had accomplished some years before, immediately after having paid a pilgrimage to the tomb of Sidi Boazzain the Sahel Wood. "On my way to Tangier," he said, while the other muleteers gathered around and listened in respectful awe, "my mule went lame in all four feet. It was late at night. I was afraid to tether the animal in the country, so, after a prayer to Sidi Boazza, I lifted him on my shoulders and carried him four miles into Tangier." "May Sidi Boazza rest in peace, and his blessing descend upon us all!" shouted the pious muleteers in chorus. Salem went on to remark that he had never experienced any ill effects from his feat of strength, except a rather severe headache the day following.

The country seemed quiet and peaceable enough, but on the second day of our roundabout journey we saw a village in smoke and flame, and about an hour later we met one of the Imperial tax-gatherers alone and, unaccompanied by any followers, retreating towards Arzila. We had the good fortune,

Tomb of Sidi Boazza in the Sahel Wood.

however, to come across no sterner evidence of the fact that the country in which we were so peaceably travelling was then the theatre of one of those little rebellions which are constantly going on in Morocco. In the afternoon of our third day out we came in sight of Tetuan. This town is only distant some forty-five miles from Tangier, but by the circuitous route we had followed it must be at least seventy. Tetuan is beautifully situated at the foot of Beni Hosmar, one of the highest peaks of the Northern or Lesser Atlas range. It was nearly night when we rode into the town and entered the *mellah*, or Jew quarter. Here we found that the house of the British Vice-Consul, a Moorish Jew named Nahon, the usual stopping place of visitors, was occupied by two English officers, who had come across from Gibraltar for a few days' sport with the woodcock and the snipe that abound in the swamps that lie between the town and the port of San Martino. In an evil moment we bethought us of the American consular agent, also a Jew, and immediately went to see him in the hope that he could lodge us himself, or find us a suitable resting-place. It was raining hard and pitch dark, and we had no desire to camp out beyond the city walls in all the mud and filth we had noticed there. Unfortunately the consular agent had not a vacant room in his house, and knew no one who had. He was, however, possessed of much elegant leisure, which he lavished upon us in a most generous manner during our stay in the town. Finally, however, we found a vacant cellar without any windows or apertures for ventilation, and in this cave, with the walls

dripping with dampness and green with slimy lichen, we were compelled to stay until we left Tetuan. Our men and animals were lodged at the common *fondak*, a quaint, ramshackle Moorish inn, in which everybody slept out in the court-yard, reclining on prayer-rugs, and covered up in the folds of their *jelabs*. Our cellar belonged to Jews, and as it was Friday, their Sabbath, our host could only serve us with baked meats, which he brought from the oven which all the Jews of the *mellah* have in common for this purpose. And as according to the Mosaic law they could neither furnish us with fire nor lights on the Sabbath, we went to bed in the chill darkness.

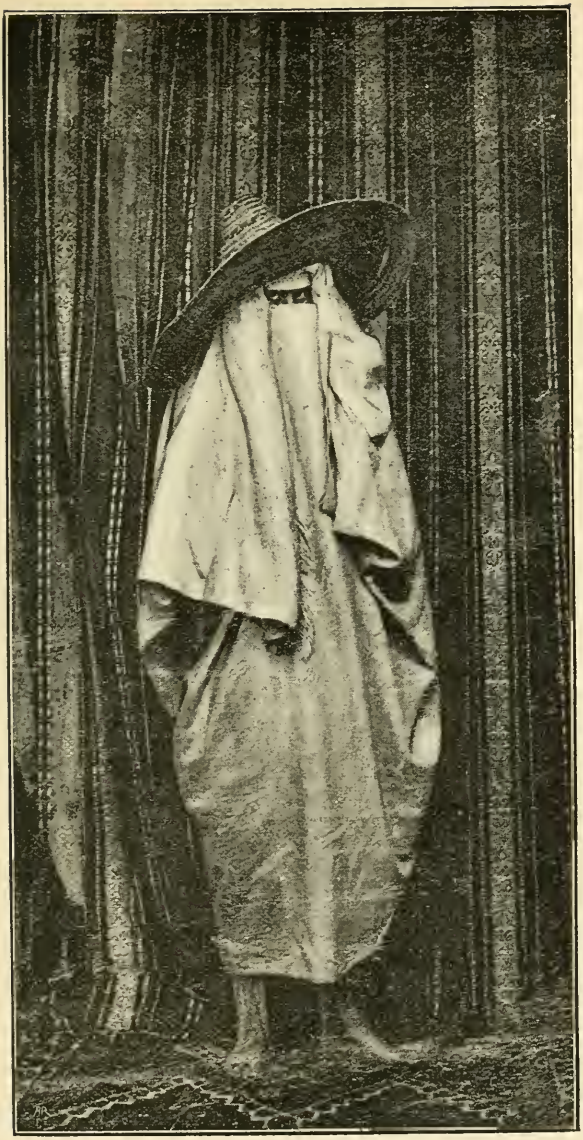
On the following morning we were received by the Bashaw, one of the finest specimens of the predatory type of man I have ever seen. He had a hawk-like face, cold beady eyes, and his fingers were strong and sinewy prehensile like the talons of an eagle. He welcomed us to Tetuan, and asked us to come and take tea with him on the following day. During our audience by some means our consular agent succeeded in getting inside the little *Koubba* in which the Bashaw had received us. His appearance brought the audience to a rather abrupt conclusion. He was evidently not *persona grata* at court. When we reached our humble cellar we found letters from the Bashaw as well as from Katib, another Tetuan notable to whom we had brought letters, cancelling the invitations they had extended to us. The Bashaw said his favourite wife was ill with the small-pox. Katib simply asked us not to come *sans phrases*.

Everybody, including our muleteers, united in making our diplomatic representative responsible for our social downfall. Sid Bricho, a distinguished Tetuani, and by far the most enlightened and civilized of the Moors I came in contact with in my travels, unlike Katib, who closed his doors upon us because of the religion of our consular agent, welcomed us warmly, and extended to us the greatest hospitality. We were constantly invited to his house, and he seemed to take the greatest interest in our descriptions of the wonders of the New World. Bricho had often been sent by the father of the reigning Sultan on foreign missions, and, unlike every other travelled Moor I came in contact with, he seemed to have profited by his wider experience of men and manners, which may account for the fact that he is very much out of favour at the Shereefian Court.

The house in which he lived was truly a palace of many court-yards, beautifully tiled under foot and overhead with the mosaic tiling for which Tetuan is famous throughout Morocco. The overhanging porticoes of the haremlik were upheld by many graceful pillars of marble. It was a pleasant place to linger in out of the dirt, and away from the noise of our miserable lodgings. He saw we enjoyed the architectural beauty, the romantic surroundings of his domain, and, very generously, he gave us the run of the place. It was pleasant, indeed, to sit in this far-away corner of the world, under magnificent mandragora and orange trees, listening to the soothing splash of innumerable fountains and dreaming the dreams of the lotus-eater.

On one occasion Sid Bricho extended an invitation from the ladies of his harem to D——y, and on the following day she went and took tea with them. The harem was inhabited by some twenty women, or rather girls, as their ages only ranged from twelve to twenty. What became of Bricho's old wives seems to have been a Bluebeardian mystery. The women were reclining upon couches, so D——y writes, robed in their loose clinging garments of silk lace and embroidered cloth. They were waited upon by four or five tattooed negresses from the Soudan, who wore huge and very heavy bronzen or copper earrings. The wives wore beautiful embroidered girdles round their waists. Their brown and very shapely ankles were encircled by anklets of heavy silver. The floor of the harem was covered with beautiful Rabat and Casablanca rugs of the rich mellow colours, the secret of which seems lost to the Moorish carpet-makers of to-day. The walls were hung with *hayties*, embroidered in gold, some of them of old Spanish damask silk, others of Italian velvet. D——y was immediately taken to one end of the room, where, suspended from the ceiling by long silken cords, hung a small basket cradle in which was sleeping a baby about six or eight months old. It was the child of Sid Bricho's favourite wife. The eyes of the poor little wretch looked like big black diamonds, so black had the eyelids been painted with *kohl*. Its finger and toe nails were stained with *henna*. All these disfigurements were pointed out to D——y, and she was asked whether she did not think they heightened the infant's beauty. D——y spent nearly an hour

in the harem talking and chatting with the women, though neither understood a word of the language that the other spoke. When she rose to go they all shook hands and then kissed the hand which she had touched as an indication of the esteem and friendship in which she was held by them. The women were very much amused with her costume, which was a riding habit, and insisted upon thoroughly examining it in all its details. They seemed to be very fond of jewellery, and were delighted with the few rings which she wore. In return for the patience she showed in being so thoroughly scrutinized by her new friends, the women of the harem brought out the contents of their wardrobes, which consisted of many-coloured silk and gold embroidered *caftans* of lace and beautiful girdles, woven from the richest Fez silk, and soft snowy *haiks*, which they showed her. But the greatest curiosity they reserved for the last. As D——y was turning to go, the women led her into a small room off the large apartment in which something very carefully shrouded in old turban cloths was lying on the tiled table. The women placed several of the black slaves as spies at all the entrances to the harem, and then carefully and cautiously unrobed the mysterious package. It proved to be a German looking-glass of a very cheap and unflattering variety. The women were very much disappointed when D——y evinced no surprise at the sight of the much-treasured article, and they almost mobbed her in their attempts to get possession of it when she showed them a pocket glass she carried with her. The large looking-glass was then carefully



Tetuan Woman.

covered up with the turban cloths and hidden away as carefully as before, for Bricho, despite his humanity, is an orthodox Moor, and would not willingly permit such an iniquity to profane his house.

From early in the morning until late at night, our new friend and countryman was ever at my elbow or on our heels. From dewy dawn until the damp evening, when we retired to our cellar, he loudly bemoaned our fate. Hardly an hour passed but what he begged us to forgive him. Our want of social success was all his fault, he whined. We had been dropped by the smart set of Tetuan because of our courtesy to him. Every moment he would refer to the sudden eclipse of our star, that at one moment shone with such social promise. He would go through the pantomime of tearing his hair and beating his breast, and finally one morning, as though convinced that the self-inflicted punishment was totally inadequate to his offence, he asked me to kick him. On the second time of asking, I complied with the request. There was nothing of the pantomime in my kick, so our compatriot (by the not altogether thorough method of naturalization) dropped the subject.

There was no doubt about it. The smart set of Tetuan left us severely alone. Indeed, some of our former would-be hosts would even ignore our presence when we met in the market-place, and the invitations to take tea in their gardens, which were so unanimously and mysteriously cancelled, were never renewed. These slights we might have survived, but unfortunately, in his well-meant endeavours to compensate us for the absence of the great ones

of Tetuan, the consular agent now never left us at all. D——y suggested that the never-napping surveillance he kept over us was perhaps inspired by the fear that if we were left alone, but for a moment, to contemplate the complete collapse of our social aspirations we might seek to put an end to our blighted lives.

Street-life in Tetuan is very picturesque and quite distinct from the scenes one witnesses in other Moorish towns. The streets themselves are broader and are kept much cleaner. The houses are larger, and to my mind of a much nobler and purer Arabic architecture than even the best specimens I have seen in Fez. Tetuan was not, I believe, founded by the refugees from Granada, after the capture of this their stronghold in 1492, as is generally supposed. I believe archæological proof has quite recently been brought to light that would go far to show that Tetuan was a flourishing port even in the days of the Phœnicians. But the refugees from Granada certainly found Tetuan a dirty mud village, and the evidences of a decided attempt on their part to revive the glories of their birthplace are everywhere, even to this day, quite apparent. So I was not surprised to find the Tetuani more civilized than any of the Moors I had previously fallen in with.

They certainly know the art of living. They possess magnificent, well-ventilated houses, and are very highly educated and cultured according to their ideas of what education and culture are. They still cling in the most tenacious manner to the keys of their Granada palaces, and the title-deeds of their

Spanish estates and "chateaux," which their ancestors possessed in the days of the Caliphate of Cordova. On the anniversary of the day of the fall of Granada, so Sid Bricho told me, the *élite* of the Tetuani, who were so fortunate as to possess these papers, carried them with them into the mosque, and spent most of the day in the sanctuary poring over the dusty pages, and praying that the day of retribution and restitution may come soon, as it will come, they are confident. The business quarters of the town are divided into guilds very much after the fashion of mediæval London. Here it was amusing to watch the merchants selling their wares or selling them not, just as fate decreed, because they themselves made no effort to increase their sales by advertising their merits or in other ways. They simply sat cross-legged in an attitude of fatalistic indifference on their haunches, waiting the coming of a customer. Every now and then, wild-looking Riff women would wander into the shopping quarters, and by their presence lend a certain savage interest to the scene. They had come from their Highland homes to make the annual purchases. Their uncovered faces were tattooed with all manner of strange devices, on the cheeks, about the neck and forehead, and on their bosoms, which were bared to the gaze of the spectator. As they wandered through the narrow streets their uncouth silver jewellery jangled like the bells of a tramway. While they are making their purchases their lords and masters camp outside of the city gate at a respectful distance; for the Riff is generally "wanted" in Tetuan, and it would be a bold thing

indeed to come into the town right under the eyes of the Bashaw, to whom they consistently refuse to pay taxes.

The Riffs have a curious code of ethics. Among them a man's duty is to kill, to steal, to murder, and to harry as much as he can, and the only disgrace that may come upon him is to die in his bed with his boots on. And from what I heard of their exploits, I believe very few Riffs bring this disgrace on their families.

CHAPTER XVI.

OUR JOURNEY TO TETUAN—(*Continued.*)

The consular agent caught napping—A Moorish lawyer in his lair—"Done" by a naked follower of Sid Aissa—"Copper from the land where gold lies mountains high"—The Snake-charmer's theology—Hassan, the son of the Sultan, on his return from the weekly bath—The marriage of the dusky Rahmana to Sid Hamid the Bashaw secretary—The invisible bride—Mothers and mothers-in-law as matrimonial agents—The wedding march to the shrines of saints—A daughter of America visits the bride—Her man-of-war's man costume objected to—Rumours of rebellion and the reality—The Oued-Ras tribesmen "out for blood"—Narrow escape of my rye whiskey—The killing of Sheik Benzouini—The deposition of the Bashaw—End of the rebellion—"Plus ca change plus c est le même chose"—The ways of governors—H'mam—A Garibaldian without a red shirt—His disgraceful capture—Smuggling ways in the Herculean Straits—The provenance of the repeating rifles—H'mam's successful fight.

ONE morning we caught the consular agent napping, and so wandered out seeking adventures unmodified by his disillusioning interjections of, "What would they say to this in Chatham Street? How they would laugh in the Bowery!" It was a delightful opportunity to get lost, which we immediately proceeded to do, the business quarter, the bazaars, being

a perfect labyrinth. Our friend, the consul, knew its windings well, but we preferred to brave the *Minotaur*, rather than to listen to his explanations, and submit further to his guidance. We first stumbled upon the bazaar of the Adools, the Chancery Lane of Tetuan. It contained about one hundred cuddy-holes in which were seated, cross-legged, the learned men of law of

A Moorish Lawyer.

the city. They were all very aged and venerable in appearance, in fact I never saw a young adool in Morocco. While with us the young adool seems to visibly starve, I should say that in Morocco he hibernates unseen for a period of years until his beard is snowy white, and he can, without disrespect to his colleagues, take up his position in the dog-houses from

which the law of the land is handed down to the laity. One adool we noted as a particularly interesting personage. Clients thronged around him. I should say he was eighty years of age. His head was snowy white, his eyebrows were like tufts of ermine ; he wore a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, and all his clothes were of white silk. His little office was crammed to overflowing with ponderous manuscripts in which were gathered the wise saws of the Moorish law-givers. I do not conclude the citation by saying modern instances, for there are no modern instances of Moorish law ; it all goes back to the days of the Prophet and of the Sulhama. Four clients stood patiently awaiting the great man's pleasure, while he, as though indifferent to practice and "refreshing fees," read his precious commentaries. Finally, with a sigh, the old man dropped the all-enthralling book, and looked down contemptuously at the first client on line. She was a peasant woman from the country-side, wearing the umbrageous straw hat common to the Kabyles of the Tetuan country. The diameter of the brim was at least two feet. It was covered with parti-coloured ribbons and strings, and altogether looked like a patch-work crazy quilt. Her face was completely covered with a yasmak, and so carefully swathed from view was it that the slits for the eyes were quite unnoticeable, and her voice through the many muffling kerchiefs sounded as though she was speaking through a respirator.

It was a long and graphic story that she told, with no end of pantomime and gesticulation, that somebody had stolen her cow, was all I could make

out of it. When she was through it the adool smiled, and he talked for a few minutes. I understood him better. His story was something about "money in advance" payments. Then everybody joined in the legal conference, the passing muleteers, the market women, the street arabs, and there was a hubbub that aroused the quarter out of its noon-tide

Tetuan Women in Market-place.

nap. Finally, the peasant woman pulled some copper coins out of one of her capacious pockets, and began to spread out the meskals at the feet of the learned man. He smiled pityingly upon her and with undisguised contempt upon her copper coin. His words were worth their weight in silver, he said. His were not the idle words of conversation,

to be paid for in copper. Finally the woman pulled a Spanish dollar from out of another secret receptacle, and placed it at his feet. He picked it up, held it to his eye and scanned it carefully; bit it and spat on it, and then, it having apparently stood all these tests to his satisfaction, he put it away in his purse. Then the woman told her tale again. This time the adool listened and made careful notes. When she was through, he took down his dusty volumes and began to look the case up to compare authorities. He certainly did not scamp the matter. Finally, after this exhaustive preparation and comparison of authorities, he gave his client an opinion. Evidently it was a very unfavourable one. She had no grounds for suit. Instead of falling down in adoration before this *rara avis* of an adool, the woman got very angry, and at one time it looked as though she were going to wreck his shop. She shrieked and cursed, and called upon all the saints of Islamism to frown down upon this wicked lawyer. Then she proposed a compromise. If he would give her back half the fee, she would say nothing further about the matter. Everybody who passed joined in the controversy. Muleteers got down off their animals to slide in a word, and finally the poor adool gave back two pesetas in copper, and the woman went her way.

The sun was now declining, and we dared to go out in the great Sók or market-place, a huge field of some fifteen acres, where the country people bring their produce, and where everything is sold from a camel to a cedar-wood cup. Here we stumbled upon a snake-charmer and a story-teller—evidently a

popular favourite. His musical assistants began a tremendous tomtoming on cymbals, with interludes played upon the Moorish bagpipe and the gimreh. About 500 people crowded around the spot on which the almost naked follower of Sid Aissa announced that he was going to make miracles and work wonders. We joined the throng. He was a perfect black with long Medusa-like curls hanging in kinks over his broad shoulders. He wore a breech-cloth and a pair of sandals. His body was covered with self-inflicted scars of which the Sussi snake-charmers are quite as proud as the Heidelberg corps student is of his *schmisse*. His preparations were careful and prolonged, and, before the performance began, the money-bag went round a dozen times. Finally he got a bundle of hay, and sprinkled it over carefully with water.

"That I shall set on fire," he said, "by the grace of my patron saint, the great Sid Aissa of Mekinez." Then he emptied a bag on the ground, and four or five of the deadly leffah snakes began to crawl and squirm around the place to the no little alarm of the spectators. Again the bag-pipe player desisted, and passed around the hat. At this juncture the follower of the snake-charming saint caught sight of me, and, holding up a paltry copper coin in his hand which he was pleased to ascribe to my generosity, he said, "O son of America, a pitiful piece of copper for me, the child of the Prophet, the beloved one of the great Aissa; a piece of copper from the land where the gold lies mountains high!" A huge guffaw greeted this sally, and then the miracle-maker took up the cudgels against the Jews.

Thinking probably that I was offended by his derisive remarks, he was pleased to say in a loud voice a moment later, "Yes, the son of America is generous. See, Moors, and Jewish dogs, he has given me a peseta." Then he began to ingratiate himself with the Jews, four of whom in their black skull-caps, their babooshas, and long black gowns, had come to see the sport. I must say, that though a very poor snake-charmer, he knew his audience well. While it must seem almost incredible to any one who knows the thrifty habits of the Barbary Jew, yet it is a fact that in a few minutes he had wheedled them out of sixpence apiece. Then he threw back his snake-like hair, and frothed at the mouth as he talked to the Moors. He called them every opprobrious epithet that I have ever heard in Morocco, and its vocabulary in that direction is a very large one. He cursed them for allowing a Christian dog, and a pig of a Jew, to outdo them in liberality, and soon the copper floss came into the hat which was always going round with a steady rotary motion. He gathered up his silver and his copper, and as he felt its weight he smiled placidly, and life seemed for him to take on a more rosy hue.

He now commenced to expound a comprehensive philosophy and a catholic theology that embraced us all. "I call on the great saint, Sid Aissa, and my own sweet patron, Mulai Absalom, to bear me witness," he cried, striking his breast with his hand, "that no true follower of the Prophet has ever reviled a Christian or a Jew. We are all God's children, and those we worship are all the children of Him

The Susi Snake-charmer.

who bids the sun move and the waters rise and fall. Mahommed is our Prophet and God's messenger, but Moses is the mind of God, the Lord Jesus the very breath of His nostrils, and we are all God's children." A murmur of applause greeted this peroration, and then the Saint, having reconciled the religious differences of his audience, settled down to snake-charming. He took the leffahs in his arms, and in a moment they were squirming all over him, tying themselves up into coils, burrowing in his hair, and then disappearing entirely from view in his breech-cloth. Finally he took the biggest and the most venomous-looking, wrapped him in coils about his arm, and holding its head in his hand about an inch from his mouth, said, "Now, true believers, Christians and Jews, shall I bite his head off?" Emphatic cries of "Yes" went up from the delighted audience. The Fakir looked at the snake steadily for a moment, and then dropped him on the ground. Without another word to us he bundled all his snakes in his bag, his earthenware vase of water, and his dampened hay, and slipped out of the circle of spectators. An angry cry went up, he had "done" us out of about ten pesetas, and evidently we were not going to have a performance. The Jews were frantic and the Moors more philosophic but still ill-pleased. "It is prayer-time," said the sanctimonious fraud, and, without another word of explanation he strolled off towards the Mosque. I have seen many better snake-charmers, but never one who delighted me so much as the Susi Fakir I met in Tetuan.

The crowd had hardly dispersed when a score of

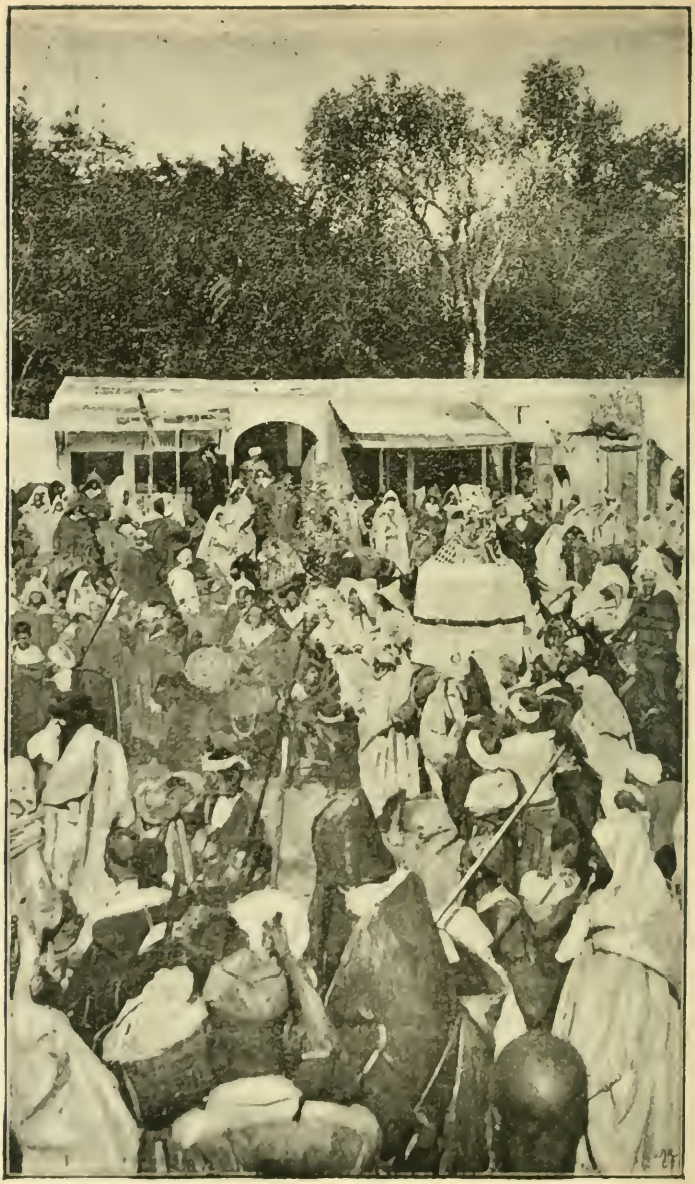
mounted cavalry came dashing up the road from the sea-shore, knocking down the impromptu stalls of the peasant women, and smiting the bystanders with the flats of their swords, giving a decided preference in striking to the dark-robed Jews. "Clear the way," they shouted, "for our lord Hassan, the son of the great Seedna, is passing this way.

Hassan is a son of the Sultan, about seventeen years of age, who is being educated by the Bashaw of Tetuan, and the casbah in which he lives fronts on the market-place. The soldiers cleared the space, and formed in line in front of the palace. Then there was another sound as of thunder, and fifty or sixty splendidly mounted emhazni came dashing up the road, making powder play as they came, and shouting, "May God prolong the days of our Lord Hassan! May God destroy the power and paralyze the right arm of his enemies!" They dashed about the market-place, presenting a fine spectacle, but one that was rather dangerous to the spectators. To escape the horses' heels we had to retire into a café where we discovered the fraudulent snake-charmer fast asleep on his prayer mat. In a few moments another cavalcade came along, going at a very sober gait. It was headed by a young lad dressed in white, and muffled with the voluminous folds of this haik Jelab, and so veiled that you could not distinguish his features. It was Hassan, the son of the Sultan. On his left rode the old Bashaw. Immediately behind him rode a learned man wearing a green caftan with a little Koran, studded with pearls, hanging around his neck. This was the Taleb, or

teacher of the Sultan's son. Then came another escort of twenty mounted men under the eyes of three chiefs and of their Caliph's son. The soldiers sat in their saddles like statues. Not a sound was heard. I could not even distinguish the twitching of a muscle as the young Seigneur rode slowly along the line. As he reached the casbah gate he reined in his horse a moment, and whispered something to the taleeb, who rode back some twenty feet, and spoke to a bare-footed Soudan negro, who had followed the cortêge on foot. He was, it seems, the Bashaw's herald. The next moment he announced in a stentorian voice, "My children, our Lord Hassan is well pleased with you. He thanks you for your escort to-day." Again the wild cries went up, "May God prolong the days of our young lord! May the Prophet paralyze the right arm of his enemies!" The young Prince now disappeared under the wing of the Bashaw and his tutor, and the escort, after more powder play, dispersed. Young Lord Hassan had been down to the sea-shore for a bath, and the whole escort and the Bashaw had sat on the shore in the blazing sun watching their young Prince disporting himself in the waves, and praying for his safety.

On the evening preceding our departure from Tetuan the Bashaw's chief secretary, Sid Hamid, married the beautiful Rahmana, the belle and heiress of Tetuan. We were delighted to participate in the smartest wedding of the year, even though merely in the capacity of uninvited spectators. There was no sign of the coming festivities until about nine

o'clock in the evening, when we noticed unusual life and stir in the streets. Salem brought around a mule for D——y, and we proceeded up the Casbah Hill towards the residence of the bride. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the elements and the surroundings conspired to make the marriage ceremony a very picturesque one. On entering the street in which the beautiful Rahmana lived, we found it impossible to approach the house of joy, owing to the throngs of well-wishers and friends who already crowded it. We lurked modestly in the shadow of the wall, and I must say none of the Moors present were hospitable enough to bid us move up higher. In fact, quite a number of them were unkind enough to suggest that we had better go home. However, we succeeded in getting a very good idea of a Moorish wedding in high life, without making ourselves particularly objectionable, and without getting into any trouble. In a few minutes an aged Soudan woman, black as the ace of spades, leading a white mule, came up the street towards Rahmana's home. Everybody laughed and joked with her, and made much of her. I found out afterwards that the negress was an absolutely indispensable adjunct to smart weddings in Tetuan. She walked by the side of the mule, balancing on his back a tall box very much like a pigeon house, not flat at the top, however, but running up into a point. In each of the four sides of the box is a small window, hardly large enough for a sparrow to hop through. On reaching the gate in front of the bride's house the negress placed this box upon her



The Bride in the Wedding Box.

back and went in, leaving the mule and the expectant throng outside. In a few moments she returned staggering under the weight of the box in which the poor bride had been imprisoned. The box was replaced on the mule's back, and then young girls of her acquaintance streamed out of the house, and, instead of attiring the bride in her wedding garments, as one would expect, they hung the beautiful Spanish brocades, sashes of Fez silk and woven haiks upon the outside of the box. Then her sister brought out of the house her jewellery, bangles, and anklets, and a string of pearls, the gems most highly prized by Moorish women.

They were hung on the corners of the wedding box, and the procession formed, while an orchestra composed of some ten or a dozen musicians performed on the aronda, the guitar, the rabbez, the gimreh and the lute. The friends and family of the bride and the bridegroom fell in line in the order of their seniority, or in view of the closeness of their relationship to one or the other of the contracting parties, and, in about ten minutes after the bride had been placed in her uncomfortable position in the suffocating box, a wedding march was struck up, and the procession moved away from the bride's house in which all lights were immediately extinguished as an indication that the joy and the light had departed from her father's mansion with her out-going. The procession was headed by the *Ik Fiah*, a priest from the Casbah Mosque.

The cortêge started down the hill, and for three hours at least we marched around Tetuan, visiting

every shrine and every saint whose bones lie buried, or who is held in honour within the walls of the city. Certainly 500 of the wedding guests carried lamps that shone weirdly, lamps of highly polished tin that glistened in the moonlight like silver, and brass lamps that gleamed and glinted like Aladdin's wonderful investments. The wedding march that the musicians played was not by any means as inharmonious or as unpleasant to the ear as I had expected would be the case from my previous experience of Moorish music.

It was weird and uncouth certainly, but not without a certain appropriateness to the occasion. As we passed along the streets of the sleeping city, the doors were thrown open, and the men rushed out with shouts, and boisterous congratulations were heard on every side. From the housetops the women of the harems looked down, crying out their curious yell with which a wedding party is always met—"yo, yo, yo, yo, ye, ye, ye, ye"—very much like the song of the Sioux in concluding the ghost dance. At every shrine the music would be hushed, and the Ik Fiah, taking a striking position at the head of the procession, with his face turned towards heaven, would implore a blessing on the bride. "May this man and this woman find favour in thy sight, O Lord of the day of judgment! May the smile of Allah bring joy to their bed! May this woman be fruitful!" and similar prayers suitable to the occasion. Immediately behind the bride in the box came the negress who carried in her hands two candles that were nearly burned out before the house of the bridegroom, our objective

point, was reached. The gateway here was garlanded with flowers, and there was a blaze of light from every window. The negress lifts the box off the mule's back, and, amid the enthusiastic shouts of the spectators, the bride is carried and enters for the first time the house where she is to be mistress—until supplanted. The negress, the all-important factotum of the ceremony, carries her upstairs into the bridal chamber, and places her on a divan without allowing her feet to touch the ground. In fact, for three days preceding the ceremony the bride may not touch the ground with her feet; she must be carried always. The box in which she has been brought to her lord is left also in the bridal chamber decked out with the wedding garments. The negress places the candles in such a position as to throw as becoming a light as possible on her *protégée,* and after hurriedly touching up with the rouge box, kohl dust and henna any possible damage received by her charge during the trip, she retires and locks the door of the bridal chamber. She goes downstairs, and in the court-yard presents the mother of the bridegroom, or his nearest female relative, with the key of the chamber. The mother then generally goes upstairs with a steaming plate of kous-cous, which she places before the new mistress of the house. It is not considered good form to eat any of this delicacy—at least, not for the present. It is, however, very good form for the bride to stick her finger into the steaming mess, and rub a little on her nose saying the while "Bismillah,"—in the name of God The mother then goes downstairs, and hands over

the key of the gate that leads to the outer courts of the garden of felicity, as the Moors in their picturesque language call the bridal chamber, and he is then master of the situation.

With all manner of cries, which I had reason to be thankful D——y did not understand, the friends and wedding guests withdraw for the evening; the bridegroom bounds upstairs, unlocks the door, and stands face to face with his fate. The bride rushes towards him, still carefully veiled, throws herself at his feet, kisses his hand, and hails him as her lord. He leads her again to the divan, and places the steaming kous-cous again before her. This time she must eat. Slowly or quickly, just as his nature is, whether he cares to dwell over the details or not, the groom unveils the fair one, and for the first time in his life sees the woman who is now his wife. The bride is entirely chosen by his mother or female relative *in loco parentis*, and I have heard of very few exceptions to the rule laid down that an aristocratic Moor rarely sees the face of his wife until after marriage.

His female relatives of course call upon the fair one when the alliance is first mooted, and bring him back glowing accounts of her charms of face and figure; but, at the same time, even her eyes are a sealed book to him until the Ik Fiah has had his say, and the last marriage rite is complied with. Often the bridegroom has an awful shock as the veil is removed. Amusing stories are told of how mothers have deceived sons of whom they were not very fond, and many a Moor has lamented their

wedding customs which add to the usual lottery of marriage the dangers of that peculiarly hazardous operation known as buying a pig in a poke.

But I will not intrude further into the hymeneal mysteries. The musicians, drunk with keef and the excitement of the proceedings, withdraw after a stirring epithalmium, in which the women on the housetops join with their shrill voices, and the lights are extinguished. "*Yetz kühnheit wird zu phlicht.*"

On the following day bride and bridegroom remain in seclusion, and are invisible to everybody. The next day the box in which the bride was transported to her lord's house is placed on the roof, and is an announcement to their acquaintance that the wedding reception is on. The bride receives her women friends in her new apartments, while the bridegroom generally hires a garden, if he does not possess one, outside the city, where he and his male friends picnic for three or four days and make merry. The wedding festivities often last a week, though only for the first three days does the bride receive her friends from early morn until late at night.

D——y went to many weddings in Tetuan, where she was always well received. An invitation was generally bartered for in this way. Salem, my boy, would call on the bridegroom, and tell him that a daughter of America wished to visit and congratulate his bride. "What wedding present does she bring?" was generally the reply. Salem would barter until finally a silk handkerchief was agreed upon, and the invitation, in consequence of

this arrangement, was always extended. The wedding reception of Rahmana was particularly brilliant, according to D——y's account. As she started from our cellar to the house of the Bashaw's secretary, I saw that Salem was very much troubled in spirit, and was constantly scrutinizing her toilet with a troubled, dubious expression. Finally I asked him what was the matter. It seemed that D——y was wearing a very mannish-looking sailor suit, and Salem was afraid that the wedding guests would think her a man, and refuse to admit her into the harem. She was finally persuaded to put on more feminine garments, and we all proceeded to the house of festivity. Salem and I had to kick our heels outside while D——y went in to taste of the good things that were offered her. Rahmana she found a very beautiful woman, perhaps a little too fat (she had been carefully fattened for the occasion), and a little too dark for our taste—nevertheless a very beautiful woman. She was only fourteen years of age, but quite matured. She reclined half asleep on a divan in the reception room, attired in the wedding garments which had adorned the bridal box two days before. This sleepiness is *de rigueur*, a compliment to the bridegroom, I believe, which Moorish etiquette exacts. On entering D——y was taken in charge by one of the family slaves, and, having produced her wedding present, was escorted to the divan and presented to the sleeping beauty, who opened her eyes slowly for a moment, asked if she was married, if she had been married often, how many babies she had, and then fell back on the divan, exhausted with the mental effort it had cost her to

be so polite. In the middle of the room, which was very long, sat three negro musicians, who played incessantly during the hour that D——y remained at the reception. It is absolutely an insult, it appears, to leave before your hour is up, and you must drink at least three cups of tea and eat as much cake as you can. On leaving you are expected to make the musicians and servants a suitable present. The reception of the bridegroom in the garden outside the city is a much simpler affair. His servants go out early in the morning, kill a sheep and prepare the steaming kous-cous, and the party gather in the orange garden at about seven. Here they gorge and disgorge sheep and kous-cous until sunset, when the bridegroom returns to the town and to his matrimonial duties.

Having been informed that a large detachment of the Shereefian army had reached Hábassi, and that if we delayed our return journey any further, we might have to remain in Tetuan for weeks, we started on the following day.

We pushed on hurriedly to the Fondak, in our endeavour to get as near Tangier as possible before nightfall, but the mules as usual went lame, and the packs shifted. When evening came we were forced to encamp on a hill-top about half a mile away from the well-known inn of Hadj Abd-el-Kader, within whose gates so many Europeans and *exploratcurs en Afrique* have for the first time experienced the sting of the African insect world, infinitely small and excessively annoying. We were busily engaged in preparing dinner, when suddenly our attention was attracted by a very formidable-looking body of some six hundred

mountaineers coming straight up the hill-side towards our encampment. As they drew nearer I could see that every man of them was armed with a repeating rifle, and, as they came on steadily towards us, the bright barrels of their rifles protruding above their shoulders glistened unpleasantly in the waning sunlight—forcible reminders of my folly of having made an expedition into the interior when the Oued-Ras men were "out," and of the insanity of having brought my womenkind with me. A very short comparison of our small armoury of Winchesters and Colts with the armament of the advancing host made me resign all hope of escaping except through the sweet uses of diplomacy and of arbitration. They were indeed a motley and piratical-looking crew as they swarmed up the hill-side, and I noticed that I was not the only member of the caravan whose knees gave symptoms of shipwreck. Some of the mountaineers wore the aristocratic haik and burnous, others the humbler jelab of the country folk, while not a few for clothing contented themselves, as D——y remarked, with wearing pieces of rope around their heads. The only defensive measure I took was to beg Salem, our interpreter, to be very "nice" with the chief of the advancing horde, to say that we sympathized deeply with his political aspirations, and that in case he wanted our mules or our ammunition, we should be delighted to place what we had at his service.

When they arrived within twenty paces of where we were, with natural uneasiness, awaiting the course of events, the discordant tom-tom to which the rebels had marched was hushed, and they swarmed gaily

Street Performance in Tetuan.

From "The Illustrated London News," by permission.

about the hollow square that we had formed, and began to inspect our belongings, without the ceremony of asking our leave. Salem, meanwhile, carried on an animated conversation with them, but absolutely refused to enlighten us as to what was going on.

I knew from experience that Salem was telling some frightful lie, so I did not insist, having great confidence in the plausibility of the yarns he evolved from his bullet-shaped head, and the capacity he had often shown for getting me out of tight places. Then the head man came up to where D——y and I stood —I suppose he noticed that this was the weakest point in the hollow square—and shouted "spiritoo, spiritoo ! ! !"

I thought he shouted then ; now that my acquaintance with the Moors is more extensive I see that he had really modulated his voice to tones which in Morocco would be considered suitable for drawing-room conversation. With that turn for the acquirement of foreign languages which characterizes her sex, and especially her countrywomen, D——y concluded that the cry was a demand for liquid refreshment of a spirituous nature, and commenced pouring out with a liberal hand the last carefully hoarded drops of my rye whiskey, which I was jealously guarding to celebrate the birthday of the father of our country. Fortunately for my feelings and the fitting celebration of that glorious day, the interpreter announced that by "spiritoo" the insurgents meant matches, and we very gladly gave them all our store to light them on their way, while fervently praying that it would never again cross ours. In a few

moments the pipe of peace, or rather the cigarette in this instance, was lighted, and we were all talking war talk. As far as I could make out from them, we children of America were the only people that our ferocious-looking visitors were not going to kill in the Bashawlik. In about half an hour, however, with more discordant tom-toming, and with embraces for Salem, who had ingratiated himself wonderfully into their good graces, our visitors moved away, wishing us effusively farewell and a pleasant journey. The wise talebs of the University might have taken exception to the pronunciation of our parting salutations, yet they would have been compelled to admit that they were not wanting in a certain accent of sincerity—we indeed wished them far away. I dwell particularly on the very makeshift nature of the insurgents' attire, because it struck me at the time as all the more incongruous owing to the striking uniformity of their weapons.

I did not see among the six hundred a single ancient flint lock, nor yet one of those inferior repeating rifles which are known as Belgicos in Morocco. Every man of the six hundred carried a new repeating rifle with the latest improvements and patents. The rifles were quite new, the men seemed to have been armed simultaneously, and the gun covers which, as the mountaineers were on the war-path, they wore tightly bound down around their heads in turban fashion, were without exception of a very bright red flannel. A few hours later the rebels reached the villages of Gharbeya, and, as the Sheik Benzouini, the Bashaw's Kalifa, went out into the

market-place on the following morning to confiscate produce in lieu of taxes, they filled him full of bullets and mortally wounded half a dozen of his escort. Benzeuoni's death is no loss to civilization. He will be remembered in France for having made several years ago a murderous assault upon M. de Martinière, the distinguished traveller and archæologist.

The last few days of our stay in Tangier were very exciting, and we were so fortunate as to see the end of the Oued-Ras rebellion, in which we had been mixed up a great deal more closely than was either comfortable or safe. The new governor, Sid Abdurrhamen-Ben-Adussadak, made his formal entry into the city coming from Oudfda, where he left anything but pleasant memories behind him. I imagine the deposition of the old Bashaw would simply be another instance of where *plus ça change plus c'est le même chose*. However, Sid Abdurrhamen was formally proclaimed Bashaw from the steps of the mosque. The entry of the governor, surrounded by one hundred mounted men on magnificent Abda horses, was a striking pageant, and characterized by great pomp and ceremony; the public, however, participated in the functions in the most perfunctory manner. Indeed the country people held quite aloof from them as far as was compatible with the teachings of common prudence, and the Tangerines are, as is known, ever ready to bow down before the master of the situation, the king of the moment.

Secretly, like a thief in the night, the deposed Sid Mahommed, on the evening preceding the arrival of

his successor, stole quietly out of the Casbah, and, accompanied by some score of horsemen, in whose custody he really was, set out upon his journey to the Court of Fez, where the Sultan is sternly awaiting an account of his stewardship. But the most striking scene of all that we witnessed, was the entry of the successful rebels into the town to take the oath of loyalty to the new Bashaw, and to renew their allegiance to the Sultan. They certainly came flushed with pride born of their unexpected successes, and with many mental reservations as to their future course of action; but, as far as the demands of ceremonial went, the unrepenting rebels complied in every detail and particular. The illustration is from a photograph I was so fortunate as to succeed in taking as they entered the Sôk, or market-place, opposite the German Legation, on the road which winds up the elevated hill leading to the Casbah and the Bashaw's palace. The chief Sheik of the rebellious Oued-Ras tribe leads the way humbly on foot, suing as a suppliant for the peace that he has imposed. He is surrounded by his sons and chief men, who carry the holy banners of red woven silk, many of which, it is said, the Oued-Ras carried against the Portuguese four hundred years ago.

Some of the banners are sacred to the particular saints to whose worship the Oued-Ras are especially given, such as Sid Absalom, Mulai Abd-el-Kadr and Sidi Boaza. As the Sheiks and chief men enter the Casbah Palace to make obeisance before the new Bashaw, these banners are placed in the Kouba, or burial place, of Sid Saidi, one of the patron saints of

Tangier, and, as the men of war within the palace attack the steaming kous-cous-o with which the peace is sealed, the holy men of peace without commune and hold converse over the remains of the saintly Saidi—may he rest in peace after having brought about so happy a union of church and state. Sid Mahommed, the deposed Bashaw, goes to Fez a prisoner, although the honours due to his rank are still paid to him.

It is indeed a pleasure to think that the usual method of dealing with deposed governors will in all probability be observed in this case. He will doubtless be received by the Sultan in formal audience, and apparently with great cordiality. He will then be sent a scented and a perfumed cup of tea, into which will have been introduced a quantity of arsenic sufficient to bring his earthly career to an immediate end. The deposed Bashaw, who only succeeded his father as governor in May, 1891, was an out-and-out scamp, and even the Sultan, who is not squeamish, would only give him the appointment for which he was so unfitted in return for the large cash bribe of sixty thousand Spanish dollars—in Morocco a very high price even for so high a post. The new Bashaw immediately began to reimburse himself for his money out of pocket by the most horrible exactions and cruelties to the long-suffering Kabyles. Among the many atrocious crimes that are charged to the account of Sid Mahommed, is the murder of his father in order that he might obtain more quickly the succession to the family fortune, and the attempted murder of his foster-mother, who, disgusted with the life he led, left his house and sought refuge in the

home of the English Shereefa of Wazzan. Fearing that the old woman would reveal some of his crimes, the Bashaw made several attempts to have her poisoned, attempts which, it is said, were only thwarted by the sleepless vigilance of the English Shereefa.

Moorish cruelty could perhaps have stomached these "misdemeanours," but the crime that followed involving as it did a breach of the laws of hospitality, so highly honoured, even in these days, by the degenerate Moors, was the immediate cause of the insurrection and of his deposition.

Sheik H'mam, of whom we have read so much in the papers of late, three short months ago was one of the most popular and powerful head-men of the Anghera tribe. The Angherites are closely allied to the Oued-Ras by kinship and interest. He had been a brigand and a highwayman, and, having been very successful in both occupations, had been unanimously chosen by the Angherites as their Caid, or Imperial Prefect, but the Sultan, for some reason or other, certainly not because he took exception to his antecedents, refused to confirm him in the office.

The Angherites, knowing full well that, whether H'mam was head-man or not, he would exact taxes of them, preferred to pay in their produce to him and to him alone, rather than to be compelled to pay the Imperial Prefect and H'mam in the bargain, so for six months no revenue came to the Sultan from this rich section of his Empire. Finally, listening to the treacherous Caid Edriss, the ill-advised Sheik

accepted an invitation from the Governor of Tangier, and, accompanied by Edriss, came to a meeting with the Governor to discuss their difficulties and to arrive at some arrangement.

While seated at his table within his house, and after having broken bread with him, H'mam was suddenly surrounded by soldiery, disarmed, and thrown into the Casbah prison, to house with the ordinary run of malefactors and criminals.

The whole country side roundly denounced this treachery, and, fearing assassination, the Bashaw, Sid Mahommed, never again appeared in public without a strong guard. But, despite his guard, and the all but omnipotent power he possessed for life and death over all dwelling in his Bashawlik, the villagers and the country Kabyles were not to be intimidated. Whenever he rode out they stopped their nostrils on catching sight of the malodorous miscreant, and, as he rode by them, they spat contemptuously on the ground at his feet. The removal of this Bashaw does not indicate, I regret to say, any sincere desire, on the Sultan's part, to improve the administration of his country. Though with the eyes of Europe upon him, and in the presence of Resident Ministers and Consuls, he is apt to endeavour to show to some advantage in his administration of Tangier, the alternative presented to him was either to send an army to "eat up" the country of the Oued-Ras and the Angherites, or to remove the Bashaw, and he chose the latter. His decision was not, I am afraid, entirely uninfluenced by the fact that of course the new Bashaw would have

to pay him a large sum of money for the appointment.

The Sultan very wisely chose to depose the Bashaw, and, indeed, had he attempted it, it would have proved no easy task to "eat up" the Oued-Ras country. At the very outbreak of the troubles Sid Mahommed Torres, the Moorish Minister for Foreign Affairs, resident in Tangier, notified the Court in Fez of the almost miraculous improvement that had taken place in the armament of the hill tribes. Six weeks previous to the outbreak of the revolt, they had all been armed, like the average run of Moorish mountaineers, with the old flint locks of Suss or Tetuan manufacture, but the outbreak of the revolution found them in possession of some six or eight thousand modern repeating rifles, thus constituting a force with which, owing to the hilly nature of their country, the whole Shereefian Army would hardly have been able to cope with any certainty of success. So armed, these hill tribes constitute really an *imperium in imperio*, which the Sultan will, in the near future, either have to destroy or to treat as peer.

The Christian ministers in Tangier, who do not dwell together in harmony, are now having an angry war of words as to the *provenance* of these rifles. It is, of course, an easy thing to smuggle rifles into Morocco, and it is a very profitable business. You buy a rifle in Gibraltar for ten dollars that you can sell in the interior of Morocco for fifty or sixty dollars. The smugglers run their arms over in faluccas, and beach them generally somewhere between Cape Spartel and Tangier. One smuggler, who was kind

enough to initiate me into his *modus operandi*, told me that he ran his arms right into Tangier Bay after dark, and unloaded them on the beach not a quarter of a mile from the Custom House.

"Who do you get to assist you in unloading?" I inquired.

"I generally employ the porters of the Custom House," he replied.

Then, seeing my surprise and amusement, he added, in explanation,—

"They are more skilful in unloading than other less practised wharf men or dock labourers would be."

He said it had never occurred to him that this procedure was dangerous, and he was certain it had never occurred to any of his helpers to denounce him for smuggling. But the mystery is, where the hill-men got the money to buy these rifles—a mystery which at the present moment the Court officials in Fez would very much like to solve. They do not hesitate to say, though their statements are not supported by any evidence, that the rifles came to the Oued-Ras tribe from official British sources. They claim that England has been for a long time desirous of taking possession of Tangier and the surrounding country, that they only await an opportunity for so doing, and that, naturally, they wish to become popular in the eyes of the surrounding Kabyles, whose territory they are believed to wish to annex.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE JEWS IN MOROCCO.

The early Jews who came to Morocco after the Babylonian captivity—"We are those who fled from the Jewish robber Joshua" — Semitic warriors and mountaineers — The Spanish Jews—The filth of the Mellahs—Treatment of a rich Jewish merchant—Caid Gerlalli of Demnat—An "arsenic-proof" saint—Penalty of splashing mud on a Caid—Further removal of restrictions on the Jews demanded.

THERE are three separate and distinct classes of Jews in Morocco, the Spanish, the Moorish, and the Atlas Jews. They came into the country at different periods: each speaks a distinct language; they inhabit different sections of the Empire, and, living under totally distinct conditions, hold no communication with one another whatsoever.

The Atlas Jews, it is said, left Judæa long before the Babylonian captivity, and, wandering into Mauritania, were well received by the Berber race, then undisputed possessors of the country. When in succession the Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, and Mahommedans in their turn overran and conquered the country, the aboriginal Maurii and Berber tribes, who refused to submit to a foreign yoke, were

driven into the mountainous districts of the greater Atlas and the Riff Highlands.

The early Jewish settlers followed their fortunes, and while I believe they never intermarry, their descendants now live in perfect harmony and peace with one another. The mountain Jews of the Atlas and of the Riff country speak generally the Berber dialect. They carry arms and are very warlike. They have no dealings at all with their co-religionists of the plains. It is said, however, that they can still read Hebrew, that they possess a portion of the Hebrew sacred writings, and that they preserve their religion in its pristine purity. There is at least one Jewish gentleman whom I met in Fez of the belief that these mountaineers are the direct descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. Certainly their origin is very uncertain. The Roman historian Procopius, who accompanied Belisarius in his campaigns against the Vandals in Africa, claims to have seen a pillar in the town called Tigisis, which bore the remarkable inscription: "We are those who fled from the Jewish robber Joshua, the son of Nun;" and the Berbers also have a tradition that some of their ancestors came from Canaan, whence they were driven by the children of Israel, but no other record of this pillar is extant.

The Spanish Jews came to Morocco with their expulsion from Spain, principally during the reign of Philip III. On their arrival they were subjected to insult and every kind of outrage; many of them were reduced to slavery; some were murdered and others compelled to return to Spain, where they were

forced to profess Christianity. Under European protection they now conduct the commerce of the country, and their importance to the well-being of the State is fully recognized even by the Moors themselves.

The Moorish Jews are distinct from those who emigrated from Palestine after the Roman conquest. They dwell among the wild tribes of the lower Atlas and the nomadic Arabs of the plains. Unlike the Atlas and the Spanish Jews, they have quite lost all knowledge of their mother tongue, and are to a great extent ignorant of their ancestry and history. In the large towns the Jews are obliged to reside in a separate quarter called the Mellah, the gates of which are closed and placed under guard at night.

Formerly the Jews throughout the country were compelled to walk barefoot, when they ventured into the Medinah or Moorish quarter, and always when passing a mosque. They are not allowed to mount on horseback, the horse being far too noble an animal to bear so despicable a burden, nor are they permitted to sit cross-legged in the presence of a Moor. I have often seen in Fez and in Tetuan Moorish boys beat and spit upon and pull by the beard any Jew, however respectable, they may chance to meet in the streets. While in the letter many oppressive enactments and barbarous customs under which the Jews suffered were modified after the visit of the late Sir Moses Montefiore to the Sultan Sidi Mahommed in 1864, the hostile spirit of the Moorish population towards the Jews, especially in the interior, is about the same as before.

The Jews are still compelled to walk barefoot in all the towns in the interior, and to wear a distinctive dress. When I was in Fez last summer, the consular agent of the United States, Moses-ben-Amoor-ben-Azzouli, often came to my camp bringing letters and paying me the usual calls of civility. It was during the hottest month of the year, and from the Fez Mellah to my tent the distance must have been a mile and a half at least, along a dusty sun-beaten road. He is a man of superior education, and carries on a large business, perhaps the largest commercial house in Fez. From what I heard, I should imagine that he was worth half a million of dollars at least. But this man, who had already attained the dignity of sixty years, was not allowed even to ride a mule through the streets of Fez, so fanatical is the populace of the Western Mecca. When my letters came he was accustomed to toil through the hot sun to my camp, not wishing to entrust them to one of his employés, and when he went on a journey outside the city, he would walk to some spot beyond the city gates, and there mount his mule. In the interior the prescribed custom of the Jews is a black or dark-blue caftan, belted at the waist, a black skull-cap, and black shoes and slippers. They must be all in black, as this is a colour despised by the Moors. The Jewish women are remarkable for their beautiful faces. The handsomest and most intellectual face I think I have ever seen was that of a Jewish woman, of about twenty years of age, in whose house last summer we were invited to eat the "baked meats," the only food allowed on Friday, washed

down by a white, innocent-looking liquid, which turned out to be more powerful indeed than gun-cotton. Her features were clean-cut, like the cameo portrait of a Roman mother. Her figure, however, and this is the case with all the Jewish women I have seen in Morocco, was very faulty, indeed flabby and shapeless, and their walk is rather a duck-like waddle. They absolutely do not know how to walk. On festivals and gala days they wear remarkably gaudy costumes profusely embroidered in gold. After marriage the women carefully conceal their hair from sight under bright-coloured silk kerchiefs. They have also a curious custom of wearing a bustle, but not in the place where bustles are usually worn. They wear their bustles in front. The underlying idea evidently is that they wish to give the impression, in and out of season, of being in the way of those who love their lords, even when their condition does not justify such a conclusion.

Volumes have been filled with stories of wrongs perpetrated by Moors on the Jews, but it is not my purpose to enter into the question in such detail. Indeed, from what I have seen I can say that the interests of Jews who may be wronged in Morocco are better taken care of than the interests of the Christian, unless the latter have some exceptional influence and position. The Jewish affiliated societies of Europe and of England have active correspondents in Morocco, who report expeditiously and fully the slightest incident by which one of their co-religionists suffers. Their zealous interest, and the awakening of the Shereefian Court to the fact that should the

Jews, as has been suggested, leave the country in any great numbers, all trade and commerce would cease, have brought it about that while not a pleasant place for them to dwell in, the Jews, if careful, can live in Morocco. I will, however, tell the story of the Demnat atrocities, which occurred in the years 1884-85, because it has other and very important bearing upon the present situation in Morocco. Caid Gerlali, the Governor of this populous town, near the city of Morocco, was an Anti-Semite who would have commanded the suffrages of M. Drumont, the Marquis de Mores, and even Herr Von Shœnerer, allowed his soldiers and his followers to murder the Jews in the *ghetto*, and even in the sacred precincts of the synagogue itself, with as much equanimity as though they were flies. The reports of these atrocities reached England, and Sir John Hay was directed by the Foreign Office to investigate the matter. Of all persons in the world the British Minister to Morocco chose Sid Boobker to make this investigation. Boobker is notorious, in Morocco, as the man whom the late Arthur Leared, a well-known traveller in Morocco, charged with having instigated or connived at an attempt to poison him whilst he was living in Boobker's house, in the city of Morocco. Boobker went to Demnat, and then furnished Sir John with a report completely exculpating the accused Governor. This document was forwarded to the Foreign Office, and regarded as a truthful statement of the affair from an impartial source. In the winter of 1885, however, Caid Gerlali indulged in some more *Judenhetzen*. Unoffending, innocent men were killed, women were outraged, and children

maltreated. The reports of these outrages were investigated by the French, Spanish, and the English Ministers, and this time Sir John acted more energetically, though he does not seem to have lost faith in Boobker, who had certainly misrepresented the matter to him. Caid Gerlali was ordered by the Sultan to appear at court, and answer the charges brought against him. He was received by the Sultan, and a cup of tea, in which was enough arsenic to kill a bullock, was administered to him. The Sultan had hit upon this as the best way to terminate an incident that was causing him so much annoyance.

After the audience Caid Gerlali started for Demnat, which he reached in an almost dying condition. However, he miraculously recovered from the effects of the arsenic, and from that moment was treated by the Sultan with the respect due to one possessing so strong a constitution. Indeed, though the representatives of the three powers—England, France and Italy—presented identical notes to the Shereefian Court, demanding the removal of a Governor, nothing was done in the matter. Caid Gerlali was regarded as an arsenic-proof saint, and his power became great in the land. The identical note of the three great powers was disregarded, and the fanatical Caid ruled it over Demnat for three years more, when he came to his death, I believe, by natural causes. No compensation was ever paid the families of the murdered Jews, and in fact the whole matter was dropped in a most mysterious manner. I dwell upon this incident at some length, because it is regarded by those who know Morocco thoroughly as being the immediate

cause of the present defiant spirit to European opposition which prevails in the councils of the Sultan.

England, Italy and France demanded the removal of a subordinate official for just and righteous cause, and their demand being disregarded, the incident was dropped. No wonder, after such treatment of European demands had been received without a murmur, the Moors have an exaggerated opinion of their importance. The incident, however, formed the high-water mark of cruelty to the Jews. About this time, despite the restrictions that were placed upon emigration, large numbers of Jews began to leave the country, and have since settled in the United States, in Venezuela, and in England, and it is very probable that, seeing the ruin this would bring upon the industries of the country, the Sultan gave orders that a better and more humane treatment should be accorded this so necessary and indispensable class of his subjects.

The late Sir William Kirby Green, in one of the last despatches he sent to the Foreign Office, stated that the only thing in Morocco that gave him reason to think that improvement of existing circumstances under the present *régime* might be possible in the Empire of Morocco, was the more humane and civilized manner in which the Jews were treated. And this statement was undoubtedly true. Morocco of to-day is certainly behind even the civilization that obtained in England in the days of Richard the Lion-hearted and of King John. But the Jew in Morocco to-day receives a much more humane treatment at the hands of the Fileli Shereefs than did the

Jews at the hands of the Plantagenet kings. The Jew in Morocco has a certain legal status, though the liabilities that press upon him, such as the refusal to accept his evidence in a court of civil law, among others, are heavy. Still, as the Sultan has not failed to remark, when, as he considered it, "badgered" about the Jew question, harsh European critics of his *régime* should look nearer home, and improve matters in Roumania, where the Jews are compelled to serve in the army, and to pay taxes, but have no legal status whatever. But it cannot be denied that the daily life of the Jew is still embittered by religious persecution, and his other movements hampered by the fierce, undying racial hatred. Last July, in Fez, we arrived suddenly, and without any warning whatever, at the house of our consular agent, Benazzouli in the *mellah*, while brushing off the dust of travel, and breakfasting before proceeding to the garden in which we were to encamp during our stay in Fez, we heard loud and piteous cries in the street, a volley of curses, and a clatter of hurrying feet. Finally a poor wretch appeared in the doorway, a Jew, with the sombre *caftan* and the black skull-cap that they are all compelled to wear, and threw himself at the feet of our host, kissing his shoes, the hem of his garment, and squirming and writhing about on the floor to excite our pity and show the need he was in of our protection. He was quite out of breath and speechless for ten minutes at least, panting, with his tongue hanging out, like a hound in the dog days. At last he told his story, which we afterwards found was quite true, and even substantiated by Moorish

testimony. He took off his caftan and showed us where his body was black and blue and covered with stripes of heavy sticks. He had been walking, it seemed, hurriedly along one of the main thoroughfares of Fez on some business errand for Ben-azzouli, in whose employ he was, when in his haste he stepped into a puddle of mud and water, splashing slightly the clothes of a Caid, who was riding by in all the gorgeous splendour of his official robes. The Caid cursed him, cut him across the face with his whip, and ordered his slaves who were following him to pursue the man even into the *mellah*, and not to return until they could tell him that the Jew dog had been flogged to death. Hearing his words, the miserable fellow fell prostrate before the Moorish lord, and besought him to forgive him, explaining how accidental his offence had been ; but the slaves of the Caid set upon him with their staves, and finally he was compelled to take to his heels and started to run in the direction of the *mellah*. Seeing what was going on, the idle Fazzi in the streets through which he passed naturally showed their sympathy with the proceeding by throwing stones, hitting him with sticks, and doing everything in their power to retard his flight. Through a cross-fire of sticks and stones the poor wretch had succeeded in reaching the *mellah*, pursued right up to the door of the American consular agency, where we were. Here they desisted in disgust and shame at having allowed him to escape, and went back to report to their lord that the Jew dog was dead. Certainly the goodwill had not been wanting

to put the Caid's threat into execution. Nothing could induce the young Jew to leave the house of the consular agency for days. That afternoon Ben-azzouli called on the Bashaw and asked that the Moors who had been guilty of the outrage might be punished. His request was refused, and I believe Ben-azzouli was ushered out of the Bashaw's palace with scant ceremony. However, as besides the British Mission there were several Americans in Fez, the Bashaw saw fit in a few days to notify Ben-azzouli that he had reprimanded the Moors for their conduct, and that he would see that his *protégé* was no further molested.

During the last decade, thanks chiefly to the vigilance of several European ministers in Tangier and the agents of the Anglo-Jewish Association throughout the Empire, the number of outrages to which the Jews in Morocco have been subjected has greatly diminished. The cases of barbarous cruelty, some of which I have related in the foregoing pages, that have come to light have given the Moors so much bother that happily an opinion is growing up in official circles and making itself manifest throughout the land, that Jew-baiting is not worth the subsequent trouble and expense it almost invariably entails, and as the neighbourhood in which an outrage against a Jew's life or property is committed is directly responsible for the blood-money, a strong feeling has shown itself, at least near the coast towns, against the commission of any injury to Jews, at least where there is the slightest chance of its being found out. The outrages against Jews that one hears of most often

now are not really the evidences of racial feeling and religious hatred, though both certainly do still exist to a very large extent in Morocco. Last summer, for instance, a Jew was murdered in Wadnoon, but it should be remembered that all travellers in this country on the way to Timbuctoo are exposed, from the fanaticism and predatory instincts of the natives, to a very similar fate, and it is quite possible that this Jew was killed because he had valuable goods with him and was too penurious to engage a proper escort of soldiers. Philanthropic Hebrews in this country who have interested themselves in the destinies of their co-religionists in Morocco, are very far from taking a despairing view of their condition, and indeed any fair-minded person who makes a study of the methods of Moorish Government, and sees how backward and reactionary the tendencies that prevail in the Empire now are, will be forced to confess that the treatment of the Jews, unfair and bigoted as it really is, taken comparatively, seems almost a redeeming feature in the governmental decalogue of crime. Of course it should be added that this amelioration of the condition of the Jew is not owing to any spontaneous outburst of humanity and brotherly love on the part of the Moors. It is due entirely to diplomatic pressure from without, to which the Moors have always yielded with the very worst grace in the world. In the late grand Shereef of Wazzan the Jews have lost a staunch friend. Though Wazzan is the holiest of holy cities and the residents very fanatical, owing to the broad-mindedness and the humanity of the late Shereef the Jews were allowed

to reside there, and were not compelled to huddle together in the crowded quarters of a ghetto, and were otherwise very liberally and humanely treated. All litigation among themselves the Jews are permitted to bring before their own tribunals, which are presided over by the Rabbis of their synagogues—appointed by the Moorish Government. Against these tribunals no complaints are ever made by the Jews. Infliction of the bastinado upon Jews has been abolished, though the unfortunate Moor, who has no diplomatic friends outside of his own country, is still forced to "eat stick" for the most trivial causes.

Owing to the great diplomatic pressure that has been brought to bear on the Moorish Government by the European powers, great things have been accomplished in bettering the condition of the Jews, though they have still very legitimate grievances against the Moors. It is, however, recognized by distinguished Hebrews that much can be done by the Moghrebbin Jews themselves towards elevating their position by a general average of better behaviour, and the acquirement of better education, etc., etc. It is with this belief that the efforts of the Jewish societies throughout the world are now, at least as far as Morocco is concerned, concentrated in effecting the erection of Jewish schools, even in the holy cities themselves. The Jews are unanimously against the proposed abolition of the *protégé* system. They recognize the many iniquities which have grown up under it, but at the same time they claim it to be a necessary safeguard against the barbarity and fanaticism of the Moors, and the only arrangement by which the lives,

and the homes, and the property of civilized people residing in Morocco can be secured. They are working unremittingly against its abolition, and will continue so to do until a perfectly satisfactory substitute has been hit upon.

While I have indicated in outline at least the great amelioration of the condition of the Jews that has taken place in the last few years, I do not for a moment wish to be understood as saying that their treatment at the hands of the Moors of the present day is satisfactory; far from it; and the grievances that are now being advanced at the Shereefian Court by foreign ministers, and by the interposition of prominent Hebrews in Europe, are, in my opinion, well founded, and should be immediately remedied. It is demanded of the Sultan and the Shereefian Court that the edict issued by the late Sultan, after the memorable visit of Sir Moses Montefiore, be enforced more strictly. It is further asked that a Jew be admitted to equality with a Moor before the *Shraa*, or Civil Court; but the great grievance is the punishment of the Moor, who has murdered a Jew, by blood-money. If a Moor murders a true believer the family of the murdered man have a right to his life, and very rarely fail to obtain it, unless they choose to condone the offence, and surreptitiously accept blood-money from the murderer or his family. But the life of a murderer of a Jew is never in danger from the Moorish law, as, of course, according to their creed the life of a true believer is not to be compared in value with the life of a Jewish dog. So if a Jew becomes obnoxious to a Moor, he generally has him

murdered. If any fuss is made, or if the Jew is protected by a foreign power, or has friends protected by a foreign power, the investigator of the murder generally pays about ten pounds blood-money, and the whole matter is hushed up. This custom of blood-money the Jewish societies are endeavouring to have abolished, and, if properly supported, they should succeed. They also desire to obtain the Sultan's permission for the erection of more Jewish schools in holy cities. This has been conceded in Fez, and it is hoped that permission will shortly be obtained for the foundation of a school in the city of Morocco. The enlargement of the *mellahs* is another demand that should be granted. It is absolutely necessary for the improvement of the health and morality of the Jews that they be allowed to live under proper sanitary conditions, and not be compelled to live together like bees in a hive, 10,000 often in a single street, where 500 could only reside with proper regard for morality, cleanliness, and sanitary laws. In particular, the *mellah* of Mogador is a perfect pigsty, and a hotbed of the contagious diseases that decimate the Jews.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SLAVERY AND PROTECTION.

Domestic slavery of a mild description—Slaves generally well cared for—Secrecy observed in the traffic when Europeans are in the town—Position of freed slaves—Demand for female slaves—Protection of Natives by Foreign Powers —"Irregular protections"—Corrupt Consuls—"Selling a Moor"—The establishment of mixed tribunals.

NEGRO slavery is practised in Morocco, but certainly of a very mild character. The slaves almost without exception are well treated, and would not, if they could, change their lot. Emancipation is not dreamed of or desired by those who, as far as I can speak from personal observation, toil in a very moderate degree, and are free from the cares inseparable from an independent and responsible existence. The domestic slaves in the Empire number, I should say, about a quarter of a million.

Since 1880 all European Governments have forbidden their *protégés* from holding or dealing in slaves, a prohibition which has certainly not been strictly observed by all concerned. In the seaport towns the public sale of slaves has been in a measure discontinued. That is, the slave owners do not rush about through the bazaars with the slave they wish

to sell, crying out his price, and indicating his or her good points, as they formerly did, just as though the slave were a piece of calico print or a Rabat carpet. They, however, simply walk about through the markets with the slave they desire to sell, and people understand perfectly well that they wish to receive bids. It is owing in a great measure to the representations of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and the ceaseless vigilance of its agents, that in 1883 the Sultan was induced to forbid the exposing of slaves for sale in the street. While this decree has been by no means generally observed, certainly it has resulted in a great improvement. In Fez and in the city of Morocco, and, in fact, in every seaboard, as well as inland, there is a slave market. In the city of Morocco there are two or three, in Fez there is one large one, but so cautious have the Moors become, and so jealous are they of the observing stranger, that it has become almost an impossibility to witness, without assuming a disguise, the workings of the "retail" slave trade. Whenever I entered the slave market in Fez everything stopped. The slaves who were being sold were hustled away before I could make any note of their appearance and manner, and presto! the slave dealers and the slave owners who had been so boisterously busy trafficking in human flesh, sat around in a circle in the most innocent manner possible, smoking *kief*.

The prices of slaves vary from 5*l*. to 15*l*., according to age and sex. In Marakesh the slave market is held three times a week about sunset in an open square near the Kessaria.

The best description of the sale of slaves that I have come across is that of Dr. Marcet, a French traveller, who visited Morocco in 1882. I believe the very same thing goes on now, only greater precautions are observed, especially when Europeans are in the neighbourhood. Dr. Marcet writes :—

"When we reached the market, which is held in a large square, having little dens or bazaars on all four sides, and a covered promenade in the centre, it was crowded with "amateurs" and spectators. The little bazaars were filled with people, while numbers were seated on the edge of the promenade, but still there was ample room left for exhibiting the human merchandise.

"The auctioneers were busy, each one leading by the hand a female slave, followed by two or three more, and were making the round of the market, soliciting purchasers, and calling out the prices offered.

"A squatted Moor makes a sign. The slave he indicates is brought to him. She kneels down or stands up as ordered by the intended purchaser, who proceeds to handle her from head to foot, and to examine her eyes, mouth, teeth, and nostrils, inquiring her age and any other particular he requires, after which he makes his bid, or allows her to pass on. The poor creature readjusts her bodice, and the auctioneer continues his tramp, stopping when called to submit his chattel to the further examination of other bidders.

"Here is a girl of twelve, with a pretty face and good figure. She is quoted at *6l.*, and is eagerly sought after.

"Here again is a fine, tall, young woman of eighteen or twenty, a promising mulatress with expressive features and handsome figure. A costume of red and white striped calico, fitting tight below the waist, sets off her splendid form, and harmonizes agreeably with the colour of her skin. The seller seems to have decked her out expressly to enhance her charms. There is a bid of two hundred and twenty-five francs, but, as she is the cream of the sale, she will fetch a good deal more.

"There goes a child of six or seven. She appears to be well built, poor thing! but she is as yet of little value.

"Now comes a young woman with two small children. She carries one of them on her arm, and leads the other, a lovely little girl of three years, by the hand. A small coin hangs from a plaited lock of the little one's hair. The poor mother moves along like a lifeless object, incapable of any effort or will, her face wearing an expression of deep sadness and melancholy. She meekly obeys the auctioneer, who leads her about and exhibits her. Will the lot be sold together, or will the little girl be taken from her mother? There—they are knocked down together for 4*l.*, the children being an objection!

"In like manner, some thirty more of these poor creatures are led round, exhibited, bargained for, and subjected without pity to the most degrading examination of any one who pleases.

"Amongst all this human merchandise, not one male! They are all females of varied degrees of colour. One alone is white, she is clad like the

women of the country, and hides her face under her woollen 'haick,' uncovering only when she is being examined.

"The question arises, How comes she to be there, and why and wherefore is she a slave? Once in that position, there is no escape from it. All follow the auctioneer barefoot or wearing coarse slippers, apparently indifferent to what is going on, scarcely ever lifting their heads to look around them, yet we can imagine the thoughts, the fears, the hopes, and the anxiety that distract their brains.

"The majority of the youngest are reserved, as is notorious, for the libertine pleasures of a corrupt people. At the age of fourteen or fifteen, the sons of good families possess their slaves. Their parents present them with one for their amusement at an age when we in Europe give our children a pony for exercise. Here it is a question of custom and education.

"This traffic in human flesh, at the very door of Europe, is monstrous. The spectacle is heartrending, and there can be no question that moral corruption alone keeps it alive. For this reason, as already said, there are only females in the market, which in bitter mockery is called 'Sok-el Abed,' the market of the gazelles."

The number of slaves in Morocco is not rapidly increasing. The slaves here, as in other countries, eat their owners out of house and home and in return do very little work. Many Moors, when they come to die, manumit their slaves, an action which is highly recommended by the Koran. These freed men

mingle with the population, marry and intermarry with the Moors, Arabs and Berbers, producing the numerous negroid types that astonish the traveller in Morocco. They are by no means looked down upon owing to their previous condition of servitude or because of their colour. The mother of the present Sultan was a negress, the mother of the late Grand Shereef of Wazzan was a Houssa mulatto. The demand for slaves that still exists, principally for female slaves to replenish the harems, is supplied by the great caravan merchants who make annual journeys from Tendoof, a place in South-Western Morocco on the border of the great desert, to Timbuctoo and return. The *Akabah* or great caravan leaves there in October, and consists of as many as 15,000 camels. Only about one-third of these camels are loaded, principally with merchandise from Manchester and cheap German cloths. The other camels are reserved to load salt at Tandeng, an oasis in the centre of the great western desert, with excellent water and long beds of salt from six to eight feet thick and from twenty to thirty yards in circumference. The salt is taken to Timbuctoo and sold at enormous profits or exchanged for slaves. It is a common practice in purchasing a slave in Timbuctoo to make him stand on one of these cakes, and to give in exchange for him as much salt as the prints of his feet cover. Having transacted all their business, the merchants return to Ilirgh in the province of Sidi Hammed-ou-Moussa in the Sus country, where in March and September the great *Amogheer* or semi-annual fair is held.

The great caravan brings back generally each year some 3000 or 4000 slaves, upon whom the Sultan levies a tax of ten per cent. This is the theory. The practice is that his officers take from the merchants any slaves whom they may desire to possess, and levy a tax of ten per cent. upon the proceeds of the sales of the remainder. Great pressure has at various times been brought to bear on the Sultan in the hope of inducing him to prohibit slavery and the further introduction of slaves from Timbuctoo.

I would welcome as warmly as anyone the reform, if not the total abolition, of the iniquitous institution, but it has always struck me as rather absurd to ask the Sultan to abolish an institution which is regarded in his country and by his people as quite as worthy and commendable as with us the holy state of matrimony, and it has appeared to me that if the Sultan were less often asked to do those things which it is manifestly impossible for him to do, he might more often be willing to initiate those improvements which lie well within his power.

The lawlessness of the country, the oppression of the Sultan and his officers, and the fact that only by courtesy can Morocco be considered a civilized country, has given rise to the system of *protégés*, so absolutely necessary in a country misgoverned like Morocco. It has prevented much cruelty, shielded thousands of innocent people from oppression, and made commerce with Morocco possible during the last hundred years. Of course the provisions of the protection system have been abused. The most flagrant instances of this have come within my per-

sonal knowledge, but after everything has been said, and after passing in review the evidence for and against this system, I for one would be very sorry to have it removed. The object of the treaties under which the foreign legations and consulates were authorized to grant papers of protection to native Jews and Moors, who were in any way connected with foreigners settled in Morocco, was the praiseworthy one of saving them from the tyranny and the oppression of the Moorish authorities, thereby safeguarding the interests of their foreign partners and employers. In the course of time, however, the system has become a source of income for dishonest and impecunious consuls, who sell protection papers to wealthy Jews and wealthy Moors who are not entitled to them, thus furnishing the Sultan with strong ground for serious complaint and remonstrance against the whole system of protection. The Jew or Moor protected by the representative of a foreign power, doing business in some small Moorish town, assumes the bearing of a Persian satrap. The Moorish Governor, for reasons of interest, becomes his most obedient servant. He will throw into prison or have bastinadoed anybody whom the *protégé* may desire should be imprisoned. If anyone commits a crime or gets into trouble, he rushes immediately to the *protégé* and asks for his protection, for in practice, if not by express provision of treaty, it would seem that the *protégé* has the right to protect in his turn almost as many people as he likes. So the murderer, the fraudulent bankrupt, and the embezzler are all covered by a treaty which was intended merely to

protect the servants of Christians in Morocco from the ignorance and fanatical hatred of the Moors, incurred by them in assisting and in taking service with Christians. Some of the Moors are protected by foreign consuls because they pay heavily for it; others because themselves extremely useful to their foreign protectors. In this category I believe should be placed Sid Boobeker, the English agent at the Moorish Court. Boobeker is worth half a million pounds sterling if he is worth a penny. The greater portion of this wealth has been gained by him in slave-trading and in another traffic quite as nefarious. Owing to his official connection with the British legation in Morocco, which has now continued for some twenty years, Boobeker has always been over and above the law of the land of which he is a native-born subject. Boobeker is a spy upon his own people, and instead of being hung for his want of patriotism, owing to the British protection which he enjoys, he occupies a position in which he can set the law of his land at defiance. This interesting type was certainly the evil genius of the last British Mission to Fez. The British "Bashador" was closeted morning, noon and night with him. He was the confidential messenger between the Court and the Mission. One of the main clauses of the treaty which Sir Charles Euan-Smith hoped to induce the Sultan to sign was one for the limitation of the slave trade. The Sultan and the Grand Vizier did not fail to notice the humour of the situation, and gently hinted to Sir Charles that if the paragraph he pushed so zealously became the law of the land, the

trade of his ally and friend, Sid Boobeker, would be very much hampered.

A great hue and cry has been raised also against "irregular protections," or the granting of papers of protection to those who do not strictly come under the law, who are only technically employed by Europeans. At the same time I know of many instances where the granting of these "irregular protections" has saved lives and prevented some brutal Bashaw from venting some petty personal spite upon any unoffending individual. Of course there are some individuals "irregularly protected," who should not be, but the way to remedy this is to improve the *personel* of the legations and consulates in Morocco, and not to abolish the protection system. But the most revolting of the many disgraceful practices arising from the traffic in irregular protections is that known as "selling a Moor." The native Moor, knowing that he has incurred the enmity of the Governor or excited the displeasure of one of the Sultan's officers, and knowing that his goods and chattels are about to be seized and confiscated, and he himself thrown into prison, rushes to the nearest consulate or vice-consulate, and asks that protection be granted him. Many of these consular officers grant this protection at a price varying from 500*l.* to 1000*l.*, so the native escapes the wrath and the oppression of his enemy, or, as it not seldom occurs, the righteous punishment for crimes he has committed. But if he be very wealthy, or if the Moorish Governor or Caid who is pursuing him be very revengeful, he sends an agent to the vice-consul in question, and asks for what price

he will remove his protection from the native. I know two instances in which the officer expressed his willingness to enter upon such a disgraceful transaction for 500*l.*, and the protection was immediately removed and the Moor thrown into prison and bastinadoed, whilst the corrupt vice-consul had pocketed a thousand pounds by the two transactions. As the pay of vice-consuls along the coast varies from 80*l* to 150*l*. a year, it will be understood that their temptation is great. It is a disgrace that such abuses should go on under the flags of European powers, but it would be still more disgraceful for us to turn over the Jews and the Moors at present protected to the tender mercies of the Moorish Bashaws, until the whole civil and law administration of the country has undergone a thorough change. It seems to me that the Shereefian Government must be thoroughly reformed before any improvement can take place in the country, or any confidence shown by us in the justice and equity of its tribunals. The Aborigines Protection Society and other philanthropic bodies advocate, I believe, the establishment of international tribunals in Morocco, as the only effectual way by which the question can be solved, an institution, of course, that would be open to Christians, Jews, and Moors alike. Many believe that this is the only remedy for the evil which presses so heavily on Morocco. At the same time, in the negotiations for the institution of these mixed tribunals, the greatest care should be observed by the European representatives lest concessions be made to the Moors and none be received from their Government in return.

APPENDIX.

THE following is a list of the Members of Sir Charles Euan-Smith's Special Mission to the Court of Morocco :—

Head of Mission.

Colonel Sir Charles B. Euan-Smith, K.C.B., C.S.I., Her Britannic Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary.

Legation Staff.

G. de Vismes de Ponthieu, Esq.
G. H. Fernan, Esq., } Interpreters.
E. Carlton, Esq., }

Military Staff.

Colonel Hallam Parr, C.M.G., C.B., A.D.C. Chief of Staff.
Surgeon-Captain Macpherson.
Lieutenant Kirkpatrick, R.E.
Lieutenant G. Wilson, 71st Highlanders, A.D.C.

Officer specially deputed by the Sultan in charge of the Mission.

Kaïd Harry Maclean.

Minister's Family.

Lady Euan-Smith.
Miss Hilda Euan-Smith.
Miss Kerrison.
Miss Bainbridge.

Doctor Guillemardt, of Cambridge University, the Hon. Douglas Cairns, and Major Horatio Mends, the King's Royal Rifles, accompanied the Mission to Fez in unofficial capacities.

The following is an exact copy of the treaty which, despite his most solemn assurances to the contrary, the Sultan finally refused to sign.

Convention of Commerce and Navigation between Her Majesty and the Sultan of Morocco, signed at Fez.

Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and His Majesty the Sultan of Morocco and Fez, being desirous to extend and improve the relations of commerce and navigation which exist between their respective dominions and subjects, have resolved to conclude a special Convention for that purpose, and have named as their Plenipotentiaries, that is to say :—

Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Colonel Sir Charles Bean Euan-Smith, Knight Commander of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, Companion of the Most Exalted Order of the Star of India, Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of His Majesty the Sultan of Morocco and Fez ;

And His Majesty the Sultan of Morroco and Fez, the Fekih Cid Emfadl Gharnit, Vizier for Foreign Affairs ;

Who, after having communicated to each other their respective full powers, have agreed upon and concluded the following Articles :—

ARTICLE I.

There shall be reciprocal freedom of commerce between the British dominions and the dominions of the Sultan of Morocco.

The subjects of Her Britannic Majesty may reside and trade in all the ports and other parts of the territories of the Sultan

of Morocco where his authority is established, in the same way as any other foreign subjects are or shall be permitted.

They shall enjoy full protection for their persons and properties, as specified in Article IV of the General Treaty ; they shall be allowed to buy from, and sell to, whom they like, all articles whatsoever, either by wholesale or retail, at all places in the Moorish dominions, without being restrained or prejudiced by any monopoly, contract, or exclusive privilege of purchase or sale whatever, except the articles enumerated in Article II of the present Convention, and they shall, moreover, enjoy all other rights and privileges which hereafter may be granted to any other foreigners, subjects, or citizens of the most favoured nation.

The subjects of the Sultan of Morocco shall, in return, enjoy in the dominions of Her Britannic Majesty the same protection and privileges which are or may be enjoyed by the subjects or citizens of the most favoured nation.

Article II.

The Sultan of Morocco engages that there shall be in his dominions no monopolies or prohibitions of imported or exported goods, except tobacco, and all like kinds of herb used for smoking, opium, powder, lead, sulphur, saltpetre, ammunition of war and arms of all kinds ; and further, that there shall be no monopolies of agricultural produce, or of any other article whatsoever in the dominions of the Sultan.

Article III.

Merchandise or goods, except the articles enumerated in Article II., imported by British subjects, shall not be prohibited in the territories of the Sultan of Morocco, nor be subject to higher duties than are paid on the same kind of goods by Moorish subjects, or by the subjects of the most favoured nation.

The place of origin of such merchandise and goods, as also the nationality of the ships conveying them, shall not, under any circumstances, be the cause of any difference of treatment.

ARTICLE IV.

In consideration of the favourable terms upon which the produce of Morocco is admitted into the territories of Her Britannic Majesty, and with a view to the extension of commercial intercourse between Great Britain and Morocco, for their mutual advantage, His Majesty the Sultan of Morocco hereby agrees that the duties to be levied on all articles imported into the territories of His Majesty by British subjects (including cloth and all cotton and linen goods) shall not exceed 10 per cent. *ad valorem*.

The duty on silk textiles, whether of pure or mixed materials, on woollen textiles except cloth, on gold and silver jewellery, pearls, real and imitation, precious stones and gold thread, on wines and liqueurs, cheese, pâtes alimentaires, and coals, shall not exceed 5 per cent. *ad valorem*.

All imported goods shall be estimated according to their wholesale cash value in reals vellon at the port of their disembarkation.

ARTICLE V.

All articles and produce exported from Morocco and shipped by British subjects to any country whatsoever shall be subject to no less favourable terms, when exported, than those imposed on Moorish subjects and on the subjects of the most favoured nation, except the articles enumerated in Article II.

ARTICLE VI.

The duties to be levied on all articles and produce exported from the territories of His Majesty by British subjects shall not exceed in amount the duties marked in the following Tariff:—

The new Tariff reduces the export duty on all grain except wheat and barley 40 per cent. There are also considerable reductions in the export duty on seeds, oil, wool, fowls, eggs, hemp and flax, salt fish, beef, and other articles. The new Tariff also allows, at a reasonable duty, the exportation of many articles not hitherto allowed, such as bones, aloes fibre

all mineral ores except lead, bark, cork, mineral, and sea-salt and bran.

Article VII.

No tax, toll, duty, or charge whatsoever, beside the export duty hereinbefore mentioned, shall be imposed or demanded by any person whatsoever, in any part of the dominions of Morocco, upon, or in respect of, any goods or produce whatsoever which may have been purchased for exportation by any British subject; but the said goods or produce shall be conveyed from any place in Morocco to, and embarked from, any port therein hitherto opened or that may hereafter be opened to foreign trade and commerce, free from all other taxes or duties. No officer or subject of the Sultan shall offer any impediment to, or lay any restriction on the conveyance or embarkation of such goods or produce, or on any pretext receive any money or gift in respect or on account of such goods; and should any officer or subject act contrary to such stipulation, the Sultan shall immediately punish with severity the Governor, officer, or other subject who shall have been guilty of such misconduct, and compensate British subjects for all injuries or losses which they may duly prove themselves to have suffered thereby.

Article VIII.

No anchorage, tonnage, pilotage, or other duty or charge shall be levied on British vessels, or on goods imported or exported in them, at Moorish ports beyond what is, or may be, levied on national vessels, or on the like goods imported or exported in them at Moorish ports; they shall not, however, exceed in amount the rates of the following scale, viz.:—

1. *Tariff of Anchorage Dues.*

	Reals vellon
Upon vessels not measuring more than 50 tons .	20
„ measuring from 50 to 100 tons .	40
„ „ 100 to 150 tons .	60
„ „ 150 tons upwards .	80

2. *Tariff of Pilotage Dues.*

The rate of pilotage at the ports of Rabat and Laraiche:

British vessels shall pay 80 cents of real vellon per ton on entry and 80 cents of real vellon per ton on departure.

The rate of pilotage at all other ports:

British vessels shall pay 40 cents of real vellon per ton on entry and 40 cents of real vellon per ton on departure; that is, if a pilot is employed on entry or departure.

3. *Tariff of Port Dues.*

British vessels shall pay equal duties at all Moorish ports. They shall pay not more than 8 reals vellon for every vessel, great or small.

No charge for anchorage or port dues shall be levied on account of British men-of-war or British vessels which may enter the ports of Morocco for the purpose of seeking shelter from the weather, and which do not embark or discharge cargo or passengers, nor shall any charge for anchorage or port dues be levied upon fishing-vessels.

And, in like manner, no anchorage, tonnage, pilotage, or other duty or charge shall be levied in the British dominions on Moorish vessels, or on goods imported or exported in Moorish vessels, beyond what is or may be levied on national vessels.

ARTICLE IX.

Should a British subject, or his agent, have imported goods into any Moorish port, and have paid the Customs duty upon them, and afterwards desire to convey them by sea to another Moorish port, he is at liberty to do so, and no further duty shall be levied on such goods, but the goods must be accompanied by a certificate from the Administrators of Customs at the port from which they are shipped, stating that they have paid the duty. Wheat, barley, and all grain and cereals of all kinds which are the produce of Morocco, also all articles of every description the exportation of which is permitted by the present Treaty, may be conveyed by sea from one port to another, and shall pay or deposit the duties fixed in the present Tariff. Should, in the future, the exportation of wheat and barley be prohibited, a

deposit shall be made of 30 reals vellon for wheat and of 12 reals vellon for barley per strike fanega. A receipt for the amount so deposited shall be given by the Customs officers at the port of shipment, and on the disembarkation of the said articles or grain at any port in Morocco, a note of their disembarkation and of their amount shall be made on the original receipt by the Customs officers at the port of disembarkation, and on the presentation of the said noted receipt at the port where the grain or the articles were shipped, within three months of the date of shipment, the duties or deposits originally paid by the shipper shall be returned to him without deduction. Provided always that, should the quantity of grain or other articles disembarked at the second port not tally with that which was originally shipped, after the usual deductions are made for wear and tear on the voyage, no return of duty or deposit shall be made for the amount of grain or other articles thus found wanting.

ARTICLE X.

Should the Sultan, in accordance with the promise of His Majesty, give orders for constructing quays or breakwaters at any of the Moorish ports, or lighthouses and other improvements for the benefit of navigation, and should His Majesty think fit to impose any due on this account, it shall be done by the mutual agreement of the Moorish Government and the foreign Representatives.

This due shall not exceed what may be necessary to defray the cost of such improvement, and shall not be applied to any other purpose.

ARTICLE XI.

All vessels which, according to British law, are to be deemed British vessels, and all vessels which, according to the law of Morocco, are to be deemed Maroquine vessels, shall, for the purposes of this Treaty, be respectively deemed British or Maroquine vessels.

ARTICLE XII.

The subjects of Her Britannic Majesty shall be free to manage their own affairs themselves, or to commit those affairs to the

management of any persons whom they may appoint as their broker, factor, or agent; nor shall such British subjects be restrained in their choice of persons to act in such capacities, nor shall they be called upon to pay any salary or remuneration to any person whom they shall not choose to employ as brokers or agents for buying and selling.

Absolute freedom shall be given to them in their commercial transactions, and no interference on the part of the Sultan's officers shall be permitted.

Article XIII.

The purchase of house and landed property by British subjects in all parts of Morocco shall, for the present, be regulated by the Treaty stipulations which are already in force.

All subjects of Her Britannic Majesty shall have the unrestricted right to rebuild, repair, enlarge, or otherwise change any houses or stores which are their legal property, or which have been leased to them for a term of years. They shall also have the unrestricted right to build houses, stores, or other buildings on land belonging to them or rented by them for that special purpose.

No hindrance or obstruction of any kind shall be placed by the Moorish authorities in the way of their so doing. British subjects shall not, however, be allowed to encroach on or interfere with existing Mosque buildings, cemeteries, or other sacred places.

Article XIV.

If a British subject be detected in smuggling, the goods shall be confiscated to the Sultan by order of the British Minister or British Consul at the place, and the person guilty of the offence shall be fined in an amount not exceeding treble the amount of duties leviable on the goods seized, or, in case of goods not admitted to importation, treble the value of the goods at the current price of the day in the place where the seizure was effected; and failing payment of such fines, such British subject shall be imprisoned, according to his offence, for a term not exceeding one year.

ARTICLE XV.

British trade-marks shall be scrupulously respected, and it is hereby agreed that, should any Moorish subject imitate, or cause to be imitated, any British trade-marks on goods manufactured in Morocco, or elsewhere, for the purpose of selling such goods under false pretences, these goods shall be confiscated by the Moorish Government, and the offender punished according to the gravity of the offence.

ARTICLE XVI.

British subjects shall have the right of fishing for and taking fish on the coast of Morocco.

British subjects shall also have the right of fishing for coral along the shores of Morocco, but they shall not communicate with the shore, except at the seaports.

The masters of vessels who desire to fish coral shall apply through the British Representative at Tangier to the Moorish Minister for Foreign Affairs, who shall issue a written authority, to be delivered to the applicant on the payment of 150 dollars annually for each vessel.

British subjects fishing coral without such authority shall be fined according to the nature of the offence.

ARTICLE XVII.

All differences, disputes, or other causes of litigation arising between Moorish and British subjects regarding mercantile accounts or debts, where the evidence does not consist of notarial documents drawn up according to the Mahommedan law, shall be adjusted in the following manner :—The Naïb of the Sultan, or Governor of the town, and the British Consular officer, shall select each an equal number of persons, who, after taking cognizance of the written and oral evidence produced by both parties, shall adjudicate thereupon. Should the persons thus selected differ, then the Naïb of the Sultan, or Governor of the town, and Consular officer, shall select an Umpire, a subject of another foreign Power, whose award shall be final. The responsible official of the British or Moorish Government shall

take immediate steps to enforce and give effect to the decision so arrived at.

The persons selected as Arbitrators by the Governor and Consular officer shall not be relatives of the litigants, or have any interest in the question at issue.

Article XVIII.

The whole of the present Convention shall be applicable to all the ports in the Empire of Morocco now open to foreign trade, or which may hereafter be opened to foreign trade and to foreign vessels; and should His Majesty the Sultan of Morocco open other ports within the limits of His Majesty's dominions, no difference shall be made in the levying of import and export duties, or anchorage charges, between the said ports and those ports in the Sultan's dominions which are now open to foreign trade.

Article XIX.

In order that the two High Contracting Parties may have the opportunity of hereafter treating and agreeing upon such other arrangements as may tend still further to benefit their respective subjects and kingdoms and to facilitate their commercial transactions, it is agreed that, at any time after the expiration of five years from the date of the exchange of the ratifications of the present Convention of Commerce and Navigation, either of the High Contracting Parties shall have the right to call upon the other to enter upon a revision of the same; but, until such revision shall have been accomplished by common consent and a new Convention shall have been concluded and ratified, the present Convention shall continue and remain in full force and effect.

Article XX.

The present Convention shall be ratified by Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and by His Majesty the Sultan of Morocco, and the ratifications shall be exchanged at Tangier in the same manner as the General Treaty which is at present in force between the two Contracting Powers.

After the exchange of the ratifications, all the provisions of the present Convention of Commerce and Navigation shall come into operation without delay, notwithstanding anything to the contrary contained in previous Treaties or Conventions between Her Majesty the Queen and His Majesty the Sultan of Morocco.

In witness whereof we, the respective Plenipotentiaries, have signed the present Convention, and have affixed thereto our seals.

Done at Fez, the 13th July, 1892.

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